

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDAVOR

The Lighted Pathway

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Sunday School
Issue



Dear Jesus: Help Daddy and
Mother to go with me to
Sunday School this New Year

The Editor's New Year's Message

Happy New Year, Boys and Girls, God bless you.

THE NEW YEAR

A year of needs, but oh, thy God can make it

A year of blessings too.

A year of weakness, do not fear to take it,

He will thy strength renew.

New work, new wants, new yearnings will arise,

They are but channels for God's new supplies.

—The Young People's Guide.



We are just slipping over the threshold of another year. What does it hold for me and you? We do not know nor would we want to know. It is enough for us to know that if we place our hands in His all will be well. In the twenty-third Psalm we have a picture of the shepherd and his sheep. He has promised to lead us in green pastures and beside the still waters.

Can you not visualize a flock of sheep wandering through that beautiful green pasture and going down to the still water's edge and drinking of the sparkling stream? Nothing could express more clearly the peace that passeth understanding. They have nothing to think about, only to trust the Lord to keep the grass green and the water flowing. So our lives will be just as carefree during this new year if we will keep our hand in His and let Him lead us. But, oh, our trouble is that we pull away from Him and go our own way.

Perhaps you might ask, "If I put my hand in His and let Him lead me, will I not have trials?" That is answered by the scripture, "These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." John 16:33. God leads His children where He sees they need to go. They are being trained for service for the Master and it takes fire to burn out the dross, and bring out the gold in our lives. But still we can have that peace that passeth understanding in the midst of all our tribulations. Whether we do have it or not, it is our privilege to be so given up to the Lord's will that nothing can disturb. Let us ask God to give us that victory this new year.

Many of our boys and girls write in and say, "Pray for me, I have lost my way. I want to get back. I was once a happy Christian but I got discouraged and gave up." This wonderful twenty-third Psalm says, "He restoreth my soul." If He restored David's soul, then He will restore yours. But you say, "I stepped so far out of the way." Surely not any further than David did.

Boys and girls, if you have

taken your hand out of His, let this new year be the time when you return to the Father and place your hand in His and say, "Lord, lead me."

Now with your hand in His you will hear that gentle voice as He calls you to service for Him. There is so much to do. This world is reeking in wickedness and sin and God's call to you and to me is "Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in." But you say, "Where shall I begin?" If your hand is in His and you are walking by His side, you will hear His voice whisper, "This is the way, walk ye in it," and as you obey you'll find yourself right out in the whitened field of service for Him. Here is a little poem that might help us right here.

"At thy feet," the angel answered,

"Sow at once thy nearest field.

First the dooryard, then beyond it;

Let new fields, new furrows yield.

"Fill the nearest spot with gladness;

Fill thy home with goodness sweet;

Wider fields shall ask thy sowing

If thou first sow at thy feet."

You may expect God to lead you out into some field of service where you will receive great applause or that will bring great remuneration for your labors, but that may not be God's will for you. Right here is where so many withdraw themselves from the Master's hand and fail to go all the way with Him. They are expecting God to start them off with good pay and to be put on a pedestal before the world. God's greatest servants today are the ones who are willing to hide behind the cross and remain unnoticed by the world. God will surely see that that person is rewarded some day. God's Word says, "Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time," 1 Peter 5:6.

I am giving you "My High Resolve" right here and I hope it will make the impression upon you that it has upon me. It has been a part of my life for about fourteen years and I expect to carry its thought until I leave this world. I have published it before, but it is like the Bible, it never wears out and we want to keep it before you until it burns itself into each of your hearts and until you see the need of a life of service for Him.

MY HIGH RESOLVE: I dedicate my life to redeeming deserts into rose gardens. I shall take time to feel the tragedy of emptiness in the lives of people I meet. I shall seek by all means to bring showers of refreshing to fall upon sands of truth and kindness. I shall seek to turn deserts into rose gardens.

The unawakened are everywhere. They are asleep to their possibilities. Equipped for lives of service and a great destiny, they

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A THOUGHT FOR THE NEW YEAR

Give Me Thy Hand

Give me thy hand if thou wouldst know the way,
Long, steep and lone,

That leads from darkness into endless day,

Walk not alone;

But, with thy hand, thy faith, and fear no more

For I have walked the thorny path before.

If heavy seems thy yoke, my child, take mine

And learn of me;

And to thy soul will come that peace divine,

Faith bringeth thee.

Walk not by sight but by the trust alone,

Thy journey endeth at the great white throne,

Abide in me. There is no grief, no pain

I have not known;

And I would bear and suffer all again

To keep my own;

These know my voice and follow where I lead,

To failing strength I give the aid they need.

Take up thy cross; I'll gladly lead thee in

The way divine;

Though heavy seems the cross, your hand keep

Placed in mine;

And I will guide thee safely home

Where love abides and ye shall no more roam.

Just bear my cross; I one time bore

The cross for thee

On Calvary's rugged mount, that ye from sin

Might be set free.

O heed the call to work and hasten to obey—

Give me thy hand and walk the narrow way.



Rachel

By Agnes Scott Kent

(Used by permission of the
Evangelical Publishers)

(Continued from last issue)

Eden Amid the Ghetto

*"He leadeth me beside the still waters
. . . my cup runneth over."*—Psalms
23:2,5.

In the tiny three-room flat on East Second Street, just west of Avenue B, the days that followed for Rachel were as days of heaven upon the earth. Each new day seemed happier than the last, Rachel had never dreamed it was possible for any girl to be so happy.

Max was so good to her. Every morning before he left home for his little cigar and newspaper shop on Second Avenue, he helped Rachel all he possibly could as she began her household duties. Their flat was on the top floor in one of the shabby, unmodernized tenement blocks with which the lower East Side abounds, whose only heat is such as is furnished by the tenants themselves. Accordingly therefore, the first thing each morning Max carried the wood and coal up the five flights of stairs from their bin in the basement, and lighted the fire for the day in the kitchen range. Then while Rachel was preparing breakfast, Max insisted always upon sweeping and dusting the entire flat. After breakfast he would help with the dishes, and perhaps run on an errand or two for Rachel before he started off for his long day's work.

And every night, promptly at half-past six, he would close up the shop and hurry home to his little bride. He could have made much more money had he kept open evenings, but—"What do I care about money?" he would ask Rachel. "I would rather be home with you, Raychen," he would murmur as he drew her into his arms and kissed her silky black hair, "than have all the money in New York!"

And always when he came home he brought her a treat for supper from one of the little Kosher shops on the Avenue. Sometimes it was a bit of *gefuellte Fisch*, sometimes fresh onions or celery or lettuce, or again it might be a Jewish coffee roll, or possibly a nice raw hering.

Then while Max was changing for supper, as Rachel always gently insisted he must do, she would prepare the delicacy for the table, arranging it artistically in a dainty bowl if it were fruit

or salad, or cooking it in the long-handled frying-pan if it chanced that evening to be fish or meat.

Very charming indeed the little Jewish housewife looked as she stood over the stove in her crisp yellow dimity housedress with its dainty frilling around the soft white throat and arms. The heat of the stove flushed her cheeks to richest pink, while the light from the glowing coals was reflected in her sparkling black eyes.

The pretty kitchen was worthy of its fair little mistress. Her own artistic skill and dauntless energy had made it inviting indeed. The stove formed the center of the decorative motif. Polished and shining and glowing as Rachel always kept it, it was yet more luminous with the array of gleaming cooking utensils on top of it or hanging on the wall above it. The large tea-kettle, the stewing-pot, the soup-basin, the ladle, the curious old frying-pan with its enormous handle, several smaller sauce-pans and kettles, and finally the handsome samovar—all were reminiscent of Rachel's childhood in Roumania. They were of genuine Russian brass and very valuable—family heirlooms taken by Rachel's grandmother when she had gone as a bride from Russia to Roumania. Since Rachel's mother's death—she had brought them with her to America—they had been Rachel's most treasured possessions.

Opposite the stove was the white sink, with its polished faucets; and just beyond the sink, in the corner, a sort of inglenook had been improvised with two high-backed, old-fashioned settles painted a deep cream—two shades deeper than the cream-tinted walls—with a stencil design in burnt-orange and rich blue. Within this nook stood the little table attractively spread for supper with a snowy linen cloth and the daintiest of appointments—wedding gifts, most of them, from Rachel's many friends.

On the wall above the table was an open cupboard—also done in cream and orange and blue—filled with old blue china, likewise reminiscent of Roumania. Two slender Windsor chairs, a Windsor armchair with a bright blue cushion, and a pretty tea-wagon—all painted alike to match the settles and the table—filled the remaining spaces. Edging the cupboard and gracefully draping the two windows were glazed chintz curtains, figured-orange frilled with blue. A bright hooked rug above a neat blue and cream checked linoleum, a red geranium in each window, and a comfortable cat, curled sleepily before the fire, completed the delightful ensemble.

And it had all been so inexpensive too. Rachel had been so skilful. "You

are wonderful, Raychen!" Max had said to her with tender pride when—just a trifle apprehensively—she had presented the total reckoning to him. "Yes, you are just wonderful, Liebchen, to make it all so fine for such a little bit of money. What a clever little wife I have!"

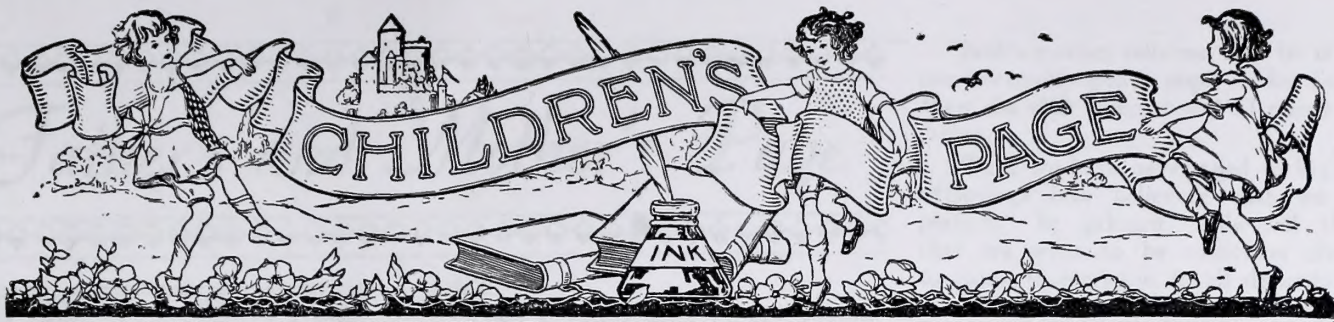
Max's praise was very sweet to her after all her hard work. For she had worked hard and faithfully indeed. She had spent many long hours browsing through secondhand furniture shops on Delancey Street, where, whenever she had found a piece of furniture whose lines appealed to her, even though it might be sadly battered, she would order it sent home; and with untiring energy—Max helping her evenings—she would scrub and scrape it, and then with her skilful paint brush and her stencils she would transform it as by magic. The hooked rug and the curtains she had also made herself from materials she had bought at a bargain sale at Gimbel's. The linoleum had been a wedding gift from Jacob and Sarah.

But above and beyond all the material furnishings and adornments of the pretty kitchen and the other pretty rooms, there was that prevailing them which money could never buy. There was the atmosphere of love—the atmosphere of home. Seated opposite each other in the little inglenook for their attractive evening meal, talking happily together of the day's activities—with the shades closely drawn, the brass tea-kettle singing over the glowing fire, and the cat purring contentedly at their feet, it all seemed to Max and Rachel a bit of paradise. Right there in the heart of the sordid Ghetto of New York it did seem as if that little Jewish home were indeed an Eden dropped down to earth from the heavenly gardens above.

Rachel and Max always lingered over their supper long after their appetites were satisfied, so dearly did they love their "cozy hour," as they called it. But finally they would rise reluctantly and clear the table, putting away the food and covering the dishes neatly in the sink. Rachel would wash them in the morning. Max would offer to help her with them after supper, but her evenings with him were too precious to waste one moment of them washing dishes.

Usually by half-past eight they would go out. After they had strolled awhile on the Avenue, Max would suggest the movies. Max was wild about the movies. Rachel never cared particularly for them—there was always so much about them that offended her sensitive refinement. But a good Jewish wife must always go, of course, wherever her husband wishes. And it was sufficient pleasure

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"IF IT WERE MY FATHER"

Old Peter Wright walked home wearily. He had had rheumatism all winter and it had settled in his feet. The pain was always worse after working all day.

As he went in at the gate, he sighed. It had not been so very long ago that a warm supper awaited him, with bright faces and smiles. But his wife had been dead for three years now and home was not what it once was. He would have to get supper for himself,—not much like the old days.

He had just gotten the fire started when he heard a light step on the porch. He opened the door. There on the threshold stood Mary Maxwell, the little girl who lived next door. She had a covered plate in her hands and a glass jar.

"Good evening, Mr. Wright," she began. "We had such a nice supper tonight that I asked mother if I might bring some of it over to you."

She uncovered the plate as she spoke, revealing two pieces of fried chicken, some flaky biscuits, and a dish of preserved pears.

"I put the milk in this jar," she went on brightly. "Now, Mr. Wright, sit down and eat your supper while it is warm,—here, let me fix the table."

In just a jiffy she had spread a white cloth on the table, polished a glass into which she poured some of the cold milk, and found a knife and fork.

"Ready," she said, smiling at him. Old Peter Wright forced back the tears. He was tired, and, try as he would, he could not cook very well. He forgot the pain in his shoulder and his rheumatic old joints.

What a good supper it was! Then he sat down and ate it to the last crumb.

As Mary took away the empty plate, she smiled. "If it were my father, I would like for someone to do that for him," she whispered softly.

—Kind Words.

SUFFERING FOR JESUS

When a revival swept over Wales, England, in 1904 and 1905, it gripped even the young people and children, making heroes of them very much like the early martyrs.

One evening, at the close of a prayer meeting in one of the large mining towns of South Wales, the minister asked if there were any in the audience who would like to pray for the salvation of their loved ones. A boy about ten years of age came forward, knelt at the front seat, and prayed, "O God, save my father and bring him to the meeting. He is now drinking in the corner saloon."

When he got up there was not a dry eye in the congregation.

The next morning one of the men in the mine said to the father of the boy, "John, you should have been in the prayer meeting last evening and heard your little boy praying for you."

That evening when the father went home, he questioned his son about it, and warned him never to do it again, telling him that if he did he would whip him within an inch of his life. Then the father went out to spend the evening in the corner saloon.

The next morning several men went to the father and pressed him to attend the services, if only to answer the prayers of his own boy. But the father went home that evening angry, and after supper he asked his son, "Did you pray for me again last evening? I gave you fair warning. Now go upstairs and undress."

The boy obeyed, while the father went out and cut a birch switch. Then, walking upstairs with a heart of stone, he whipped his child unmercifully. The mother was frantic but helpless. After satisfying his wrath, the father went out to the corner saloon.

The mother heard a sweet voice upstairs calling for her. When she came to the foot of the stairs she saw a sight that would melt any heart. The child stood on the landing with the lamp in one hand and the corner of his nightgown in the other. He said, "Mamma, I have shed my first blood tonight for Jesus Christ."

Have you ever suffered anything for Jesus? Do you think you are having a hard time when someone laughs at you for being a Christian? Ask the Lord Jesus to give you the courage of this ten-year-old boy to bravely follow Him no matter what people say or do.—Selected, in *John Three Sixteen*.

Love grows rich by giving.

Happy New Year



If only one kind deed a day
Each little child would do,
Our sad old world this coming year
Would be made over
new!

DEAR children, see,
just count it up—
For every child alive,
You multiply as many times
Three hundred and sixty-five!

—Herald and Presbyter

Father's and Mother's Page



DON'TS AVAIL LITTLE IN CHILD TRAINING

By Browne Sampsell

Calling with his mother on a new neighbor, little Jimmie asked for an apple. In the scolding he received on the way home, his mother told him he must never ask for things in anyone else's home.

"Take 'em without asking?" ventured the puzzled child.

When correction takes the form of unexplained negatives, it is altogether natural for a child to become confused and perplexed even as little Jimmie. So many parents act on the assumption that children are not to reason why, but just obey blindly. Yet the child or the adult who never questions is mentally stagnant.

Last week I asked a new bank employee how he liked the work.

"All right, I reckon," he answered, "but I would like it better if someone would explain what it is all about. They tell you what to do, but they can't or won't give the reason for doing it. I like to know the why of things." So do we all.

The stranger who shared my restaurant booth one day laughed as he recalled how angry it made his father for anyone to break crackers in soup.

"Funny for an even-tempered man like him to get so steamed up over a harmless little habit like that. Never gave any reason, just bawled us out for it," and he dumped a handful of crackers in his soup bowl. He had not learned table etiquette from don'ts.

"One rainy Sunday I was enjoying hugely my first novel at the advanced age of nine when Father caught me and burnt the book," confessed an avid reader of salacious literature. "After that I read dime novels by the dozen, just to find out, I suppose, why it was wicked to read them." So negative correction lost an opportunity to inculcate a love for good reading in a young

mind.

When a young man in my community, reared in a very pious atmosphere, committed a heinous crime, people were appalled. "But his parents are such good persons, so religious." Yes, but their religion is wholly negative: "Don't drink, smoke, dance, read the funnies, go to the movies." Had this boy's energy and talent been directed into practicing the Christian doctrine of engrossing service, he would have become, most likely, a worthy citizen.

"How kind your children are to their pets," I complimented the mother of a small boy and girl. "Most youngsters are very rough, even cruel to small animals."

"Kiddies don't mean to be cruel, but they will be without proper guidance," said the mother. "From the very first we taught Jack and Mary to handle with care their toys—wooly dogs, bears, etc. From there it was just a short step to teach them that a live dog or cat must be treated kindly. To guide little hands from pulling the cat's tail into caressing the soft fur, is a better lesson in kindness than shouting continually, 'Don't pull that cat's tail.' The only way to uproot a bad habit is to replace it with a good one. The child who is taught to roll the ball for the puppy, and drag a string across the floor for the playful kitten will have too much fun with his pets to mistreat them."

THE TOUCH OF A BABY'S HAND

One little hand is lying
So quietly on my breast,
While my little, sleeping baby
Close in my arm; is pressed;
And the feeling of awe and wonder
I cannot understand,
That fills and thrills my being,
At the touch of my baby's hand.

'Tis mine to love and cherish,
This little one in my care,
To keep her pure and sinless,
Shall be my constant prayer.
Wonderful love of the Father,
Who for His children planned,
That we might know the sweetness
Of the touch of a baby's hand.
Dear little hand! I love it!

As I hold it in my own,
I feel its clasp on my heart-strings,
The strongest I ever have known
Of the joys that may come to mortals,
This side of the Better Land,
The sweetest, the dearest, the purest,
Is the touch of a baby's hand.

—Selected.

"Jack's teacher tells me that he is the one invariably polite pupil in her room. How did that come about?" I teased the father.

"Well, we have never tried to kid the offsprings into believing that we are perfect," he grinned. "We tell them that we want to be courteous always to them, to everyone. In all sincerity we ask them to remind us if we forget—and we do sometimes forget purposely—to say, please, thank you, excuse me, promising to remind them if they omit any courtesy."

Further study of this family revealed that its life was shot through with cooperation and sharing of responsibility. When Father came home from work, I did not hear the usual, "Here comes your father. Put away your toys. Stop that noise." Instead I heard this:

"Daddy is tired and hungry after working hard all day for us. It will please him so much if you will get his slippers and paper for him, Jack, and, Mary, you and I will put the good, hot dinner on the table for him."

If someone is sick or shut in these children are not frightened by talk like this: "Grandpa is ill. He is old and may die at any time. You must go to see him."

Rather, it is suggested that Jack take Grandpa a good book to read, and Mary a pretty flower to brighten his room.

When entertaining company, Jack and Mary's parents do not heckle them about their behavior. They have learned to help Mother get ready for the guests, meet them at the door, take their wraps, and help serve the refreshments. They enjoy company and try to appear at their best before guests.

Children like Jack and Mary are not developed by accident.

"Fatherhood destroyed my belief that good children are born of good parents," admitted a minister. "I never would have believed that so much natural

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THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

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New Year's Resolutions

BROKEN NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

ISABEL GRAY

We don't like to talk about broken New Year's resolutions. I don't believe any of us do. We don't say anything at all—after a while—about them, do we? And isn't it a pity that this is so? I don't mean that it is a pity that there isn't anything said about them, but that there is a reason for the stillness.

Every one loves the thought of a new year and the chance to resolve anew; to make a new start; a new, clear record ahead; a pure, clean leaf upon which to write the daily page for the year, and every one—most—resolves, and starts to carry out the resolution to keep it clear—his book of life—the whole year through.

But he fails, perhaps in some little things, some small experience or effort, and they give up trying to fulfill their high resolve, while many forget ever resolving.

We don't like to talk about broken things, New Year's resolutions, broken dolls—or hearts. It only brings back the hurt and the sorrow, and the shame, sometimes, and we don't say anything about them, do we? But, don't you think it would be better if we would admit our failures—to ourselves, at least—and resolve anew to try to remedy them, at once, and, if it entails some one else, confess our fault, and ask forgiveness and try to make amends?

I know often a broken thing is never the same, however well mended, yet it is so much better mended than not, and who does not love to mend?

I am going to try, by God's help, this year, to keep my resolutions up to date each day, and by His help, I hope to so profit by my mistakes that they may be steppingstones to even higher and nobler resolves, for He who came to make "all things new" can cover up the scars and hide all the marks of our broken resolutions—if we take them to Him to mend.—*Sunday School Banner.*

THE NEW YEAR

Greenville Kleiser

Begin the New Year with clear purpose, strong resolve and supreme faith. Concentrate upon essentials. Put your high ideals into practice and resolve to live nobly every day.

Do your work well. The best reward for good work will be greater work and a larger sphere of usefulness. Rid yourself of everything which in any way retards your best progress. Scrutinize your thought habits, and be alert to

every chance for self-improvement. Keep your mind upon a high level of constructive thought, realize the priceless value of time and opportunity, and feel inspired by the truth that success is your birthright.

Cultivate silence and stillness. You grow your best thoughts in times of solitude and meditation. To continue to grow and accumulate useful ideas you must have frequent periods of mental and physical relaxation.

Beware of the modern tendency to hurry and waste. The time you give to quiet and intelligent meditation will pay you well. Cultivate quietness, poise and deliberateness. When you are still and receptive you can best hear the voice of God and learn His will.

Among your good resolutions for the new year you might include these:

Resolve that I will daily develop the habit of constructive thinking.

Resolve that I will maintain a high standard of personal conduct at all times.

Resolve that I will always speak well of other people, or keep silent about them.

Resolve that I will cultivate in my daily life the cardinal qualities of courtesy, gratitude, sincerity, generosity, courage and humility.

There is something sublime about the beginning of a new year. Possibly the past year has been filled with dark misgivings, losses, disappointments and dominating fears. But the beginning of a new year, with its promise of unexplored possibilities, should gladden the heart and inspire the soul.

It is the time for stronger resolutions; for new courage in face of difficulties; for more diligence in useful labor; for more generous service to less fortunate fellow pilgrims.

HELPING THE NEEDY

However weak the hand I extend to help my needy brother, it becomes stronger when he grasps it. However meagre the love and concern which I bring to his need, when he receives it from me a warming ray of light is reflected upon myself. However uncertain my trust in God and things eternal, however imperfect my inward self-discipline, however burdened I may be in thought and feeling, as I try to help others all will be purified, and my faith in God will grow.—*Adolf Harnack.*



Harold M. Lambert.



Sunday Schools

IT is to Robert Raikes that the modern revival of the Sunday School is justly accredited, although numerous isolated Bible schools were to be found both in England and America prior to his time and pioneer efforts were made in America independent of his example. (Consult Trumbull, Yale Lectures on the Sunday School, Philadelphia, 1889.) According to contemporary testimony Raikes gathered some street boys in July, 1780, into a room in Sooty Alley, Gloucester, England, under the temporary care of a Mrs. Meredity, but soon transferred the school to the house and care of Mrs. Mary Critchley, in Southgate Street, where the first permanent Raikes school was established. The pupils were instructed not only in the Bible, but in reading, and in catechisms of the day. Later the school was held in Saint Mary de Crypt Church, then in the Crypt Grammar School, then at the Corn Exchange, and thence was transferred to the church again. The school seems to have had as many as 100 scholars at a time, the teachers receiving a shilling a day from Raikes for their work. Raikes worked quietly and experimentally for three years, and then on November 3, 1783, began to publish his idea in his newspaper, the Gloucester Journal. He published as early as 1785 "The Sunday Scholar's Companion." In the extension of the Sunday School idea Raikes accords much credit to John Nichols, of the Gentlemen's Magazine. The cause was notably furthered by Hannah More, John and Charles Wesley, and Whitefield, and even the queen expressed an interest in the movement by sending for Raikes in order to hear his plan described. In 1784 Rowland and Hill started a Sunday School in London at Surrey Chapel. William Fox and Jonas Hanway were instrumental in organizing a general Sunday School Society in 1785, of which on June 11, 1787, Raikes was elected an honorary member. In 1786 five schools were reported in or near London. In ten years from that date the society had distributed 91,915 spelling books, 24,232 Testaments, and 5,360 Bibles, to 1,012 Sunday Schools and 65,000 scholars. From 1788 to 1800 the society had paid more than \$17,000 to teachers. Gratuitous teachers were utilized in a school in Stockport, England, toward the close of the eighteenth century, and paid teachers gradually ceased to be generally employed. Before Raikes died, in 1811, there were 400,000 children in the Sunday Schools of Great Britain alone. In Scotland, where the need was not so greatly

felt, and in New England, the Sunday School met with little favor at first, as seeming to endanger the sacredness of the Sabbath, and to relieve the home of some of its duties. The Archbishop of Canterbury summoned a council of bishops to consider means by which the movement might be stopped. Yet notwithstanding all opposition the Sunday School idea constantly gained in favor.

On December 18, 1790, twelve Christian workers held a meeting in Philadelphia, which led to the organizing on January 11, 1791, of a society for the instruction support of First Day or Sunday School in the city of Philadelphia, with Bishop William White as president and Matthew Carey as secretary. The

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT

Into the silent places

The Old Year goes tonight,
Bearing old pain, old sadness,
Old care and old delight,
Mistakes and fears and failures,
The things that could not last:
But nought that e'er was truly ours
Goes with him to the past.

Out of the silent places

The Young Year comes tonight,
Bringing new pain, new sadness,
New care and new delight:
Go forth to meet him bravely,
The New Year all untried,
The things the Old Year left with us—
Faith, Hope, and Love—abide.

—Triumphs of Faith.

Reverend Robert May, of London, gave a new impetus to Sunday Schools in Philadelphia in 1811, urging the need of a general union. On January 13, 1816, in New York City, was formed the Female Union Society for the Promotion of Sabbath Schools, and on February 26, 1816, the New York (male) Sunday School Union. In 1817 the Sunday and Adult School Union was formed in Philadelphia with Alexander Henry as the first president, and this developed on May 24, 1824, into the American Sunday School Union. The records of this great agency, interdenominational and national in its scope and support, showed in 1899, on its seventy-fifth anniversary, that through its efforts 100,928 Sunday Schools had been organized, with 578,680 teachers and 4,070,346 scholars, and that the union had distributed publications amounting in value to over \$9,000,000.

At an anniversary of the American Sunday School Union in Philadelphia on May 23, 1832, fifteen states were represented. It was then decided to call a general national Sunday School convention to meet in New York in the autumn of that year to consider 78 questions on Sunday School work sent out to 2,500 persons throughout the country. The first national convention, therefore, assembled on October 3, 1832, in Chatham Street Chapel, New York City, and chose the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen as president. The National Convention as an independent organization met subsequently in Philadelphia, May 22, 1833; Philadelphia, February 22-24, 1859; in Newark, N. J., April 29-30, 1869; and in Indianapolis, April 16-19, 1872, at which convention the uniform lesson system was inaugurated, after much discussion, by the appointment of the first lesson committee to select the lessons from 1873 to 1879. The united interest of Bible students in selected portions of the Bible, in the progress of the uniform lesson plan, has given rise to a literature, both permanent and periodical, that has widely popularized Bible study. The international lesson system now includes a special beginners' course of Bible study for the youngest children, and still other modifications are under discussion. Other lesson systems are in use in some schools and in a few denominations, but in the vast majority of schools the international uniform lesson system is used.

At the next convention in Baltimore, May 11-13, 1875, the convention became international in scope and name. This convention has met every three years since that time. It is composed of delegates from auxiliary, state, territorial, and provincial Sunday School associations in North America. Its work is conducted during the triennium by an executive committee; a lesson committee, international and interdenominational in its personnel; a primary department; and a field workers' department. A World's Convention, under the auspices of the London Sunday School Union and the International Executive Committee, was held in London, July 1-4, 1889, thus establishing an institution comprising all the countries of the world, and meeting since then in Saint Louis, Mo., September 3-5, 1893, and in London July 11-15, 1898. In the improvement of teacher-training and Bible study what is known as the "Chautauqua movement" has been an important factor.

The Sunday School is the pioneer religious agency in new communities, and

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THE INNER CIRCLE PAGE

GOD'S PLAN

MRS. AUDRE PITTS

*"Where He leads me I will follow,
Where He leads me I will follow,
Where He leads me I will follow,
I'll go with Him, with Him, all the
way."*

SANG Berneice softly and reverently as she wended her way through the traffic on her way home from the post office.

"Ah yes, Lord," she whispered eagerly, "I know where Thou art leading me, and by Thy grace I will follow."

She opened her purse and, drawing forth the square business envelope, again read the letter asking for her services as an evangelistic singer in a revival meeting to be held soon by a former pastor, now serving in another town. Her steps quickened. She must hurry home and tell her mother the news. She darted out into the street—there was a sound of grinding brakes, the shriek of rubber tires on the pavement, then the ambulance was rushed to the scene and Berneice, now a limp, unconscious, little huddle, was carried away to the hospital.

Some hours later she returned to consciousness for a moment and looked about the unfamiliar room. Every part of her body was throbbing with pain and her back hurt intolerably. Try as she would she could not keep back the tears or stifle the agonizing moan which came to her lips. A nurse in white uniform hurried to the bedside. Berneice felt a quick, sharp pain in her arm as the nurse administered a soothing hypodermic; and then she lapsed into oblivion once more.

It was two days later when she again opened her eyes and saw her father and mother sitting anxiously by. Her body felt rigid, and her back still hurt. She found out then that her back had been badly injured and was now in a cast.

After long weeks in the hospital she was taken home, though still unable to walk. It was the day after her arrival there that Berneice's mother gently broke the news to her. The doctors had all agreed that there was small hopes of her ever being able to walk again. In all probability she would be confined to her bed for the remainder of her life.

"Never walk again! Oh, mother!" cried Berneice in an agonized voice. She stared dazedly into space.

"Berneice, dear," begged her mother, "please don't look that way. Perhaps I shouldn't have told you yet; but we thought it would be kinder to let you know as soon as possible."

"Yes, mother, of course you did right,"

still in an odd, flat voice. "It was not so much of my physical body I was thinking. You knew I had planned to go into evangelistic work as soon as possible. Well," she drew a deep, gasping breath and continued, "I had just received a letter asking for my services and was hurrying home to tell you about it when—when—it all happened. I can't understand it, mother," she said with a puzzled air, "I was sure that was the work the Lord wanted me to do."

In the days that followed Berneice had need of "leaning on the everlasting arm." She tried not to grieve over her lost opportunity, but it seemed as if her life was left a blank. Continually she prayed for God to open up some avenue of service for Him. She wrote telling of her inability to help in the meeting; and there seemed to be nothing else to do except trust God that His way was the best way.

But she was finding that there was a vast difference between trusting God when all was going well, when she had a life full of happy ambitions ahead of her to be fulfilled—and lying there knowing she would be an invalid the rest of her life.

"It seems that death would be preferable to this," she told herself, as the tears streamed down her cheeks. "I could be at home with my Savior then. But here I am, a hopeless cripple, cut off in the beginning of life, with a burden on my heart to carry the Gospel in song and unable to do it. I must even give up that class of boys I have been teaching in Sunday School. It seems as if I can't stand it. Oh, God," she prayed earnestly, "if there is any way I can still use my voice for Thee, please show it to me."

She lay absolutely quiet for some time. Then it seemed as if the voice of the One who suffered pain long ago whispered to her aching heart,

"That class of boys—you have won

THE MOTTO FOR THE NEW YEAR

I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life with which to guide my feet;
I asked, and paused; he answered soft and low:
"God's will to know."

"Will knowledge then suffice, New Year?" I cried;
And ere the question into silence died,
The answer came: "Nay, but remember, too,
God's will to do."

Once more I asked, "Is there no more to tell?"
And once again the answer sweetly fell:
"Yes, this one thing, all other things above,
God's will to love."—Anon.

their hearts; and they love to hear you sing. You cannot go to them now. Have them come to you."

"Thank you, Jesus," sighed Berneice happily, as a curious peace stole over her, "for showing me that I can still be of use in Thy Kingdom."

Accordingly she talked the plan over with her mother and the boys themselves and they arranged to come to her home every Wednesday afternoon after school to hear her sing.

One Wednesday evening a pompous and somewhat fussy-looking gentleman of middle age was walking slowly down the street. No doubt he would have been unable to tell, if asked, why he was here at this precise hour. He only knew that suddenly he was tired of everything—tired of the strenuous cares of business—tired of the rushing, crowding mass of humanity—tired of being whirled in and out among the dense traffic in his private car—yes, tired even of life, he was telling himself as he tramped along glowering at every one he met, scarcely noting where his footsteps led him.

Suddenly his form straightened and he lifted his head. What was that?—the voice of an angel amid the drumming and pounding of city life? His lip curled contemptuously at the thought. Angels—huh—there could be no such things in the city. "Devils" came nearer describing humanity; every one grasping for himself, fighting, struggling for gold, forgetting all else. He knew. He was doing it himself. Well, he'd been successful as the world counts success. He had made fame and fortune for himself, but at what cost? he now asked himself bitterly, as he slowed his steps to listen to that voice.

It did sound like the voice of an angel. And that song she was singing. It sent his thoughts speeding backward over the years. A humble home, firelight playing on the walls, mother sitting in her easy chair with a small boy on the stool at her feet looking up at her with worshipful eyes as she sang at her mending. He had been that boy.

*"I love to tell the Story
Of unseen things above."*

He stopped, entirely disregarding the other pedestrians passing by. With his eyes closed he could imagine it was his mother's voice he heard. Mother—she had gone on to her reward long ago. He had gone to the city to make a name for himself, and had forgotten his mother's God in doing it.

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The Word In Action

A famous preacher tells the story of a schoolboy who was brought to trust the Saviour through that wonderful verse, John 5:24: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."

When the boy got home, and was sitting on a sofa in a room by himself, Satan began to tempt him to think it was all a mistake, and that Jesus had not really saved him at all. At length the temptation became so fierce that the boy said it seemed as though the devil was actually under the sofa talking to him. For a while the young Christian did not know how to answer Satan, but then he thought of an idea. Opening his pocket Bible, he placed his finger at John 5:24, and reached it down under the sofa, and said, "There you are, Satan, read it for yourself!" The boy said that it seemed as if at that moment the devil disappeared.—*Christian Herald*.

Face to Face

Two infidels once sat in a railroad train discussing Christ's wonderful life. One of them said, "I think an interesting romance could be written about Him." The other replied, "And you are just the man to write it. Set forth the correct view of His life and character. Tear down the prevailing sentiment as to His divineness and paint Him as He was—a man among men." The suggestion was acted upon and the romance was written. The man who made the suggestion was Colonel Ingersoll; the author was General Lew Wallace; and the book was *Ben Hur*. In the process of constructing it he found himself facing the unaccountable Man. The more he studied His life and character the more profoundly he was convinced that He was more than a man among men; until at length, like the centurion under the cross, he was constrained to cry, "Verily, this was the Son of God!"—*D. J. Burrell*.

Christians of Narrow Vision

Dr. H. A. Ironside told the following story at a Bible conference: A small Christian sect of an exclusive temperament was holding a convention. Outside the auditorium there was displayed the motto, "Jesus Only." A strong wind blew the first three letters away. "*Us Only*" is too often the spirit shown by Christians of narrow vision.—*Sunday School Times*.

"Living or Dying"

An aged Scotchman, while dying, was asked what he thought of death, and

Treasured Gleanings For Ministers and Christian Workers

he replied, "It matters little to me whether I live or die. If I die I will be with Jesus, and if I live Jesus will be with me."—*A. C. Dixon, in The Bright Side of Death*.

Reason for Happiness

A Christian, asked how it was that he always seemed happy, answered that he had learned to look three ways: First, he looked up to heaven that he might remember that he was going to spend eternity there; second, he looked to the earth that he might remember that one day his body would return to dust, stripped of all earthly possessions; third, he looked within his heart, that he might realize how many people were worse off than he was.—*Donald Grey Barnhouse, in Happy, Though Poor*.

"For All Have Sinned"

A Negro evangelist exhorted a wailing audience, with fists milling, to clean living. In front of the platform in the African Methodist Church a casket was piled high with flowers. The evangelist told of the horrors of hell, and there were not a few hysterical cries from his listeners. The newspaper announcement said that the service was to be a funeral. Over the coffin the evangelist chanted no eulogy. The dead man had committed every sin. He was wicked, and therefore he would go into eternal torment. When the sermon was finished, the audience was invited to file past the casket and take one final look at this horrible sinner. Each man and woman peered into the casket. The casket was empty! A mirror in the bottom reflected the face of every person who stared.—*Earnest Worker*.

A True Indictment

A man said to Sam Jones, the evangelist: "Mr. Jones, the church has put my assessment too high." "How much do you pay?" the evangelist inquired. "Five dollars a year." "Well," replied Mr. Jones, "how long have you been converted?" "About four years." "What did you do before you were converted?"

"I was a drunkard." "How much did you spend for drink?" "About \$250 a year." "How much were you worth?" "I rented land, and plowed with a steer." "What have you got now?" "I have a good plantation and a span of horses." "Well," said the evangelist emphatically, "you paid the devil \$250 a year for the privilege of plowing with a steer on rented land, and now you don't want to give God who saved you, five dollars a year for the privilege of plowing with horses on your own plantation. You're a rascal from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot."—*Alliance Weekly*.

God Knows More!

The story is told of a young theological student who one day came to the great preacher, C. H. Spurgeon, telling him that the Bible contained some verses which he could not understand and about which he was very much worried. To this Spurgeon replied, "Young man, allow me to give you this word of advice: You must expect to let God know some things which you do not understand."—*Sunday School Times*.

Faith the Victory

Dr. A. C. Dixon, once a well-known pastor in Boston, found his church needed \$2,000 to square accounts. He and his deacons prayed about it. One deacon arose and said, "Brethren, God has answered our prayers. God will send the money in next Sunday's collections." That Sunday it rained very much, and some deacon suggested not to take the collection. The other replied, "I did not trust the weather; I trusted God!" The collection amounted to \$2,600. Faith is the victory!—*Joseph T. Larson, in Christ, the Healer of Broken Hearts*.

Love in Action

Dr. C. H. Parkhurst has a chapter in his book, *Love as a Lubricant*, in which he relates this little story: One day there was a workman aboard a trolley car, and he noticed that every time the door was pushed open it squeaked. Rising from his seat, he took a little can from his pocket, and dropped oil on the offending spot. He sat down again, quietly remarking, "I always carry an oil can in my pocket, for there are so many squeaky things that a drop of oil will correct." Love is the oil which alone can make everyday life in home and business and society harmonious.—*S. S. World*.

A Christian First

When Millet, whose "Angelus" captivated the whole art-loving world, was about to depart from his home for Paris (Continued on page 29)



"Be Ye Not Unequally Yoked"

By CORA M. BAER

Little Janet Martin, swinging a shiny new dinner pail, was walking gaily to school. As she turned the bend at the schoolhouse, she stroked her new pink gingham dress to make sure everything was just right; for to a little girl not quite six, the first day of school is a great new adventure.

She was early, but it did not take her long to overcome her first feeling of shyness. The young teacher, Mr. Day, was himself scarcely more than a boy, and Janet immediately decided that she would like him. Perhaps it was the kind look in his blue eyes, or the jolly tone of his voice. Be that as it may, by the time the other scholars began coming Janet was sure that Mr. Day was the very best teacher there ever was; and the teacher in turn had learned how many brothers and sisters were in Janet's home, how many chickens, and calves, and kittens they had, who her Sunday School teacher was, and that she could repeat the twenty-third Psalm all alone, and that she had received a pretty New Testament for memorizing the most scripture verses in her class. In fact, in that quarter of an hour that Janet was there before the others, the teacher had learned so much from his little informant that he could form a fair conclusion concerning his little scholar and the home from which she came.

Being a Christian, he felt glad for the religious emphasis in the home of little Janet. As the months rolled by the teacher learned that his conclusion of that first day had not been wrong.

Janet was quick to learn. Not only in school but also in Sunday School her eager little face could be seen drinking in the truths as they were taught.

The last day of school came. Mr. Day watched the scholars run down the hill, which hid them from his sight, perhaps for the last time. As little Janet, who had lingered behind the rest, turned just before the bend hid her from view she waved her small hand. The teacher, with a queer lump in his throat, waved back. He turned and prayed that God might keep these children for His service. Especially did he pray for Janet, for he felt that in her were vested remarkable powers for good. Then locking the door, he walked quickly down the road to his home.

Years passed—a decade or so. And they were busy years, for the young school teacher of other days. He had been called of God to serve as pastor in the church in his home community. That, with his family (for he had a daughter of his own just starting to

school) kept his time occupied.

In these years he had seen little Janet grow up. He still felt a deep interest in her. As he watched her grow in usefulness in the community and church, he felt that his prayers were being answered.

She had been converted at an early age and though she was still young she was a teacher in the Sunday School. In fact, it seemed as though there was no other person in the church more devoted and loyal than Janet.

She was a senior in high school and, as had been the case in the little red schoolhouse, she was leading her class.

Of late, however, a change had been coming over her. It was so subtle that her pastor could not see it, her parents did not notice it, and she herself seemed not conscious of it until it manifested itself openly.

She came home from school one afternoon and placed her books on the table as her mother said, "Janet, we'll have to hurry tonight, for you know this is the evening for prayer meeting."

"But Mother, I really don't see how I can go—" she began.

"Oh," said her mother in surprise, "aren't you feeling well—or are your studies piling up?"

"Well, it's not just exactly that, but I am going over to Mamie's. We're having sort of a class meeting there." (She did not like to call it a class party, just then.)

"Well, of course, if you can't go you can't. Do you want father to take you over on the way to church? then we can stop for you coming home."

"No, he won't need to bother. Harry's coming after me," she replied.

Her mother wore an anxious expression on her face as she went about her work. She could not understand this strange behavior of her daughter.

Harry was a young man in the same class with Janet in school. Aside from that the concerned mother knew very little about him. Of late she had heard his name mentioned quite frequently by her daughter, but had paid very little attention to it.

Later in the evening, as they were washing the supper dishes, the mother asked, "Isn't John going?—He is a senior too."

Now John was a young man of sterling Christian character, and a member of the same church as Janet. Their interests seemed so much in common that no one was surprised that they had been attracted to each other, for a warm friendship had sprung up between them.

"No, I believe he said he's going to church," she replied.

There was silence save for the rattling of the dishes, but at length Janet said, "Mother, I know you like John, and so do I; but Harry's so different. He always knows just what to say and do; he's the most popular boy in the class. And you really know how awkward and embarrassing John can be."

"I never thought he seemed awkward," replied the mother.

"Well, he isn't just exactly awkward, but he hasn't been around like Harry has. Harry's more polished—or up-to-date. Anyway you know what I mean."

The mother didn't exactly know, but she did know that this attitude of her daughter was strange, and she couldn't quite understand it.

Again there was silence. Once more it was broken as the mother said,

"Janet, I am anxious that you should enjoy yourself, but I am also anxious that you should be safeguarded from evil. I don't know Harry, but I know his parents, and they aren't Christians. Do you know if Harry is a Christian?"

"Well, I really am not sure, but I don't think so; but he is a nice boy. And mother, don't take this too seriously, for he isn't so bad that it will hurt me to go with him over to Mamie's and home again," she replied with a short laugh.

Janet was thinking some thoughts which she did not express, and which she really would not have liked her mother to know.

She had a half quizzical smile on her face as she thought of John going to a class party and dance. He was congenial company, but he just would not fit tonight—anyway not like Harry.

With strange forebodings, the father and mother drove toward the church. Somehow this attitude of their daughter caused them grave concern.

Time went on and the companionship between Janet and Harry seemed to spring into something deeper than a mere friendship.

He called at the Martin home frequently, and the parents had ample opportunity to make his acquaintance. He was so congenial and pleasant that they were not surprised that Janet enjoyed his company.

So one day when Janet came to her mother with the question, "Well, what do you think of Harry?" the mother truthfully replied, "As far as I can see I cannot say a word against his conduct, and he is certainly a courteous and congenial gentleman around us, but listen, dear, are you satisfied with his company?"

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Godfather of the Sunday School

By Clarence W. Hall

Back in 1875, publishers in Chicago were being persistently plagued by a young man who thought he had a great idea. His name was David C. Cook, a salesman of sewing machine accessories, and his hobby was free-lance organizing of Sunday Schools down in Chicago's more benighted areas.

"It's tough," he told the publishers, "trying to keep these young rascals' minds on the lesson. There's a crying need for some inexpensive materials to help Sunday School workers. I think such a line would boost your business as well as do a lot of good."

The publishers, unimpressed by opportunity's knock, managed to keep their enthusiasm under restraint. "Why don't you do it yourself, Dave?" one of them suggested. "Your dad's a printer and you know how to set type."

Cook mulled this over for a minute, then quietly arose. "All right, maybe I will!" he said.

Sixty-seven Years of Christian Service

That was sixty-seven years ago. Today the David C. Cook Publishing Company is the world's largest concern catering exclusively to the Sunday School and its needs. Through its big presses in Elgin, Illinois, there annually flow 1,000,000 copies of publications. From its own sub-postoffice in its extensive plant are shipped from six to ten tons of Sunday School literature every weekday of the year. And more than 60,000 Sunday Schools the world around, use its thirty-five different papers and magazines, slanted toward various age groups, which are read and studied by millions of every race and color wherever the English language is spoken or taught.

A Romance in Christian Publishing

The continuance, no less than the humble beginning of this business, started by young Cook with a prayer in his heart as he bent over the fonts of handset type for long hours after work, is something of a romance in Christian publishing, for the Cook Company has never deviated an iota from its founder's vision. It has never published anything but Sunday School helps (at present no fewer than 9,000 different items, everything from Bibles to banquet favors). And the business has never passed out of the family's hands.

- Today at the head of this world enterprise in unique Christian service is David C. Cook III, thirty-year-old grandson of the man who has been called "the godfather of religious education."

There has been some controversy of late regarding the bona fide paternity of the Sunday School. One group holds to the tradition that Robert Raikes was its parent, and that the birth occurred in 1780. The other, a group of Methodists, contest the vital statistics on behalf of John Wesley who, they say, fathered the idea in Savannah, Georgia, in the year 1736.

True Godfather to the Sunday School

But regardless of who sired the Sunday School in the first place, it is well established that the child led the life of an orphan for many years thereafter. There were even religious leaders who looked dubiously upon it, uncertain that it was worth its bed and board as a church activity. The credit that is

Cook's arises from the fact that he came along in time to supply the Sunday School with the equipment and stimulation it needed to grow up and make good in the world. Following his early success at the task, church boards of publication came to see the possibilities in Sunday Schools, provided with simple practical means to promote religious education, and began gradually to bring out for their own denominations all the extensive paraphernalia now deemed so necessary to the conduct of an up-and-coming church school.

But before Cook came along to apply mass production methods to Sunday School lesson helps and Christian story papers there were few materials available for Sunday School teachers.

Learns the Printer's Trade

The International Uniform Lessons had been introduced only three years before and lesson aids were almost unknown. What helps there were available

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The entire family on their way to Sunday School



The Men of Tomorrow

By DEAN C. DUTTON, in *Quests or Conquests*

(Continued from last issue)

Self-Mastery—Nature's Program

The second ten years of a boy's life largely belong to himself and his father. While the little boy has grown to become an interesting little lover to his mother, yet there is a change that comes about ten years of age. The father now becomes the hero of the boy. The boy must become a rugged character, and so the father, taking his place by the side of the boy, leads a stalwart life. The mother seems to step into the background of the boy's life, but nevertheless her towering presence and the impact of her fine personality and the wealth of her precious love, hold the boy steady, while he climbs the steep slopes of life's difficulties.

In this great constructive age, manhood must be heroic, powerful, rugged and strong. Manhood must be masterful. He must learn to master. In order that he may be master, nature has provided impulses. In meeting these impulses and resisting them the boy learns the lesson of self-mastery. In learning the lessons he has taken a long step toward becoming a master.

Meaningful Impulses

The first of these impulses comes to the boy of ten years of age. This is an impulse to be a little monkey. He is full of wiggles and monkey-shines. He can't tell just why, but he just must be doing something. He enjoys sticking a pin into the boy in front of him to see him jump; he pulls his sister's hair, for the fun of seeing her scowl; he steps on the cat's tail to hear it howl; he turns somersaults when mother has company, for he knows she cannot paddle him then. While all this is going on he keeps an eye on his mother's face—that face he studied for ten years. He has watched every expression of that face so that he knows when there is pain or joy. When he sees an expression of pain on that lovely face, the boy lays hold of himself and says: "No, sir, I can't afford to make my sweetheart, my pal, my mother, feel bad. I am going to be good;" and so out of respect and love for that mother he learns the first lesson of self-mastery.

A number of years ago a mother came to me in a great quandary, and said: "Pastor, we can't quite understand our boy. He came home from school the other night and hung his coat and hat behind the door. He usually throws it any old place. He hasn't teased his sister for a week, and he and the cat are good friends. He seems to love to meet his father at the door with his father's slip-

pers and house coat, and he has offered to wipe the dishes every day for a week. We are wondering if our boy is going to be an angel." This little chap had more wiggles to the square inch than any boy I ever saw. His name was Jump and he seemed to be well named, for he was certainly a kangaroo in disposition. He had a temper like a firecracker. I knew he was far from being an angel. I said to her: "I have been taking your boy out hiking and watermelon feasting with other boys, and have been with them out in the woods cooking meals, and when I had your boy run down so he would listen to me, I have been trying to teach him the steps to great manhood. I have told your boy that the best way to show whether or not he is a Christian boy is in the home. I told him to help make the load lighter on his mother, and in so doing he would take the first step toward a great career." Ten years from the time of this conversation, I was back to that town, visiting. It was my great delight to find my boy, Jump, having now grown to manhood, and one of the finest young men in the town. He was an athlete, secretary of the basketball club, was a leader in the Young People's Society, was head usher in the church, had a good position, and was one of the finest young men in the town, and why? Because at ten years of age the boy learned the first lesson of self-mastery.

A Pig, a Walrus, a Bear, a Mule, a Race Horse

The second impulse that comes to a boy, comes at about the age of thirteen. Now the impulse is to be a pig. He is all "tummy." He does little else than eat, eat, eat. He eats so much at thirteen, that he is all hands and feet at fourteen, and you can't keep him in clothes. His large hands and feet put him in the walrus class; only sometimes he is like a goose, for his voice changes at this period. He eats so much at thirteen, and grows so fast at fourteen, that he is all warped out of shape, and at fifteen even his disposition has gone awry and he is more like an old bear than anything else. He growls because he has to go to bed; he growls because he has to get up; he growls at his clothes; he growls at his meals; growls because he has to go to school, and he is a real bear at fifteen. He changes from being a bear at fifteen to being a mule at sixteen.

Ladies and gentlemen, if you know anything more like a mule than a boy of sixteen, I would like to have you name the critter. He knows more than his

father and mother; more than his public school teacher; more than anybody else. Ask him to do anything, and the impulse is to do exactly the opposite thing. While he is a mule at sixteen, he changes to a race horse at seventeen. Biff, bang, down the street he drives his father's automobile at the topmost speed; lets Dad pay for the gasoline, spends his money as he "bloomin'" pleases. His highest ambition is to be a dead game sport. This is the boy of seventeen.

Now when the father and mother see their son pass through these impulses that nature has put in their boy's life, they think that they have the worst boy in the world. Parents, this is not an evidence that your boy is bad. Your boy is simply going through schooling that nature has provided to teach him self-mastery. During this period the mother should not lecture and scold and jaw the boy. When you argue with a boy, you have lost your case; but when the mother is quiet and firm, always loving and tender, speaking in a low, sweet voice, the boy learns the lesson and gets a grip on himself steadied by the impact of his mother's love and personality. He may speak no word of appreciation, but he wins, and the mother triumphs.

The Boy—Dad's Pal

The boy of seventeen should be taken into partnership with the father. Whatever his business, the boy should become a part of it. Tell the boy everything about your business that he can possibly appreciate. When you come home to tell of business trouble, always take that seventeen-year-old boy into your confidence with the mother, and tell him what it means to look after business. Let him write the checks to pay the bills for one month; let him know the money you have to borrow to carry on your business; let him know how you make your money, and that boy will quietly say to himself, "Look here, I am not going to waste my Dad's money when he is having a struggle like that to do business." The boy being made a partner goes down the street shoulder to shoulder with his father and says: "Dad, is there anything I can do to help you today?" Little by little that father, being a partner and pal of that boy, will develop him into a great business man for tomorrow.

But this period of impulses is very perplexing and very hard for the mother. The first ten years of a boy's life are a perfect joy to the mother. From six to ten years of age, the lad is a perfect little lover; but when the mother sees that boy change from being a little lover at that period to being a little monkey; from a monkey to a pig, a pig

(Continued on page 25)



Silver Anniversary of What?

Bible Training School and College



Sevierville, Tennessee



TWENTY-FIVE years ago one of the greatest institutions of modern times was brought into existence; namely, The Church of God Bible Training School and College. From this God-sent and Biblical institution many great workers have gone forth, including some of our very best ministers who are now serving as general officials, state overseers, etc. We could not have had such wonderful men as these without this institution, where they received their training, who are now rendering such valuable service to the Church and the cause that we all love so dearly.

WONDERFUL GROWTH

The first term of this institution had only six students in attendance, which had its beginning in the Council chamber of the Evangel office building, Cleveland, Tennessee. The school, outgrowing this small chamber, moved from that humble place to the old local church in Cleveland, Tennessee. The school continued to grow until it had to move again.

Consequently, the school moved from Cleveland to Sevierville, Tennessee, where the Murphy College was purchased for the home of the school, with all modern conveniences, which, indeed, is a very beautiful site at the foot of the Smoky Mountains, and now the student body has grown into hundreds.

SPIRITUAL TIDE

Many schools and colleges today do not and will not have the spiritual tide flowing that we have in our school. Thank God for a school that stands fast on the fundamental ideals—yea, and all that the Bible has taught in its fullness. For days this wonderful school does not have class exercise because of the old time, Pentecostal power falling and students being filled with the Holy Ghost. I say that this is something to be appreciated. When we think of some schools today that want to force the students to take dancing lessons, etc., even against the consent of the students and the parents, we should thank God



again and again for this wonderful organization, where our children can get their education under such holy influence. Each one should be willing to sponsor this grand institution and even be willing to make a real sacrifice to carry this school on to higher planes for the benefit of our children and our children's children.

A PLAN TO SPONSOR

The school is in need of cafeteria tables; and the Senior Class, with its president, Brother Clifford Bridges, has assumed the responsibility of getting them, which, of course, will cost quite a sum of money—or to be exact, \$1,359.60. Brother Bridges has talked to the writer about the plan and I think that it is a good one. He is going to send a pattern of a quilt block to each state superintendent of Y. P. E.'s and Sunday Schools and, in turn, he wants the superintendent to send these to the local churches or Y. P. E.'s for them to get names in the blocks, as many as thirty-six at ten cents a name, or at

least that much. I am sure that our people, and especially our young people who are energetic and waiting for something to do, will only be waiting for this opportunity to take this program and carry it to its final victory. If everyone will do his or her part, this will, no doubt, prove to be a real success; and, of course, our young people will know no defeat. All they know is to win each and every battle; to carry out every undertaking. If we will think seriously as God would have us do, we will rally to the support of this most worthy cause.

We are asking for the first week in January to be set apart as Bible Training School and College Week, which is, of course, the Silver Anniversary for our school. Through this week and the week end, let us put the drive over the top for God's school. In event we do not get it done during the first week of January, let us keep on until we do. We cannot and will not neglect our precious school. So let each one, from the pastor down, do his part.

OTHER THINGS

If in the event we get more than we need for the tables, there are other things which are also needed very badly.

Finally we are anticipating a really successful drive, because as your unworthy leader, I have noted with pleasure and delight the work of the young people from the beginning of their organization. Many of our churches, parsonages, pianos, etc., have been purchased and paid for by this great army of young people who are carrying on for God.

Brother Bridges will mail to you the instructions and the pattern of the quilt block.

May God bless and help each of you is my prayer. Remember that I stand ready at all times to do any and all things that I can to help you in your undertakings.—Sincerely yours, Earl P. Paulk, National Superintendent of Sunday School and Y. P. E.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 341

LECTURE 1

1.1. Introduction

1.2. The Hamiltonian

1.3. The Schrödinger Equation

1.4. The Harmonic Oscillator

1.5. The Hydrogen Atom

1.6. The Spin-Orbit Interaction

1.7. The Zeeman Effect

1.8. The Fine Structure

1.9. The Hyperfine Structure

1.10. The Lamb Shift

1.11. The Anomalous Zeeman Effect

1.12. The Paschen-Back Effect

1.13. The Stark Effect

1.14. The Raman Effect

1.15. The Compton Effect

1.16. The Photoelectric Effect

1.17. The Blackbody Radiation

1.18. The Debye Model

1.19. The Einstein Model

1.20. The Dulong-Petit Law

1.21. The Equipartition Theorem

1.22. The Boltzmann Distribution

1.23. The Maxwell-Boltzmann Distribution

1.24. The Fermi-Dirac Distribution

1.25. The Bose-Einstein Distribution

1.26. The Grand Canonical Ensemble

1.27. The Partition Function

1.28. The Helmholtz Free Energy

1.29. The Gibbs Free Energy

1.30. The Entropy

1.31. The Heat Capacity

1.32. The Heat Conduction

1.33. The Diffusion

1.34. The Viscosity

1.35. The Thermal Expansion

1.36. The Thermal Contraction

1.37. The Thermal Anomalous Expansion

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Letters From Our Training Camps

Dear Sister Harrison:

The Lighted Pathway is a blessing to my soul; it is like good salvation. It makes me laugh and cry at the same time. It makes me forget the presence of the war; it feeds my soul, and you have so arranged it to feed every one.

We wish to thank you for remembering us. We can meet each other through the Lighted Pathway and it makes us feel so good.—Pvt. Joe H. McCall, U. S. Army, Key West, Fla.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am very glad to receive the Lighted Pathways which you have been sending me for the past two months. To me there is no other paper better. Also, I am glad to distribute them around to the boys so they can get them.

I have been reading the Lighted Pathway for a number of years and it's still food to my soul. I have been in the Church of God for about four years and the Lighted Pathway and Evangel have been my most important reading, next to the Bible. I count it a great privilege to have the Lighted Pathway sent here for the boys and me to read. Remember us always in your prayers.—Pvt. Galvin H. Harding, Co. B-53rd Med. Tng. Bn., Camp Barkeley, Abilene, Texas.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Just a few lines to let you know I received the six Lighted Pathways. I have placed each one in a different home. I enjoy them very much. Continue the wonderful work as I am sure the Lord is well pleased with the work the Church of God is accomplishing.

I am using the chart you are printing each month for reading my Bible through in a year.—Noah Helmandollar, 35274114, U. S. Army, Quartermaster Detachment, c/o Postmaster, A.P.O. 864, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a soldier of the U. S. A. I have just received the Lighted Pathways from Sister Ollie Hill. I enjoy reading them and have given them out to the soldiers in my squadron. The Lighted Pathway is a wonderful paper. It helps everyone who will read it.

I have been in the Army Air Corps for three months and I am determined to stand true to the Lord. He saved me from sin and I am going on with Him. I have victory in Jesus.

There is no Church of God here that I know of. I am praying for everyone who is in the Army, and please pray for me.—Pvt. James F. Tilson, 947th Guard

Squadron, Army Air Base, Bks. 5311, Reno, Nev.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am receiving the Lighted Pathway and Evangel and you just can't comprehend how much they are appreciated. I subscribed for both some few months ago. With hardly any place to worship and no place for secret prayer, they are



PVT. JOE RICHARDSON

YOUR SON

Poem written by Pvt. Joe Richardson of the United States Army to his mother, Mrs. Ed. Richardson, Cedar St., Leaks-ville, N. C. Joe is "somewhere" in the foreign service.

Only yesterday I was a little boy
With laughing eyes and a face of joy,
Playing with a train of cars
And nibbling chocolate candy bars.
A little lad with golden head
And clothes of brightest blue and red,
Today I am a man—and far away.
I said good-bye in such a way
You could not cry,
But forced a smile and thought:
"God, what a war! It must be fought
By boys who left as I have done
To stay 'til earth's freedom's won."
"Lord, keep me safe," I pray each day,
"Let Mom be brave and shed no tear
And have no fear (though I am still
young),
For I am very proud to be her son,
May she stand by, dear God,
'TIL PEACE IS WON."

(Heart of Love—Joe)

worth twice their price.

If people in the States could realize what it means to be where they can go to church and pray when they want to—not asking for sympathy—but if they could exchange places with us boys, who are trying to serve God in the beauty of holiness, they would get behind the spreading of God's Word and tell of Jesus' love with money, time, prayer and everything they have. Saints, it means much to have a good Church of God where you can worship just as God would have you and a place to pray. Well, words can't explain its value. Oh, how I wish I could slip off now in some secret place and pour out my heart to Him who gave His life for us.

After finishing the papers I put them in the Recreation Hall for others to read. May all who read this please pray that the guiding hand of God will rest upon me, and especially protect me from the snares of Satan, and that victory for the Allies may come soon so we may return to our beautiful land of America and our wives and loved ones.

You who know me personally, letters would be a very welcome and encouraging gift. I'm a member of the Church of God in Columbus, Ga., where my wife is. We both love God. Again in closing we cover your prayers.

I remain faithful to God.—Woodrow B. King, S. C. 3/c, Navy 8070, c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I miss my Lighted Pathway so much. I would like very much to hear from Rev. R. G. Looney. He was my pastor for two years. I would like to hear from him and all my brothers and friends in the Church of God.

This war will not be won with tanks, guns, planes and bombs alone, but by the prayers of the saints of God the world over. Dear saints everywhere, please pray for us boys in the armed forces of the U. S. A.

I am a Christian boy serving God even in the army. I have victory in my soul and am ready to go when Jesus comes or calls for me. I say to the boys who are in the army, "Keep praying, be ready to go. Victory is ours if we live or die."

We have a good chaplain here and we are treated as Christians in the army. Please pray for us as we fight for victory.—Pvt. John T. Cooper, Jr., 356 Bomb. Sqdn, Wendover Field, Utah.

(Continued on page 25)



If I Were Young Again

By A. R. W.

I Would Commit More to Memory

When I was young, no one told me that I was then at the age of easy memorizing. No one spurred me on to fill my mind with choice pieces of prose and poetry on the ground that they would be a wonderful resource all through my life, and that I should never again be able to commit to memory so easily.

The result was that I stored away in my mind only the few parts of the Bible that I was made to learn in the Sunday School, and only the few poems (and no prose) that I was made to recite in the public school. Since then, to be sure, I have added to my memory treasures in a desultory fashion, but very little that can be depended upon.

If I had my youth again, let me tell you what I would do with my memory.

In the first place, I would commit to memory at least one Bible verse every day. Sometimes they would be isolated verses, sometimes they would make up a great Bible passage. I would often review them and make sure of them.

In that way I would get a lifelong grip on perhaps fifty of the psalms, on the Sermon on the Mount, on Christ's last discourse and prayer, on the leading parables, and on the great chapters of the Epistles such as Rom., ch. 12; 1 Cor., chs. 13 and 15; and Heb., ch. 11. I should select a string of Bible verses all on the same topic, such as prayer, or heaven, or patience, or forgiveness, or temptation, and fasten them in my mind ready for instant use in my own life or in the lives of others. A verse a day for the ten years between the years of eight and eighteen, say, would have given me a priceless capital of thirty-six hundred and fifty Bible verses, the equivalent of perhaps one hundred chapters. I do not dare to think what that would have meant for me and for my work in the world—the comfort, the guidance, the power of it. And it would have been so easy and so pleasant!

Then, turning to secular literature, I would commit a lot of it to memory if I could live my boyhood over again.

I would begin with poetry, because that is the easier, but I would not at all neglect the great prose. I would commit to memory, of course, the poems I liked, but I would try to like the best poems, those chosen by good judges to make up the choicest collections of poems.

But there are hundreds of poems, long and short, that do not deserve memorizing in their entirety, merely a central stanza or sometimes only a single superlative line. I should have been on the watch

for these.

And hymns! Almost above all that I have named of great poetry I would name the great hymns. How I wish that I had made them my own in boyhood, so that I could now sing them over in the dark, by myself, at midnight in periods of wakefulness, in times of lonely grief, or whenever a hymn book is not at hand. As it is, I can usually get through the first stanza without printed help, and then comes confusion.

And finally, I wish I had stored in my mind some of the great prose—hundreds of wise and inspiring isolated sentences, and great passages from the world's masterly state papers and epochal orations and sermons. The field here is endless, and I should be tempted at every turn to do more than time would allow; but a single sentence culled from a masterpiece, if only one each week, would by this time have enriched my mind and soul beyond possibility of measure.

Those who will can make themselves millionaires of thought. Great wealth is ready in the world's great books.

I Would Give More Time to Spiritual Growth

One of the things that I chiefly regret as I review the sixty years of my life is that I have spent so little time in feeding my spirit. I have written many books, and I have given much good advice to others; but for the most part I have been too busy writing the advice to take it myself. As I look back over my years, I seem always to have my pen in my hand, exhorting others through the printed page. I cannot parallel my working existence with any such stretch of prayer, of Bible reading, of meditation on great truths, of vital communion with my Redeemer.

Men who have given the most help to the world have been those that have not stinted the food they have fed to their spirits. They have been men of the Book. They have read the Bible, not by single verses or paragraphs hurriedly snatched at irregular intervals, but by books at a time, hearty meals of Scripture, built into the blood and bone and muscle of their lives. No wonder they have had spiritual stamina. No wonder they have been sturdy for hard work and as firm as a rock in times of temptation and of stress.

Such men, too, have been men of prayer. They have not mumbled The Lord's Prayer at night, and made two or three meager petitions in the morning. They have sat down for long and full

talks with their Elder Brother, they have gone over with Him all their trials and perplexities, they have referred to Him all their doubts and fears, they have thanked Him for all their joys and opportunities, they have lived their lives over with Him. So blessed have been these daily experiences that they have looked forward to them with great longing and remembered them with profound satisfaction. As two human friends want to be together all they can be, and talk with each other as long as possible, so they with their Lord.

And the men that have been the greatest blessing to the world have thought much about their God and His mercies, their duty, the eternal life before them, their sins, their salvation, and their Savior. They have not lived haphazard lives. They have planned far in advance, they have planned for the endless years. They have built love and courage and faith and hope into their subconscious minds. The fundamental principles of Christian character have not been to them mere names in a book, but parts of their inmost selves. In our bustling age we are likely to forget and lose altogether the art of meditation; these most helpful men find much time for it even in their busy day.

Nor do such men expect to get along without other men in their spiritual growth. They rejoice in sermons, in prayer meetings, in Christian conversations, in uplifting books. They surround themselves with ennobling influences. They gather into their minds and hearts all they can reach of fine thoughts and inspiring examples. They turn the whole world into a school for the nurture of their spirits, and they have for their teachers a myriad of books and Christians.

Because I have neglected so much of this, I am anxious that others shall not neglect it while they are young. I am taking time for it now; how ardently I wish that years ago I had taken time for it!

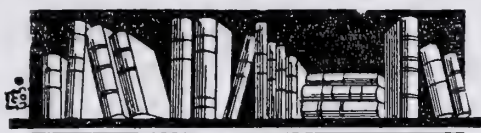
The busiest life can find a chance to eat three meals a day, and will not think of starving the body. Not the busiest life that ever was lived need starve the soul. Time spent in eating is not wasted; without it we should soon be at the end of our time on earth. Neither is time wasted that is spent in eating food for the spirit; without it we shall be losing not earth time, but a vast eternity.

Half an hour of prayer is quite sure to bring rich returns in the secular as well as in the spiritual life; our time is better directed, our efforts are more persistent and far more fruitful. The best economy of time and strength is to employ them liberally in the education and

(Continued on page 26)



Reading Circle



Recommended Books for Your Library

FOR BIBLE READERS

Story of the Gospel, by Charles Foster. Price \$1.25.

Fox's Book of Martyrs, by William Byron Forbush. Price \$1.50.

Miss Bettie's Book of Bible Stories, by Bettie Burson. Price \$1.50.

Illustrated Story of Jesus, by Rev. Jess Lyman Hurlbut, D. D. Price \$2.00.

Life's Treasure Book, by Charles M. Sheldon. Price 30c.

FICTION

Mary Sunshine, by Bertha B. Moore. Price \$1.00.

At the Crossroads, by Minnie E. Ludwig. Price \$1.00.

The Pilot's Voice, by Isabel Byrum. Price 75c.

Sally Jo, by Zenobia Bird. Price \$1.00.

The Return of the Tide, by Zenobia Bird. Price \$1.00.

One More Year, by Bertha B. Moore. Price \$1.00.

Though He Slay Me, by Ella M. Noller. Price \$1.00.

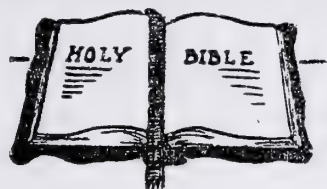
To These Also, by Bertha B. Moore. Price \$1.00.

Under Whose Wings, by Zenobia Bird. Price \$1.00.

Blaze Star, by Paul Hutchens. Price \$1.00.

The Vision, by Paul Hutchens. Price \$1.00.

Go With Him Twain, by Bertha Moore. Price \$1.00.



"This little Book I'd rather own,
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone,
Than all their diadems."

Bible Readings for January

	Morning	Evening
Jan. 1	Gen. 1-2	John 1
Jan. 2	Gen. 3-4	Matt. 1
Jan. 3	Gen. 5-6	Matt. 2
Jan. 4	Gen. 7-8	Matt. 3
Jan. 5	Gen. 9-10	Matt. 4
Jan. 6	Gen. 11-12	Matt. 5
Jan. 7	Gen. 13-14	Matt. 6
Jan. 8	Gen. 15-16	Matt. 7
Jan. 9	Gen. 17-18	Matt. 8
Jan. 10	Gen. 19-20	Matt. 9
Jan. 11	Gen. 21-22	Matt. 10
Jan. 12	Gen. 23-24	Matt. 11
Jan. 13	Gen. 25-26	Matt. 12
Jan. 14	Gen. 27-28	Matt. 13
Jan. 15	Gen. 29-30	Matt. 14
Jan. 16	Gen. 31-32	Matt. 15
Jan. 17	Gen. 33-34	Matt. 16
Jan. 18	Gen. 35-36	Matt. 17
Jan. 19	Gen. 37-38	Matt. 18
Jan. 20	Gen. 39-40	Matt. 19
Jan. 21	Gen. 41-42	Matt. 20
Jan. 22	Gen. 43-44	Matt. 21
Jan. 23	Gen. 45-46	Matt. 22
Jan. 24	Gen. 47-48	Matt. 23
Jan. 25	Gen. 49-50	Matt. 24
Jan. 26	Ex. 1-2	Matt. 25
Jan. 27	Ex. 3-4	Matt. 26
Jan. 28	Ex. 5-6	Matt. 27
Jan. 29	Ex. 7-8	Matt. 28
Jan. 30	Ex. 9-10	Mark 1
Jan. 31	Ex. 11-12	Mark 2

November Prize Winner

Rev. V. B. Ellis, Greenville, S. C., is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5.00 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

Honor Roll

Mrs. Ollie Hill, Riverside, Ga.
Edwin M. Mortenson, Columbia, S. C.
Mae Couch, Fort Mill, S. C.
Mrs. Francis Hobbs, Thomaston, Ga.
T. J. Collins, Ninety Six, S. C.
Claude M. Beam, Lindale, Ga.

LIGHTED PATHWAY RATING

	Sold for Dec.	Total
Alabama	2,206	7,525
Arizona	70	238
Arkansas	726	1,979
California	348	1,451
Colorado		37
Delaware	168	628
Foreign	272	1,089
Florida	2,222	8,287
Georgia	5,642	18,708
Idaho	126	441
Illinois	1,465	4,607
Indiana	224	779
Iowa	112	448
Kansas	324	802
Kentucky	1,743	5,957
Louisiana	469	2,044
Maine	98	392
Maryland	576	1,999
Massachusetts	42	146
Michigan	653	2,024
Mississippi	750	2,234
Minnesota	70	342
Missouri	635	1,687
Montana	140	504
Nebraska	14	70
New Jersey	98	350
New Mexico	56	371
New York	146	208
North Carolina	5,511	18,124
North Dakota	411	2,122
Ohio	1,097	4,204
Oklahoma	385	1,313
Oregon	252	674
Pennsylvania	747	2,718
South Carolina	9,266	32,091
South Dakota	70	348
Tennessee	2,767	8,964
Texas	6,387	9,747
Virginia	1,716	5,273
Washington	168	738
Washington, D. C.	98	392
West Virginia	1,926	6,661
Wyoming	84	98
	50,280	158,814

OUR JUNIOR JEWELS

For many years there has been an urgent and crying need for Sunday School class papers among our Sunday Schools. In the four-page paper bearing the above title you will find exactly what the title itself suggests—a variety of writings studded with precious truths that any boy or girl can and will appreciate. It is entirely inexpensive for your Sunday School to have them. Do not overlook ordering these when ordering your Sunday School literature, so that your bright-faced boys and girls will have something to take home with them after the Sunday School hour is over. Have you never read wherein Jesus said, "Give ye them to eat"? Price per quarter, of thirteen issues, 10c.

The Amount Sent from Each State to the Fund for Sending Lighted Pathways to Soldiers

South Carolina	\$15.00
Ohio	12.00
Virginia	10.20
Missouri	8.50
Texas	7.00
Illinois	6.50
California	6.15
Arkansas	6.00
Alabama	3.80
Georgia	3.25
North Carolina	3.00
Kentucky	3.00
Florida	3.00
Maryland	3.00
Mississippi	1.00
Delaware	.70



Helps for Tempted and Tried

EVERGREEN CHRISTIANS

MARCELLA DUNNE

"His leaf also shall not wither," Psalms 1:3.

"Her leaf shall be green," Jeremiah 17:8.

The above clauses express the possibility of being an "evergreen Christian." But some conditions are essential in its obtaining.

In the first Psalm we read: "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in His law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." These cannot be numerated, for it says: "Whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." So there is no mention to the number of promises. "His leaf also shall not wither," in other words, is evergreen.

In Jer. 17:7, 8, is found the following: "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit." Conditions: "trusteth" and "hope" in the Lord. Promises: "As a tree planted by the waters"—planted in a well-watered location,

so we as Christians can be watered by the Living Water, John 4:14, "Spreadeth out her roots by the river." Established, "rooted and grounded in love," Eph. 3:17. "Not see when heat cometh"—even the heat of the battle, when trials and temptations are almost overwhelming, yea, fiery trials that Peter speaks about, 1 Pet. 4:12. Let us say with Paul: "But none of these things move me," Acts 20:24. Even all around, others are drying up and leaves are falling off. "But her leaf shall be green"—evergreen, as an evergreen tree, under all circumstances the same, winter's cold and summer's intense heat do not affect it. "Neither shall cease from yielding fruit." Many Christians have left off fruit bearing, "The fruit of the Spirit" is not man-

ifested, Gal. 5:22; 2 Pet. 1:8.

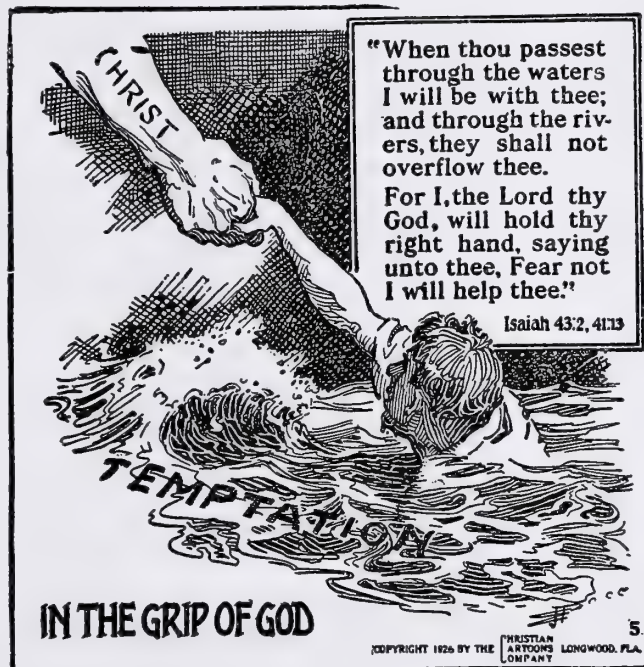
How fresh and restful to the eye is the evergreen tree. But far surpassing this is the "evergreen Christian." It is possible to be an "evergreen Christian" only in the Lord. Oh! the need in these last, lukewarm days for "evergreen Christians"—those who will let their lights shine even in the darkest hour and in the darkest corner, yea, under all circumstances. "With God all things are possible," Matt. 19:26.—*Gospel Herald*.

ABOUT SUFFERING

We notice as we pass along that God lets many people suffer. Although God is well able to remove that suffering, yet for some good reason He does not do so. Some wise person has said that persons who are called to the greatest work are those who have passed through the greatest suffering. It is a fact that suffering has a purifying effect. The Holy Bible tells us that Jesus Christ was made perfect through suffering. Suffering tends to make humble. Suffering will teach people lessons and refine them spiritually; therefore we ought not to despise our trials, but should even thank God for them. We will discover sometimes that our hindrances, our disappointments, and our sufferings, were for our spiritual betterment and advancement. Praise the Lord for them all!

He who has not suffered is lacking in depth of character,

(Continued on page 26)



IN HIS STEPS

LEONA BAYS GATER

"The road is too rough," I said. "Dear Lord,
There are stones that hurt me so."
And He said, "Dear child, I understand;
I walked it long ago."

"But," I said, "I wish there were friends with me,
Who would make my way their own."
"Ah! yes," He said, "Gethsemane
Was hard to face alone."

"But there's a cool, green path," I said.
"Let me walk there for a time."
"No, child," He gently answered me,
"The green road does not climb."

And so I climbed the stony path,
Content at last to know
That where my Master had not gone,
I would not need to go.

"My burden," I said, "is far too great;
How can I bear it so?"
"My child," said He, "I remember its weight—
I carried My cross, you know."

And strangely then I found new friends;
The burden grew less sore
As I remembered, long ago
He went that way before.



Hymn Stories

LIFE STORY OF ISAAC WATTS

By Mrs. Luciana Hutzelman, in the
Religious Telescope

His father was disappointed in him. He was sorry but he just couldn't seem to stop making rhymes. He thought in terms of poetry, but the schoolmaster father had other ambitions for him. So, when he continued his interest in poetry and music his father decided to punish him. Isaac seldom ever received a spanking but this time his father carried out his threat. Isaac was surprised and cried, "Father, do on me mercy take, And I will no more verses make."

Isaac Watts continued to think in terms of poetry in spite of his father's objections and became the "Father of English Hymn Writers." He was very studious as a child and perhaps the father wished him to be more like other boys. He did injure his health by his studious ways. He began to study Latin when only five years of age, and was never strong and healthy.

When he was only eighteen he began his real work of writing hymns. While attending church services, the music grated on his ears and he spoke of the lack of harmony to his father. The father was annoyed and said, "Then, give us something better, young man." "Very well, I will do so," and Isaac Watts went to his room and wrote that old hymn that has remained new after nearly two hundred and fifty years. The services that same evening were closed with the hymn he had written.

*"Behold the glories of the Lamb
Amidst His Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for His name
And songs before unknown."*

The congregation was pleased that one so young, one of their own number, had written so beautiful a hymn. From that day Isaac Watts wrote many sacred songs. Each Sunday he brought a new hymn to the chapel until soon a volume was written. His father ceased to be annoyed at his son but was proud of him.

The first edition of his new hymnal was sold in 1706 when he was twenty-two. He then began preaching, but his health was poor and he had to give it up after a serious illness. He did some tutoring and preached occasionally. His messages were very scholarly and he gained some reputation as a preacher and writer. In 1712 he had to give up preaching entirely. He worked too hard and had another serious illness.

When recovering he went to Abney

Park, the estate of Sir Thomas Abney at Theobalds for a week, but was prevailed upon to stay. He accepted the invitation to make his home there and remained until his death, thirty-four years later.

All these years he continued working as much as his health would permit. He wrote several theological books and kept at his first interest, that of hymn writing. He studied the Psalms and a great many of his hymns were taken from them. All his songs expressed love, fear, hope, faith and joy.

He wrote that beautiful hymn that has inspired so many to deeper consecration and reverence,

*"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died."*

Another great hymn which Watts wrote was:

"Oh, God, Our Help in Ages Past!"

Many think this his best hymn. It was based on the 90th Psalm. Since he had suffered so much himself, he must have felt his utter dependence on God.

*"Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home.
Under the shadow of Thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone
And our defense is sure."*

Here he expressed the security of the child of God. Read Psalm 90:1, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." All the way through, the song parallels the 90th Psalm.

The last part of the song contains the line, "Be thou our guide while life shall last," a prayer we should pray and believe.

Isaac Watts wrote many children's songs. Some of them are: "How Doth the Busy Little Bee" and "Let Dogs Delight to Bark and Bite," also the lovely cradle hymn, "Hush, My Dear, Lie Still and Slumber."

At the time Isaac Watts lived, people were punished for their religion and when he was a baby his father was put in prison for six months for his belief. Every day the mother would carry her baby, Isaac, to the prison and sit on the steps and sing for hours to comfort her husband. Perhaps that is why he was such an unusual child and was able to write such beautiful, comforting hymns when he grew up.

Dr. Isaac Watts died at the age of seventy-five, in perfect peace. When dying he said: "I am just waiting to see what God will do with me; it is good

to say, what, when and where God pleases. The business of a Christian is to do the will of God. If God should raise me up again and use me to save a soul, that will be worth living for. If He has no more service for me, I can say, through grace, I am ready; I could without alarm, if God please, lay back my head on my pillow and die this afternoon or night. My sins are all pardoned through the blood of Christ." And so he died. A monument has been erected to his honor in Westminster Abbey. This monument shows him sitting at a table writing, while angels whisper songs to him.

THE STORY ABOUT MARY'S LITTLE LAMB

Would you like to hear the true story about Mary and her lamb? Many think this only a poem. They do not know that there was a real Mary and a real little lamb. There was, and we'll tell you about them.

A hundred and thirty-six years ago, away back in 1806, a little girl named Mary Sawyer was born at a village called Sterling, 35 miles west of Boston.

When Mary was nine years old she and her father went out to the barn one bleak cold March morning. Here they found two little lambs that had been born during the night. But one of them was so cold that it had been left by its mother and was almost ready to die.

Mary at once took pity on the poor little lamb, and begged her father to let her take it to the house. He told her there was no use; that it could not live. But Mary was unwilling to let it die without doing what she could to save it. So she took it to the house and held it before the fire. Her mother gave her some warm cloths to wrap it in, and some catnip tea for it to drink.

After a while the little lamb seemed to be better and brighter. But Mary was still so afraid it might die that she sat up all night watching it and caring for it. Had it not been for her love and care, the lamb would have died, and we should never have heard of it. No wonder it learned to love her, for she had saved its life.

Soon it began to grow, and before long Mary had a healthy, happy, playful, loving little lamb. If it were out in the field it would come at her call. She had a little blanket for it. She combed the wool on its forehead, and tied bright ribbons around its neck. It was her own darling pet lamb!

At the suggestion of her brother Nat, Mary took the lamb to school one day. The lamb lay quietly at Mary's feet until she had to go to recite. Then up jumped the lamb and clatter, clatter,

clatter, it followed her to class.

This was so funny that the children could not keep quiet. Even the teacher laughed outright. The lamb attracted so much attention that Mary had to put it in the woodshed, and take it home at noontime.

As chance would have it, a young lad named John Roulstone happened to be visiting the school that day. He saw it all. The next day, as he was riding across the field on horseback, he handed Mary a little piece of paper on which he had written a short poem about her and her lamb. It was the first three stanzas of the world-famed poem, "Mary's Little Lamb." He was only twelve years old when he wrote this poem.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see the lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned it out;
But still it lingered near
And watched patiently about,
Till Mary did appear.

Some years later three more stanzas were added to the poem by Mrs. Sarah Joseph Hale, a New England poetess. She told why the lamb loved Mary so—because Mary loved the lamb.

And then it ran to her, and laid
Its head upon her arm,
As if to say, "I'm not afraid,
You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry;
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your will,
If you are only kind.

This lamb had beautiful snow-white wool, and it lived to raise several lambs of its own.

Mary's mother knit her two pairs of beautiful white stockings from the lamb's wool. These she kept until she was 74 years old. Then she allowed them to be unraveled, and the yarn to be cut into short lengths and tied to cards with her name written on them. They were sold for several hundred dollars, to help repair Old South Church in Boston. In this way the famous lamb became connected with this historic old church.

For a long time after she grew up Mary taught school. For 51 years she gave her life to the unfortunate people

in an institution. After her marriage her name was Tyler. The latter part of her life was spent in a beautiful home at Somerville, near Boston.

Mary died when she was nearly 84 years old. She was buried in Mt. Auburn cemetery, Boston. This was in 1889.

Some years ago I visited the humble little home in which Mary was born, and in which she nursed the lamb. It was a great pleasure. I saw the schoolhouse also, to which Mary took the lamb. This building Mr. Henry Ford recently purchased, repaired, and moved to Wayside Inn, at Sudbury, Massachusetts. It is used again as a schoolhouse, and is visited by thousands of people every year.—*Our Young Friends.*

The Editor's Message

(Continued from page 2)

wander aimlessly on.

Hedged in by the stone wall of their own frailties and faults they see not the world of opportunity that reaches beyond the stars.

It shall be my high resolve to awaken and inspire.

It shall be my aim to lift them up to where they shall see the great world of beauty, love, and inspiration.

Desert minds and barren hearts shall be made to rejoice and blossom as the rose. I shall bide my time, though it may take years of effort and sacrifice. I am resolved to see every desert within my reach and influence become waving fields of grain and gardens of flowers,

and landscapes of rich vintage.—*Heart Throbs of Truth.*

Yes, you will find many deserts in this world of ours that are waiting for you to water with your love and kindness until you turn them into rose gardens. It may be in your home or your neighborhood where you are needed. It may be a desert place in the factory where you work or in that home where you are hired as a servant. It may be behind the counter in some store or behind the desk in some schoolroom that you may make the desert blossom as the rose.

"Miss Boyd," said a young girl to the Christian lady in whose Bible class she had been converted, "I wish I could do something for the Lord; but you know I get out only on Sunday afternoons, and have no opportunity."

"Oh, yes, Mary, you have many opportunities of serving the Lord," said the lady. "Will you open your Bible and read Col. 3:22,23?"

Mary read, "Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; nor with eyeservice, as men-pleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God: and whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men."

"There you see your opportunity for serving the Lord, Mary. 'Whatsoever ye do'—whether it be washing the dishes, or scrubbing the floor, 'do it heartily, as to the Lord.' You are Mrs. Ware's

(Continued on page 26)

OUR LIGHTED PATHWAY FAMILY

Dear Co-workers:

I am publishing a large number of Lighted Pathways again for January. I am doing this of my own accord because I want the states to have plenty of material to work with in winning the national banner. I think we have had no issue that you will enjoy more than this one. We have tried to make it both spiritual and educational and every Y.P.E. and individual should do your best to get it to the people, especially the states should try to get this good reading to the camps for our boys. The world is giving them tobacco, liquor, dances and worldly pleasure of all kinds and all kinds of trashy literature. What will we do? Write us how many extras you want.

If you want an extra large number for February and hereafter let us know by the first of each month. We are working hard to make you the best paper in the world for young and old. If I put it out and you do not do your best to get it to every individual possible, then we have not succeeded. You have stood by us in the past and we are expecting you to continue to do so. Hundreds are writing in saying, "I have been helped in my Christian life by reading the Lighted Pathway," and many testify to the fact that they have been saved or reclaimed by reading its pages. How could we find a better way to win souls for Christ?

When we first started our Gideon list we were striving to get three hundred faithful workers to help us. Now our Gideon band has reached one thousand. If every Gideon would order one extra roll of fourteen, it would help us to enlarge our circulation fourteen thousand. Some might have to send for two extras to make up for some who will not do so. We are going to make a list of all those who send for extras and see how many of our Gideons send for extra papers for January. When ordering extra papers, please tell us it is extras and how many rolls you have ordered for the month.

Perhaps some of our subscribers, who have been enjoying the paper, would buy a roll and give them out to their neighbors. They sell at fourteen for a dollar. What could be a better deed for the beginning of the new year? God bless you.—**Aida B. Harrison, Editor.**

Bible Lessons

Program Outline

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on someone to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but interperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The subtopics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topics. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program, it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a Y.P.E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Jesus.

PRESSING FORWARD

ESTHER HOLLAND

"Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," Phil. 3:13, 14.

In Paul's later life he could look back on the past and find insufficiency there to satisfy him, but his vision was for the future, and his determination was to reach that mark still in the future. He always felt that there was something better ahead for him, and he was reaching forward to that better or deeper experience. As we look back upon the past year and see the many mistakes we have made, the many opportunities passed by without notice, the many souls we failed to bless, and the many smiles we failed to give, our hearts fill with remorse; but let us be as the little boy, who, on the first day he was in school, spoiled the copy of his teacher. The next morning he took it back to the teacher and said something like this, "Teacher, I have spoiled this sheet, please give me a clean one." We may be like that, as we come to the end

of 1942, but let us go to our Teacher and ask Him for a clean sheet on this New Year's Day, for He can cover all the blotches we have made and give us another chance.

PRESSING FORWARD TO GREATER SELF-SACRIFICE

Gal. 2:20; Rom 12:1

There is a VOICE constantly calling unto us to make a greater sacrifice and buy war bonds and stamps for defense. God has commanded in His Word that we should pay tithes, yet so many professing Christians have failed in this measure, and now He is getting it another way; whereas, if we had obeyed implicitly, there might not have been this great cry from our Government today. We failed yesterday to make this sacrifice (?) and now we are forced to make it. It is hard for us to believe that God is as well pleased with forced worship or obedience as with that which is voluntary. But there are many ways in which we can deny self of that which we desire and give it unto the work of the Lord. Today we may desire to visit Sister So-and-So and enjoy a while of prayer together. But there lives a poor lady just three blocks away who doesn't know the love of God and it's our duty to deny ourselves of the feast we might have with Sister So-and-So and give that time to the poor lady. Our fellow student may be having a trial in holding on to his experience with the Lord and associating with the worldly boys and girls in the school in which he is a student. How can we help? By sacrificing a few minutes of our time and spending it with him in words of encouragement and love. The world today is dying for love. We enjoy spending hours with those we love and who love us, discussing the goodness of the Lord, and that is good, but are we leaving the other things undone? that of showing others that same love and fellowship we have with our heavenly Father. Thousands today are waiting for some one to bring them a word of encouragement and a friendly smile. It costs little to smile, even at our enemies, and show them that we have a victory in Christ that wipes out all feelings that are not like Him.

PRESSING FORWARD TO GREATER SERVICE

It is easy to witness to those who come to our church and when we testify we feel that we are telling them the way of life and the joy there is in living it. But have we thought of those who do not attend our churches? What about that poor prisoner behind the bars today? He perhaps would not have been there had some Christian fulfilled his duty. But now he is there and what are you doing to help him? Have you visited the prisoner and taken literature that will

show him the way of life? Then there is the old man and woman whose children have no more room for them in their homes and they are crowded out to the county homes of our country. True their children should feel their duty to them, but they have failed, and now it becomes my duty and your duty to tell them that God still lives and that there is a reality in serving Him even though their own flesh and blood have failed. Then, what about the invalids who never have a chance to attend service any place? They can listen to the radio broadcasts from time to time, but that is not enough. Are we helping to carry on those broadcasts? Then there is still something else that we should do. What about paying that person a personal visit and giving him a personal greeting. I know it is not convenient for many to do that, but there is still another way; you can write a letter of love and peace and joy in Christ and recommend Jesus to that person.

PRESSING FORWARD IN PRAYER

Luke 18:18

There is only one weapon greater than prayer for the child of God, and that is the Word of God. But it is necessary that we know something of the Word in order to pray effectively. And this paragraph will deal in the light of having the Word planted deeply in the heart. With the Word in the heart, there is nothing that we cannot obtain through prayer. Jesus gave us many examples of prayer, in prayer and through prayer, but each time He teaches us that it is necessary that our wills be wholly submitted to the will of God, if we expect to receive the answer to our request. When we look back upon the days of the Old Bible, we find that God worked miracles to feed His people who were in the battles; He worked miracles and sent great hailstones from heaven and destroyed the enemy of righteousness; He sent great thunderings and noises from heaven to put the enemy to riot and caused them to kill each other. Today we are in the greatest conflict the world has known, and how many of us are praying for universal peace? How many are praying for the immediate coming of Jesus? It may be that the greatest battles won will be those fought on the knees, for we know battles thus fought will never be lost. It is true that days have been set aside by various sects for prayer for peace; why should we who know God so intimately not pray that way each day, and pray in such a manner as we may be accepted? We have a part to play in this great conflict, and we have a greater Captain than any man on the battlefield, so let us contribute our part as young people and tell the world we know One who is abundantly able to give peace in a time like this. Do

not give up when you do not receive an answer the first time you pray, but pray continually and constantly and with the desire to pray until we win.

PRESSING FORWARD IN FAITH Heb. 11:6

James tells us that faith without works is dead, but if we use the faith that God gives to His own, there is no reason why we cannot receive the answer to our prayer. Dr. Grenfell, who had an appointment in Greenland years ago, got aboard a ship to meet his appointment. The captain said the fog was so heavy that the trip could not be made. Dr. Grenfell slipped away and went to his stateroom a few minutes and when he returned, he told the captain that he could look out and he would find that the fog had gone. The captain looked at him in astonishment, but Dr. Grenfell told him that he was acquainted with God, that his appointment was for God, and that God would make it so he could meet that appointment. Anyway, when the captain looked, he was surprised to see that the fog had lifted. Has the fog lifted for you through prayer recently? Oftentimes we believe, but fail to obey the Lord, therefore our prayers are unanswered. Complete trust in Him demands complete obedience. The only way we can know and obey the voice of our Father is to read His letter to us, the inspired Word of God. Let us reach on to the Word and determine that we shall know more of it when this year is out than we know now.

PRESSING FORWARD IN POWER John 14:12

Jesus tells us that we shall do greater works than He did, but how many of us can do as great works as He did? Power comes through believing prayer and obedience. Are we like those who were praying for Peter's deliverance from prison and when the answer came they were astonished? We should expect to receive that for which we ask, and that is the only way we can receive power, to expect it from on high. When Daniel wanted power to know and interpret the dream of the king, he fasted and prayed and asked prayer of those whom he knew were true Christians. The answer came. When Paul wanted power to command the devils to come out of the possessed, he called on the name of Jesus. There is enough power wrapped up in that name to convert every sinner in the world and to work every miracle we will believe for, and many more. And Jesus left that name through which we may obtain that power, then let us not be weary in well doing, but let us reach forth to the promises which we have not claimed, let us sink our roots deeper into the Word of God and get more of that hidden strength

that comes through shutting ourselves away with Him in secret, then the power will be manifested through miracles and our country can be at peace again, even though it is the second coming of the Lord. Let us determine to let this new year bring to us new things from God which we should have received years ago.

IT IS WRITTEN

SARAH BLANCH MCGUIRE
Thoughts for the Leader

Dear reader, as we travel along this way of holiness, do we become confused with the ideas of this world or do we stop to think, "It is written"? Every problem of life is answered in the precious Word of God. We should always think, "Is it written?" or "It is written." One sure way of keeping our soul out of danger, is to follow along the path of light Christ has laid down before us. So many people lay down laws and ideas of their own and so do away with the good Word of God. We can always do as Jesus did. He was our perfect example and His answer was, "It is written." What a loving Savior to give us liberty, through the blood of Jesus, and to set the perfect law of liberty for us.

THOU SHALT LOVE THE LORD THY GOD

Deut. 30:6; Matt. 22:37; Deut. 10:12

The first commandment of God is very plain and any child of God can examine himself to find if it has first place in his life. If we love God with all our heart, there is a continual praise flowing from our hearts all the day long for a salvation like this. If we love Him with all our soul, the five senses have no time to see, hear, speak, or feel anything else but the love of God. If we love Him with all our mind, our thoughts are always on the good things, no time for evil thoughts; life is too short to throw time away like that. If we love Him with all our strength, we are going to use our powers of strength on the things that please God. If we should do an errand of mercy, do we always do it right? God was very thorough in His work and wants His children to be the same.

WALK BEFORE ME AND BE THOU PERFECT

Gen. 17:1; Deut. 10:13

Before this sin-cursed world no one is perfect, but we can live perfect from day to day in the love of God, if we take up our cross and follow Him as He says to do. If we walk steady in the pathway Christ has mapped out for us, our lives from day to day will grow in grace. Being perfect means a steady walk and talk with God, from day to day, no letting down, no looking back, but ever facing the goal, looking up and reaching forward for things eternal. Psalms 101:6,

"Mine eyes shall be upon the faithful of the land, that they may dwell with me: he that walketh in a perfect way, he shall serve me." What a wonderful thing to walk before the Lord perfectly. To know His eye is ever upon us and to think of dwelling with Him and serving Him is in itself a reward. Thank God, we serve a Master who is perfect and wants us to be no less so, that He may look down upon us and say as in Job 1:8, "And the Lord said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil?"

FOR HE SHALL GIVE HIS ANGELS CHARGE OVER THEE

Psa. 91:11; 34:7

Just as the devil has imps and demons to carry out his work, so God has an army of angels to guard His followers, to fight their battles, and keep them from evil. Keeping under the blood of Jesus is one way to be sure our body-guard is always around about us. In Isaiah 59:19, when the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him. Genesis 28:15, "I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest." Many times we would do something against the Lord's wishes but He helps us to choose the good, just as He did when Balaam went with the princes of Moab; God's anger was kindled and an angel of the Lord stood in the way. Many times we make God angry by wanting to have our own way, but until the very last, He will have ways and means to keep our bodies and souls from harm. Isaiah 9:17, "For all this his anger is not turned away, but his hand is stretched out still." How He loves us and how we, at times, must grieve Him, but His hand is ever upon us. His eye never closes and an army of angels watches over us for, "It is written, He shall give his angels charge over thee."

HE SHALL DELIVER

Isa. 19:20; Acts 16:25, 26

Those who are faithful God does and will deliver. God is the same yesterday, today, and forever. He delivers His saints today just as He did the Hebrew children. If we stay still before the Lord, He can work. If we try to defend ourselves, we soon learn the flesh can do nothing. How little we really know how to answer people who accuse us of many things we know nothing about; but in that day the Holy Ghost will take charge and deliver. He will put words into our mouths that no one can stand up against. Remember Daniel; when he went into the lions' den he said nothing, but the devil was not able to harm him. Our flesh is weak and when the devil gets us in a tight place the flesh begins to worry



about how we are going to be delivered, but God in His own good time will work and none can hinder. If we would just swing out on the promises of God, forget the world, the flesh, and the devil, we would see a lot more accomplished for God in this day, and could work with more power in our lives.

**BETHOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH
AND I WILL GIVE THEE A
CROWN OF LIFE**

While we are enjoying the good things of God and blessings are flowing freely, let us not forget that the day is fast approaching when every child of God shall be tested. Remember, God did not promise us we would not have tribulation at all. He promised us that He would come and receive us to Himself in the air. We need to tarry more before God that we may have strength to withstand in the evil days. All our works are as nothing if we are not faithful until the end. Have we really examined ourselves to find out whether we could stand in the face of death or imprisonment or being beaten or stoned? If Paul had victory enough in his soul to stand against these things, we should tarry until our strength or faith in God exceeds anything else in this whole world, and we should know our faith will carry us through. Paul tells us in Rom. 8:35, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?"

Rom. 8:38, 39, "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE

GRACE CHURCHMAN

(Thoughts from a sermon preached by Rev. Vessie D. Hargraves while state superintendent of Texas.)

Leader's Thoughts

In this day it seems to be the vogue to say, "It makes no difference." Notice the next ten people whom you engage in conversation and if you talk any length of time the majority of them will utter, "Why wrong? It makes no difference."

True, sometimes it may not make a difference but often it does make a difference, especially with God.

Now we wish to notice some Bible characters and something that did make a difference in their lives.

ADAM AND EVE

Gen. 3:1-10

In the Garden of Eden, Adam and Eve had everything a person could hope for.

Not only did they have health and a paradise to live in, but God visited them in the cool of the evening. But because they were weak and failed to overcome the devil they were punished. God came in the cool of the evening just as He had always done, but Adam and Eve were not in their accustomed place. God is always near us, but often we are drawn away. So God called and later punished them for their disobedience.

They might have said, "Soon it will be time for God to walk in the garden, but we will meet Him just the same. We may have eaten of the tree of life but it makes no difference." Yes, they might have said it, but they found out that it did make a difference.

NAAMAN

2 Kings 5:9-14

Naaman was a captain of the host of the king of Syria, a great man, and very honorable, but he had leprosy, a terrible disease. After being told of the prophet Elisha and finding him, he became almost insulted at the treatment Elisha prescribed: "Dip seven times in the river Jordan." Why the rivers of Damascus were much more beautiful—it makes no difference. After being persuaded to dip in the river Jordan, he probably thought, "Why seven times? It seems that two or three times would do just as well—it makes no difference." But he obeyed and when he came out of the water the seventh time, behold, he was clean. No longer was he a social outcast.

Today, if we do what God would have us to, humble ourselves until we will go where the whole Bible is preached, rightly divided; repent of our sins and be sanctified and receive the Holy Ghost, no longer will we be outcasts of heaven. If the Savior should call, we would be ready. Remember with Naaman it made a difference.

DANIEL

Dan. 6:10-23

Daniel was next to the king because he had an excellent spirit, but the president and princes were jealous and sought how they might destroy him. However, they could not find fault with Daniel as he was faithful. Finally, they decided to find fault with his God, so they wrote a law and King Darius, not realizing just what he was doing, signed it.

Daniel might have said, "I'll pray in secret today, instead of my usual way—it really doesn't make any difference." But Daniel didn't say that, for with him it made a difference, and God rescued him from the lions' den. What if he had failed to pray? No doubt King Darius would not have sought the Lord and the people would not have known about Him.

How often do we fail to pray in our

accustomed way because of visitors in the home? Perhaps God is depending on us to spread His Word. Prayer does make a difference.

HEBREW CHILDREN

Dan. 3

Here we find related the story of Shadrack, Meshack, and Abednego, the Hebrew children. Nebuchadnezzar, the king, issued a command that when the music sounded, everyone must fall down and worship the image. Those who failed to do so would be thrown into the fiery furnace. The Hebrew children did not kneel. Then the king said he would give them another chance but if they failed to bow he would throw them in the furnace. They replied, "Oh, Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee, for our God is able to deliver."

They might have thought, "We will kneel but we will not worship the image. If we kneel we will be protected and it really makes no difference." If they had done so, God's greatness would never have been manifested and the people would not have known God. We cannot do as the world does, if our lives are to shine forth to point others to Him.

It makes a difference how we do things for God. He has a standard and if we fail to meet that standard we are missing the blessing which He gives to those who obey Him.

DYING OUT TO SELF

GENEVA CARROLL

Scripture: John 12:24, 26

Thoughts for the Leader

The last enemy destroyed in the believer is self. It dies hard. It will make any concessions if allowed to live. Self will permit the believer to do anything, give anything, sacrifice anything, suffer anything, be anything, go anywhere, take any liberties, bear any crosses, afflict soul or body to any degree—anything, if it can only live. Self is too great a foe to the child of God. It is the fly that spoils the ointment, the little fox that spoils the vine. It must die.

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

Primarily, Jesus referred this to the great result which would come to Himself and the world.

"He that loveth his life shall lose it: and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it until life eternal. If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be; if any man serve me, him will my Father honour."

This referred to the death of the self-life. Very few Christians realize the great importance of this death. It means that we manage and control the various



details of this present life according to our own wisdom and power, or some other human wisdom or power.

RESULT OF FALLING INTO SIN

When man fell into sin, he became obsessed with the idea that his ways were better than God's ways and his power could accomplish all that was needed for perfect happiness and protection in all things concerning this life. Every descendant of Adam has been born with the same obsession.

The self-life has been the cause of all sorrow, sickness and trouble that there has been, or ever will be, in the whole world.

It has been the cause of all of Satan's activities and has given him all the power that he has ever had to distress and harm the human race.

God's whole object in dealing with man is to bring about the complete death of the self-life and the enthronement and control of the divine life. The law was given to expose the importance of the destruction and to bring the entire life under the control of God's spirit of love, wisdom, and power through Jesus Christ.

CONFESSION

John 1:9; Isa. 55:7

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

A confession and forsaking of our ways and plans and returning unto God to accept His ways and plans is the first step, in the very nature of the case, for the death of the self-life.

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

There are certain duties for each of us to do. God is willing and ready to meet us more than half way; but He expects us to do what He commanded us to do, and a few words from God are far more important than volumes from men.

INTRUSTING OUR LIVES TO GOD

Rom. 12:1; Matt. 11:28-30

Paul tells us that we are to place ourselves in God's hands for His power to control and His will to be done in every detail of our lives.

We find practically the same directions given from Jesus as Paul gave us. After we have confessed and forsaken our sins, we are to believe on the authority of God's naked Word, that they are pardoned and cleansed. It is the same after we have surrendered our will and lives to God; we are to believe on the authority of God's Word, that we have been made holy and acceptable unto Him. We are then ready to take this position.

"Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to

be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

DIRECTIONS FROM GOD

Rom. 12:19-21

In the New Testament we find directions for practically every detail of life.

The Bible teaches exactly opposite to what the natural man and his wisdom would devise to do. When the natural man is robbed, he makes every effort to recover his goods and to punish the thief. God's plan is as opposite to this as it is possible to be.

Nothing could be more distasteful than such a plan to the natural man, as it seems both foolish and ridiculous to him; but for us it is a most valuable plan as it certainly puts a good-sized nail in the coffin of self and also brings a great reward; for Jesus said, Mark 10:29, "Come unto me all ye that labour and

are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

If we follow God's directions altogether, we will have to die out completely to self. For no one can be filled with the power of God without being emptied of the power of self.

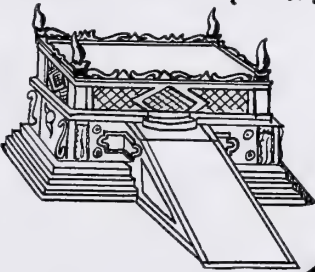
Sowers and Reapers

You reap what you sow—not something else, but that. An act of love makes the soul more loving. A deed of humbleness deepens humbleness. The thing reaped is the very thing sown, multiplied a hundredfold. You have sown a seed of life, you reap life everlasting.—F. W. Robertson.

BIBLICAL EYE-OPENERS

By C.M. TRUESDELL & DANA NORTH

THE FIRE
WHICH BURNED
CONTINUALLY AT
THE ALTAR OF BURNT-
OFFERINGS (LEV. 6:12-13)
WAS KINDLED BY THE
LORD GOD. (LEV. 9:24)



Aaron's Rod



....OR STAFF
ACTUALLY BUDDED,
BLOOMED AND
BORE REAL
ALMONDS
OVERNIGHT
TO PROVE GOD'S
SELECTION OF
AARON THE
LEVITE OVER ALL
RIVALS AS HIGH
PRIEST. (NUM. 18:8-11)
THE ROD, A STICK
OR SCEPTRE,
HAD NO ROOTS.
(NUM. 18:7)

ZEDEKIAH COULDN'T UNDERSTAND



EZEKIEL'S PROPHECY THAT HE WOULD
BE TAKEN CAPTIVE TO THE LAND OF BABYLON
AND DIE THERE — AND YET NEVER BEHOLD
THE LAND WITH HIS OWN EYES (EZEK. 12:13).
IT BECAME CLEAR FIVE YEARS LATER,
HOWEVER, WHEN THE KING'S EYES WERE
PUNCHED OUT IN RIBLATH, A PLACE ON
THE ORONTES RIVER, AT NEBUCHAD-
NEZZAR'S ORDERS, WHILE ZEDEKIAH WAS
ENROUTE WITH OTHER JEWISH CAPTIVES TO
BABYLON. (JER. 39:7) EZEKIEL'S PROPHECY...B.C. 594
.....FULFILLED.....B.C. 589



Godfather of the Sunday School

(Continued from page 11)

were expensive, as well as heavy with theological profundities beyond the ken of ordinary pupils. Most teachers, like young Cook, had to carry on with no other assistance than a Bible and their own zeal.

Of the latter, Cook had an abundance. Born in a Methodist parsonage at East Worcester, New York, he had moved with his parents to Illinois, where he attended Wheaton College. His father, forced from the pulpit by a throat infection, established a small printing business in Chicago. Here David learned the printer's trade. Next door was the shop of a man who sold sewing machines. For a year David was employed by this store as salesman. Then he entered business for himself, selling sewing machine attachments.

Establishes a Mail Order Business

Conceiving the idea of selling to his customers by mail, he took space in his father's shop and began a mail-order business that soon grew to occupy two floors of a large downtown building. Needing help, he advertised for an "ambitious boy." A young fellow named George P. Bent—later to be known as the millionaire piano manufacturer—answered the ad.

The sewing machine accessories business boomed. In the fall of 1871 Cook looked at his bank balance and decided to plunge. He bought \$1,000 worth of machine needles from Germany. When the valuable shipment arrived, representing almost all the young company's total assets, Cook checked it in and carefully stored it in the safe which held his accounts, lists of customers and other valuable papers.

Makes a New Start

At about the same moment that he twirled the dial on the safe and prepared to go home wrapped in the glow of success, the Widow O'Leary, not far from Cook's store, went out to milk her cow by the light of a kerosene lamp. A few hours later, somewhere beneath tons of smoking debris, was buried David C. Cook's safe and its precious contents. He never found it again.

But dauntless was the word for David. With five dollars, which he happened to have in his pocket when the fire began, he started again. He rented on credit the front section of a charred but not totally destroyed store, using a dry-goods box for a desk. And in six months he had more than made up his losses.

It was during these strenuous days in Chicago that Cook's interest in Sunday Schools came into full flower. Down in the flame-scorched slums he became a familiar figure to mothers with prospective scholars. His evenings and Sun-

days were spent rounding up their tattered youngsters and herding them into an upstairs room on North Avenue which, during the week, served as a dance hall. It was a tough district. On at least three occasions he was waylaid by street ruffians who failed to appreciate the nobility of his labors. But he stuck to the work he loved.

Works Out His Own Big Idea

In 1872, he expanded his work by establishing a project called "Everybody's Mission," drilling his converts in the art of captivating the attention of scholars with minds and hands prone to wander into mischief. In between times he and his associates visited the homes of the destitute, doing relief and missionary work, and drumming up candidates for religious education. Soon he was superintending three different mission schools on Sunday, staggering their starting hours so that he could shuttle from one to the other.

It was then that he began cooling his heels in the publisher's offices. And it was then that he took seriously the suggestion that he work out his own big idea. That night he sat up until dawn composing the "lesson helps" nobody else would provide. The next day he began laboriously to set the type by hand, inking the rollers of the hand press, and running off the impressions.

The First Sunday School Quarterly

On the following Sunday he surprised his scholars with a pamphlet on which the ink was scarcely dry, called "Our Sunday School Quarterly"—the first of its kind in the world. It was lively with Bible stories rendered in modern language and familiar idiom, garnished with modern "illustrations," and lilting with singable hymns. The scholars in each of his three schools acclaimed the production with enthusiasm.

Then another idea struck him. Why not offer the "quarterly" to other Sunday School workers? From sewing machine agencies throughout the country he got the names of Sunday School superintendents in their towns. Orders came back to the tune of 40,000 copies, almost bowling over the young editor and publisher. The next issue ran to 75,000 copies.

Makes His Big Decision

By then David C. Cook had divined his destiny. He called in his partner. "I tell you, George," he shouted, "I got something!"

Bent simply yawned and shook his head. "You're going crazy over this Sunday School thing," he said. In his opinion, it was sad indeed that their business, which by this time had so thrived that it occupied two floors of a big Loop building, was threatening to go up the Sunday School spout.

Cook took a long look out the window. He might have been looking into the future. For when he swung around he said, "How would you like to take over and leave me free to go on with my Sunday School quarterlies?"

"Sold!" replied Bent promptly, fearing only that his partner would repent his generosity before the deal was closed.

He set up his printing presses in an old three-story building on Lincoln Avenue, near Wrightwood Avenue. The two lower floors were used for the editorial and publishing interests. The third floor Cook reserved as a sort of Sunday School "laboratory" or clinic for his fast-flowing ideas. Here he conducted a large Sunday School, trying out new methods and materials on his "guinea pigs" before putting them into publication.

Moves Business to Elgin, Illinois

By 1882 the business had again outgrown its quarters and was moved to Elgin, Illinois, where Cook set up his fourteen big cylinder presses in an old woolen mill on the banks of the Fox River. His dream of mass production of lesson helps and story papers, purchasable for a pittance by any little school, was rapidly coming true.

By this time the circulation of many of the papers was in the hundreds of thousands. The presses ran all night long, and in his office on the second floor the slight, nervous-looking man with the smooth-shaven hollow cheeks and the animated eyes sat late, concocting ways and means of adding more presses, expanding his service to Sunday Schools, and dreaming up new materials.

New Postal Law Saves Business

He seemed to be one of those providentially favored persons to whom ill winds blow only good. In the early eighties, after involving himself deeply in his efforts to expand, he found the business threatening to collapse under its own weight. Impatient creditors hounded him, talking of foreclosure before he could get his investment back through sale of his products. But he was lifted from the horns of his dilemma by the passage of a new postal law, reducing the rates on second-class mail. To a concern sending out tons of such mail each week, it was just enough to throw the balance away from failure.

Goes to California For His Health

Then again, when the strain of this personal depression cracked Cook's health, even this turned out to his good. Leaving his business in the hands of his trained lieutenants, he went to California. Here he bought the ranch in Piru Canyon made famous by Helen Hunt Jackson in "Ramona." Just vegetating in the sun, however, was not

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Sunday School Literature



The Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn.

THE Church of God began to publish its own literature first in 1917. At that time an addition was erected to the little office building in Cleveland, Tennessee, and the Church bought its own machinery to begin this noble work. To take care of the increase in the various publications, in 1917 an additional room was needed and was provided for at the cost of \$883.50. The following year the third addition (37 by 50 feet) was built—three stories high. Our literature was published regularly in that building until the increase in the work was such that we were forced to seek other quarters; and in 1935, under the administration of Rev. E. C. Clark (our present editor), the Church erected a beautiful and modern two-story plant, which is shown in the picture above.

Last year we published 141,300 Adult Quarterlies, 82,000 Intermediate Quarterlies, 85,000 Junior Quarterlies, 33,400 Beginner Quarterlies, 19,600 Teachers' Quarterlies, 72,000 Leaflets,

96,800 Lesson Cards, and 62,600 Junior Jewels. There was a total of 572,700 pieces of Sunday School literature mailed last year.

This year we have already shown marked improvement and increase over the work done last year. Recently special arrangements have been made to make it possible for us to take care of the mailing of our Sunday School literature and the Evangel with greater speed. In fact, this plant is now by far too small. We are overcrowded in every department, and were it not for restrictions, we would be forced to build in order to meet the great demands on the House.

We kindly ask that you pray that God will help us in this overcrowded situation and that soon we shall be able to erect another plant or obtain sufficient quarters, where the publication of the gospel of Jesus Christ, through the Sunday School literature, may be continued, and that its increase will not be hindered.—J. H. Walker, General Overseer.

series of helps on Uniform Lessons for every department of the school. It is not too much to say that Cook was undoubtedly the man who put the move into most of the "movements" toward Sunday School improvement that arose in his day whether sponsored by himself or by others.

Another helpful contribution he made was the providing of inexpensive music for Sunday Schools. Song books were a rather costly item in the early days of the Sunday School's development. To meet this need he introduced songs, words and music into the regular quarterlies, working in collaboration with such men as P. P. Bliss, Charles H. Gabriel, and Ira Sankey. As early as 1886 he and his wife brought out a child's song book, "Primary Songs." Among the very earliest efforts to give children materials adapted to their understanding, the book is still on the market, selling by the thousands of copies each year.

But besides the particular projects which he was the first to introduce and upon which his right to the title of "godfather of religious education" chiefly rests, he had a busy hand in everything calculated to advance evangelical religion. Missionary activities claimed his interest—an interest militantly maintained by his successors in Elgin.

The Men of Tomorrow

(Continued from page 12)

to a walrus, a walrus to a bear, a bear to a mule, and from a mule to a race horse; I say that mother is perplexed. She sometimes scarcely knows whether she is a loving mother, or an animal trainer at this period. She seems to be running a menagerie. (To be continued.)

Letters From Our Training Camps

(Continued from page 14)

Dear Sister Harrison:

Today finds me happy in Jesus. I am so glad that He saved my soul one day.

On January 19 I was drafted into the army. I am working hard each day to keep my name in the Lamb's Book of Life. I read my Bible, I go to church and talk to the other boys in service and ask them to go to church with me.

I thank the Lord for His healing power. He has sanctified and filled me with the Holy Ghost, for which I am thankful. Please pray for my parents, sisters and brothers. My mother has had salvation for several years but my father and some of my brothers and sisters are yet in sin.

I enjoy reading your Lighted Pathway and it gives me much courage to press on for the Lord.—Pvt. Chalice Miller, Med. Det. Sta. Hospital, Daniel Field, Augusta, Georgia.

Godfather of the Sunday School

(Continued from page 24)

his dish.

Never able to remain inactive, he began extensive operations in reclaiming the desert land, laying out a town site, building a church for the families in the ranch area and gathering their children into a Sunday School which he superintended and taught with the aid of his own company's products. His labors in this salubrious climate brought him a return to health.

And then, suddenly, oil was discovered on his property. If he had been more than fleetingly interested in accumulating wealth, he would have stayed on and gambled with his black gold. But he saw in this bit of good fortune the hand of God providing him with the capital he needed in Elgin, where once again his plant had outgrown itself. So he took the first fair offer made him by a Los Angeles oil syndicate and sped back home to start construction on the up-to-date plant of

which he had dreamed.

Sponsors Many Projects

The handsome new structure he erected on the north edge of Elgin in 1901 stands today as the nucleus of the constantly modernized and enlarged plant of the David C. Cook Publishing Company.

Among the many projects pioneered by Cook in the field of religious education, these might be mentioned.

He was the first to provide simplified lesson helps for children, to publish children's story papers, to push aggressively the Adult Bible Class movement. He was first to bring out story papers for separate age groups and separate papers for boys and girls, to issue Sunday School publications adapted to the special needs of rural schools, to sponsor the discussion method of teaching in place of the "lecture" method.

Pioneers With Inexpensive Music Books

He was the first, too, to apply public school techniques to Sunday School teaching, to offer complete graded

Editor's Message

(Continued from page 19)

servant, too, and in serving your earthly mistress well, you serve Him."

"I never knew that before," said Mary. "I thought it was only when we were giving away tracts, and speaking to people about their souls, that we were serving the Lord. Now I see that I may serve Him all the day."

"Yes, Mary, as truly as if you were a missionary preaching Christ in far-off lands. Your place of service is where the Lord has placed you, and if you serve Him faithfully in the place He has chosen for you, He will reward you."

Mary went away to her rather lonely place of service, with a new motive filling her soul. She formerly did her work only as for Mrs. Ware; now she went to do it for the Lord as well. What a difference she found. Instead of murmuring and complaining because she could not get to meetings every night, as some of the girls did, to give away tracts and gather the people to hear the gospel, she joyfully stuck to her post in the kitchen, cooking and cleaning as if the kitchen were the Lord's. The work was a great deal better done, and Mary had more joy in the doing of it.

And now for the boys in the service. We are delighted to get so many letters from the boys saying, "I am doing my best for the Lord here in the camps." There is a great need for workers there. Is it not possible to make some rose gardens there? Parents are at home praying, "Lord, save my boy," but perhaps He needs you as an instrument to use in this field to answer their prayers. Do your best, boys, and God will give you some roses.

I wish I had space to tell you about all the desert places you might turn into rose gardens, but I must make my message brief this time to make room for other articles in this issue. I have had to leave out some of my special pages to make room for our New Year and Sunday School material.

Sunday Schools

(Continued from page 7)

the conservator of neighborhood religious instruction for the entire family in every community where it exists. It is extended to frontier or sparsely settled districts in America by the various denominational mission boards, and by the American Sunday School Union. It is stimulated to better work, and is made acquainted with the most recent methods, by means of conventions and institutes, some 18,000 of which are held in North America yearly, under the auspices of the International Convention and its auxiliary state, provincial, coun-

ty, township, and district Sunday School associations.

At the tenth international Sunday School convention, held at Denver, Colorado, in 1902, the following statistics were presented as to the Sunday Schools in the United States, including Hawaii and Porto Rico: Number of Sunday Schools, 139,817; officers and teachers, 1,419,807; scholars, 11,493,591; total enrollment, 13,092,703. In 1898 the corresponding figures for the entire world were: Sunday Schools, 254,698; teachers, 2,410,818; scholars, 23,227,330; total, 25,810,861.

FOUNDERS OF UNIFORM LESSONS

If we seek the founders of the Uniform Lesson System, we shall discover that two men had more to do with the genesis and the development of the Uniform Lessons than all other persons combined. These men were John H. Vincent and B. F. Jacobs.

John Heyl Vincent, born in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, February 23, 1832, was brought up in Pennsylvania. His parents were of Huguenot stock, as were the ancestors of his colleague, Benjamin Franklin Jacobs. Mr. Vincent's father trained his boy in correct speech. Young Vincent was led into Christian work early in life, and so did not have the advantage of a college education. To compensate for this lack, he read widely, studied Latin, Greek and Hebrew, and sought to make himself familiar with all that college men studied, and thus put himself in possession of all that could be obtained by self-education. Later on, as the founder of the Chautauqua movement, he induced many men and women to read in English translations the great works of ancient and of modern literature, thus enlarging their horizon and putting them in intellectual sympathy with persons trained in the best colleges and universities.

Benjamin Franklin Jacobs was born at Paterson, New Jersey, September 18, 1834. In his twentieth year he moved to Chicago, and was soon very active in Sunday School work. For more than forty-five years he served as superintendent of various Sunday Schools. In 1868 he was made president of the Illinois Sunday School Convention, and in 1869 was one of the three secretaries of the Fourth National Sunday School Convention. He was intensely earnest as a personal worker and won many to accept Christ as their Savior. In 1881 he became chairman of the International Sunday School Executive Committee, an office which he filled with signal ability until his death in 1902. He was one of the leading figures of the world's first Sunday School Convention, in London, in

1889, and he was made president of the world's second Sunday School Convention, in St. Louis, in 1893. He was the moving spirit in every session of the International Sunday School Convention from 1872 to 1899. He served on the International Lesson Committee for thirty years. Mr. Jacobs moved men profoundly by his tender and inspiring addresses, whether in the committee room or before great popular audiences.

It was this virile young man, engaged in practical Sunday School work, who caught the vision of a uniform lesson for all the schools of the continent. Rev. Simeon Gilbert, who knew Mr. Jacobs well and saw him in action frequently, regarded the adoption of the Uniform Lesson System at the Indianapolis Convention as very largely Mr. Jacobs' "personal achievement"—brought about, under God, as the result of a conviction felt in the bones, burning in the heart, tense as a bowstring on every fiber of the brain.—*The Story of the Uniform Lessons.*

ABOUT SUFFERING

(Continued from page 17)

wisdom, and sympathy; and God cannot use him to as good an advantage as one who has been tested and refined by suffering. Suffering is sometimes necessary to bring people to their senses and to really subdue them. Suffering may be used as an instrument to bring sinners to repentance. God's way is best, even if it does lead through periods of intense agony. This world is the place of refining processes. Today God sits as a great Refiner of souls. If He has you in His crucible refining you, do not jump out, lest you lose the benefit. If you suffer with the Savior, He'll reward you over there. Hallelujah! Yes, we shall get paid up in heaven for what we have to suffer here for righteousness' sake. Praise the Lord!—*The late A. W. Luse.*

IF I WERE YOUNG AGAIN

(Continued from page 15)

training of the spirit.

I have talked much about myself, but surely not egotistically. I have confessed many failures and errors, in order that you young folks may avoid them. Do not wait sixty years for it, or forty years, or one year. Begin now to build up a strong body, to store your memory with noble expressions of noble thoughts, to practice public-speaking, to learn at least one thing well, to train your hands, to become expert in some sport, to read methodically, to choose your lifework, to live for larger interests, to work more for others; above all, join the church now, if you have not already taken your stand openly for Christ, and give more time to the nourishing of your spirit.



Personal Evangelism

WHAT HAPPENED TO AN INFIDEL

H. D. SHELDON

Some years ago, while working in a village in Central New York, my attention was called to an old man passing in the street, with this casual remark: "There goes one of the worst infidels in all this country." I said, "I will go and speak with him," but the merchant with whom I was conversing said, "No, I wouldn't go; he will curse you to your face." I said, "God alone can curse me. He will bring curses on his own head."

I joined the old man, who was a lawyer of profession, and engaged with him in conversation. When we reached his office, he invited me in. I declined, saying that I had an appointment at the hotel, but I would call and see him later.

Then he asked my name and wanted to know what my business was in town. I told him my name was Sheldon, and that I was conducting meetings in the Methodist church.

He said, "So you are a preacher? If I had known that, I would not have walked up the street with you."

I said, "I would walk with you. I would walk with the devil, if I could do him any good."

He said, "You don't call me the devil, do you?"

I said, "No, but if you were the devil, and I could benefit you with my society, I would gladly walk with you," whereupon he began to use the most abusive language I have ever heard. He called me all the names he could think of, denounced the church, ridiculed professing Christians, and slandered the character of Jesus Christ.

He went on with his tirade for at least twenty minutes. A large crowd had gathered to listen to his ear-smirching, devil-pleasing profanity, when suddenly he turned and said to me, "What have you got to say?"

I replied, "Not a word. If you know anything more, let us have it."

Finally I got the old fellow all emptied out. When a man is filled up with such rottenness and meanness, it is a good thing to get him emptied. Then I said, "I would not like to tell you what I think of you, but I will tell you what God thinks of you."

I then quoted to him Psalm 14:1, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

He said, "So you call me a fool, do you?"

I said, "No, but God calls you a fool." I then turned to the fifty-third Psalm, saying, "Here is your name in this Psalm also, the second word, 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.'"

He said, "So you call me a fool again, do you?"

"No, sir, I do not, but God calls you a fool."

He said, "Young man, do you preach like that?"

I said, "That is my style."

"Well," he said, "I like it, and if I were not so crippled with rheumatism I would be in your service tonight."

I said, "I do not believe you. I would not believe an infidel under oath; whatever you have said is not true."

"No," said he, "young man, I am in earnest."

"Very well," I said, "I will go to the livery stable and order a carriage to be sent for you, to bring you to the meeting and return you to your home again."

He said, "You send the carriage and I will be there."

The liveryman at first refused to send the carriage, saying, "That man is the vilest man in all this country, and he will only abuse and curse my driver," but at last he decided to send it.

While the service began at seven-thirty, the church was filled one hour before the appointed time. The word had gone out that Hiram Randall was to be at the service. I went to the church at my usual time, but I could not get within a block of the church, as there were hundreds of people clamoring to get in. When I entered the pulpit I began to survey the audience, but nowhere could I locate my man, and not until I stood to preach did I discover him. He was sitting so near the pulpit I could have touched him.

There were hundreds of people in the church that night, but I preached to one man, and when I had finished I asked who would stand to his feet and confess the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Savior. A solemn hush came over the place, and then the old infidel began to rise from his chair.

He turned about and said, "People of _____, you all know me and the wretched life I have lived. I have professed to be an infidel; I have scoffed at religion; I have slandered the character of Jesus Christ. But I have never been sincere in my infidelity, and tonight, I ask you to forgive me. I ask the evangelist to forgive my treatment of him this morning in the street. I ask God Almighty to forgive me, and from this

night I promise to love, serve and obey Him."

The following night Mrs. Randall sat by her husband in the service, and when the invitation was given for all who would accept Jesus Christ as their personal Savior, to stand, Mr. Randall said, "Martha, give your heart to the Savior. I have led you an awful existence. I have broken every marriage vow I made before God and the recording angel, but God has forgiven me. You forgive me. Trust the Son of God as your Redeemer tonight, and we will spend our last days in His service."

Like a little child, Martha knelt at the altar with her husband and yielded her heart to the Savior.

For more than seven years Hiram Randall led a most consecrated Christian life, then God took him Home. It was the testimony of his pastor, that in all his ministry of nearly forty years no man ever gave him the encouragement in his work that he received from this man redeemed from an awful life of sin at the age of seventy-two.

What was it that saved Hiram Randall? It was the Word of God. "So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God," Rom. 10:17.

"The Word of God is run out," do you say? You might as well say that the law of gravitation has run out.—*The All Red Route*.

ON THE ROCK, OR, WELCOME, ETERNITY

A. H. STEWART

"My feet are in the waters of death even now, but they are also on the Rock," was said to us by a dying man whom we visited, as he showed us his swollen feet. "I am just wondering how long it will take," he added, "ere I leave this weary scene to go Home to my blessed Lord."

"Would it give you joy to know that?" I asked. "Yes, it would," he answered. He was a railroad man, and so he went on: "It is just like a man waiting a long time for the train; he is delighted when he sees the smoke of the locomotive, for he knows it will not be long ere the train pulls in at the station. So just as the smoke is a sign that the train is coming, the swelling of my feet shows that death will soon be here."

Then he told us what to preach at his funeral. His first text was from Romans 7:18, "For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing." The next was from 1 Tim. 1:15, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." "Then," said he, "sing that grand old hymn, 'Just As I Am, Without One Plea.'"

Lying there in bed he could talk so

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The Sinner's Page



HE MADE THE COUPLING

A remarkable reminiscence, as related by Hay Wire Davis, the Lumberjack Sky-pilot.

"About four o'clock one afternoon I was sitting in the bunk-house of a logging camp at Swan River Logging Co., Santiago, Minn., reading my Bible. I glanced up as a tall, splendidly built man entered, and as he strolled toward me, I noticed that he was slightly under the influence of liquor. He proved to be a brakeman on one of the logging trains. After roughly demanding to know if I were a preacher, he began to curse and swear, and belittle God, the Bible, and all Christians.

"I answered him kindly, with a few words, and resumed reading my Bible.

"He took a few hasty turns about the room, then standing squarely before me, he spat a great quantity of tobacco juice on my open Book, which ran down on my waistcoat and shirt.

"Friends that know of my former life, of my natural quick temper, and fighting propensities, will have an opportunity of seeing what the power of the Prince of Peace did for me on that trying occasion.

"I got up and carefully wiped the spittle from my Bible and shirt, placing my knife underneath the leaf, that it might dry out. My calmness and forbearance seemed to further enrage the man; he walked up, thrust his big fist against my nose and pushed my head back against the side of the build-

ing. I remarked: "Have a good time, Jack, while you are at it—it may not last long, and remember, I stand for the lowly Nazarene, the One that died for you and me." He turned and left me with an oath upon his lips.

"But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven" (Matt. 5:44, 45).

"That evening I held a service in the camp, with an attendance of 175 men, and 27 of them held up their hands for prayer.

Called for Me

"At one o'clock the next morning, a hasty summons came to me to get up and come quickly to the office. There had been an accident. A brakeman, while coupling the engine to the logging train, slipped and fell under the car wheels, and his right leg was severed from his body.

"As I entered I saw that splendid form of manhood that had so insulted my God and abused me, His servant, lying crushed and bleeding; pale with pain and anguish; hopeless and undone.

"As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more" (Ps. 103:15, 16).

"As I approached him, he extended his hand to me and humbly asked me to forgive him. I quickly assured him that I would; and that through the grace of God, I had already forgiven him before he asked it, praying at the time to the Father as Jesus prayed for His persecutors: 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do' (Luke 23:34). He made the reply: 'I knew you would; you are a good man.'

"Anxiously I put the question to him: 'How is it with your soul, Jack?'

O Lost and Dying Man

"I am lost," he said unhesitatingly. With my heart lifted to God for guidance, I related to him about the thief on the Cross. The heart-cry of the poor sin-cursed, suffering thief with only a few moments perhaps between him and the plunge into that blackness of the unpardoned and lost soul. Hear the agonized cry from the parched and fevered lips: 'Remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom.'

"Only a sentence. Just a request;

but it meant a recognition of the Christ, and His resurrection; and the resurrection life beyond the tomb. It meant to him life eternal—life of light and happiness, instead of darkness and despair. Then Christ's, answer: 'To day shalt thou be with me in paradise.' This shows that it was given for the asking. 'Who-soever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.'

"What a blessed message to a dying soul.

His Dying Prayer

"With closed eyes, he repeated the prayer: 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

"Then a smile spread over his pale face as he said, 'I see, I see.'

"The train hastily made up to take him to the hospital sixty miles away, now being ready, he was placed aboard the car, the journey being made with all haste, his brother engineering the train.

"As I sat by his side, one of his fellow workmen approached and extended to him a flask of whiskey, with the remark: 'Take a little of this, Jack, when you feel faint, to brace you up.' He waved it aside, with a request for water, saying as he did so: 'Boys, that's what's brought me to, where I am. It was liquor that separated me from my wife and little ones; it was whiskey that caused me to curse my God, and abuse His messenger; it was whiskey that has brought me to my death tonight. Come here, Jack! Promise me that you will never touch another drop of liquor!' Each (being four of them) in turn, as they took the hand of the dying man, and looked upon that death-stricken face, said: 'I promise you, Jack.' They each kept their word. Then he said: 'Take Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour.' After this he sank into a sleep. After a period of silence which seemed like an hour, he suddenly reached for my hand, and grasping it, with face all aglow, said: 'I see! I see—I see! Tell the boys I—made—the—coupling!' With a smile upon his face he passed into Glory.

"For the redemption of their soul is precious" (Ps. 49:8).

"As a missionary to the Lumberjacks, I could relate many more instances of the wonderful saving power of Christ, of many others that were snatched from the very gates of hell, and are now living upright, honorable and successful lives, as men among men. As this incident will no doubt be read by many railroad and lumber camp boys—God bless them—I take this opportunity of giving you a last word of advice: Boys, be sure and make the coupling."—Free Tract Society (Inc.), 746 Crocker St., Los Angeles, Calif.

On the Rock, or, Welcome, Eternity

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calmly about death, and give directions about the preaching of his funeral! It was a real benediction to visit that dying man and see the wonder-working power of the gospel in his heart. Death was only a few days away, eternity soon to be entered, but there was no dread; he was in calm repose and kept in perfect peace!

If it were you, dear reader, if you felt your feet in the chill waters of death at this moment, could you say as did dear Johnston, "Yes, my feet are on the Rock"? Christ is the Rock, 1 Cor. 10:4. "Praising, not perishing, no dread of dying,

Life everlasting in Christ God provides. Walking the narrow way, patiently waiting,

Waiting my Savior's glad shout from the skies!"

Death is not a leap in the dark for those who know and believe their Bible, God's blessed revelation. "In thy light shall we see light."

Since Christ has "died for our sins and been raised again for our justification," God is satisfied, Satan is silenced, the grave is robbed of its victory, and the sting of death is extricated for all who believe, and we are more than conquerors through Him "who loved us and loosed us from our sins in his own blood," so we welcome Eternity if our feet are on the Rock, for "that Rock is Christ."

"He took me out of the pit and from the miry clay,

He set my feet on the Rock, establishing my way,

He put a song in my mouth my God to magnify,

And He'll take me some day to His Home on high."

—Tract, from Gospel Herald.

For Whom Did Christ Die?

Dr. Arthur T. Pierson once used this discriminating incident: "Twelve shipwrecked men were laboring in heavy seas in an overloaded boat, when one of the seamen, in order to lighten the boat, deliberately sprang overboard. The rest were saved. For which of the eleven did the sailor give his life? *If Christ died for all, He died for each; for no one more than another, and no one omitted.* The sun shines for nineteen hundred millions of mankind; but I know that it shines for me, and would tomorrow morning if not another soul survived on the globe. So Christ loved me and gave Himself for me."—*Watchman-Examiner*.

Don'ts Avail Little in Child Training

(Continued from page 5)

meanness could exist in one little child until I had one of my own."

So long as children are born of human beings, they will not of themselves walk in the way they should go. They require years and years of patient, careful guidance. In this training you will find do more effective than don't.—*Mother's Golden Now*.

"Be Ye Not Unequally Yoked"

(Continued from page 10)

There was silence, but at length Janet said, "I don't just understand what you mean."

"This is what I mean: As far as ability and refinement are concerned, Harry measures up to the best, but there is something deeper and far more important which you must take into consideration. There is one thing that is sadly lacking in Harry's character. You are a Christian and Harry is not; and your intimate friendship will eventually result in one of two things. You may be strong enough in your influence to win him to Christ, or he will gradually wield an influence over you that will draw you away from Christ."

"I think you misjudge Harry," began Janet. "He is not hostile to religion. Just last night we discussed that subject and he seemed surprised, even hurt, that I should think of discontinuing our friendship because he is not a Christian. He does not object to my being a Christian; in fact he appreciates my devotion to the church. You would feel differently if you could have heard what he said about Christianity; he admires it."

"If he takes that attitude, I cannot understand why he does not accept Christ and identify himself with the Christians of whom he speaks so highly."

"We also spoke of that, mother, and when I spoke of discontinuing our company until he would accept Christ, he begged me not to do it, for he said if

Christianity is what I claim it to be, then certainly my influence would lead him to Christ. Don't you think it sounds reasonable?"

For some time the mother sat with bowed head, thinking deep, solemn thoughts. Then her eyes sought those of her daughter and in a low voice she replied, "It is true, it sounds reasonable enough, but it has proved unsound reasoning over and over again. In fact, the only safe course you can take in this is to discontinue his company; then if he accepts Christ and still desires your company you will be much happier than to go on in this way and finally awake to the fact that his influence has drawn you away from Christ."

Hot tears welled in Janet's eyes, and her cheeks flushed as she said, "Mother, you are unjust; Harry and I love each other, but I feel that even that love cannot draw me away from my love to Christ. You speak as if he were a most wicked young man; I am sure he is just as good as lots of church members are—and he says so too!"

And with these words Janet rose and left the room.

For some time the mother sat dazed—stunned. Could it be possible that this outburst had come from her daughter who had always been so willing to accept her counsel in the past? She thought sadly of the marked change in the attitude of Janet in a few months' time, but she knew that in her present mood she could do nothing more than pray.

That undermining change that had come into the life of Janet Martin so stealthily that she herself was hardly aware of it, was becoming evident outwardly. Her place in church was frequently vacant. The class which she had taught so faithfully was now quite often without the teacher they loved. Her pastor wondered sadly at her growing indifference. And her parents were well-nigh heartbroken when they saw how their youngest child, in whom they had placed so much confidence, was wandering away from their parental love and concern.

Janet herself was sometimes nearly alarmed when she stopped to think. And the time Harry asked to take her to a dance she tried to refuse, but Harry in his usual persuasive manner assured her that it was "an innocent affair" and "many other church members went."

But it was only when he assured her how uplifting her presence was, and that he was certain that she would be influential for good to the whole company that she finally consented to go with him.

She did not enjoy herself very well

TREASURED GLEANINGS

(Continued from page 9)

where he became the pupil of Delaroche, his pious grandmother said to him, "I would rather see you dead than unfaithful to God's commands." And when he was just coming into his glory as one of the greatest painters of his day, this same godly woman, whose influence made itself felt in every picture he put on the canvas, said to him, "Remember, my son, you were a Christian before you became a painter."

A Christian first—before everything else—and if those of us who bear the name of Christ would let that be our motto, we would rewrite the history of this old sin-cursed world in mighty short order. I say it to you in the name of the Lord God of hosts, "Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord and the cup of demons."—*W. E. Biederwolf, in The Man Nobody Missed*.

that evening, for in spite of Harry's words she felt out of her element. But that was not the last time she went, and with her natural charm and brilliance she was soon the life of the crowd.

It was when she returned late one night from one of these gay parties that the shock came. Her father met her in the hall with an anxious expression on his face.

"Mother has had another of her heart spells," he informed her. "The doctor is in the bedroom now, with her."

Janet felt suddenly sick at heart. In her gay, busy life she had almost forgotten her mother's weak heart, but now conscience smitten, she recalled the worn, worried expression in her face.

She was alarmed when she entered the room where her mother was propped up with pillows, and noticed how she labored to catch her breath. The expression on the doctor's face did not serve to put Janet at ease. The night wore on, and in the morning the father and daughter, both weary with watching, could see (in spite of trying to make themselves believe otherwise) that her breath was growing weaker, while the pulse seemed to be only a slight flutter.

At length mother opened her eyes wearily, as if she were loath to look once more on earthly scenes, but as she gazed on Janet, who was bending over her, she brightened, and her lips struggled to speak.

"I'm—glad you're—here," she said between gasps.

Janet felt the tears coming to her eyes as she thought how her mother must have waited and listened to hear her returning.

"Won't you promise to drop Harry's company? for I fear he is leading you away from Christ. Promise you will—and—and to meet me in Heaven; then I'll die happy."

The hot tears rolled down Janet's cheeks, and she said, "No, no—you must not leave us—"

"Yes," said the mother with a smile, "it is God's will—but Janet—" and she paused. In her eyes was tense love and concern for her wayward daughter. Kneeling there beside her dying mother's bed Janet recalled how more than a year before her mother had warned her of the danger of Harry's drawing her away from Christ. And as she thought back, she realized with an aching heart that her mother's fears had been realized. The change had been so gradual that she was hardly conscious of it, but now as she looked back she was alarmed to see how her spiritual life had declined.

In a low voice she whispered, as she tenderly pressed her mother's hand, "I promise, mother; I promise."

The spirit which had seemed to be trembling near the verge of flight for hours, soared away from its tenement of clay, while around the bedside stood the tearful ones to whom she had meant so much.

Friends came in to comfort them, and among them all there was none who seemed tenderer and more sympathetic than Harry. Janet's grief-torn heart reached eagerly out for the sympathy in that dark hour.

As the weeks passed it seemed that she had forgotten all about the promise she had made to her mother. Once, however, she broached the subject to Harry. And he replied:

"Now I don't want you to disobey your mother's wishes, and I expect to be a Christian sometime; but if I were to do so now people would say I joined the church just to get you. Don't you think it would be better if I should wait until later? then people wouldn't talk."

As usual, Harry's arguments won out and they were married. Outwardly they were happy and people predicted for them a joyous future.

But on her bridal day, there loomed before her the pale face of her mother; she saw the earnest entreaty in her kind eyes as she had besought her, "You will promise, won't you?"

And as she made the solemn marriage vow there pounded in her bewildered brain the memory of the broken promise to her dying mother.

A strange fear haunted her as she thought that perhaps Harry would also forget his promise to her and never become a Christian. And she knew then, that she was not quite happy.

But as the years passed and Harry was prosperous in business, and they were the most popular couple in the midst of all the gala whirl of society life, she appeared to others to be happy. But they could not know the aching void in her life. She smiled at things that did not amuse her, and admired things that could not interest her; her whole inner being was crying out for something deeper and more satisfying. But she had long since ceased talking to Harry about it, for his promise had turned into a cynical laugh whenever she had broached the subject.

Her thoughts often wandered back to that first day of school, and the simple faith of her childhood, then to those years when her greatest joy was the service of Christ, and on to the months when she was gradually slipping, and finally to her mother's deathbed, and the promise she had made and broken. A sigh escaped her lips as she suffered with remorse, thinking of what might have been.

Pressing her throbbing temples with

her slender, bejeweled fingers she murmured brokenly, "If I had only heeded mother's advice, for she knew best— But it's too late now. I am reaping what I sowed. I have broken my promise and I cannot expect Harry to keep his."—*The Youth's Christian Companion.*

GOD'S PLAN

(Continued from page 8)

*"Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love."*

It was his mother's favorite song he was hearing. A moment more and the chorus burst out triumphantly,

"I love to tell the Story,"

Yes, it really sounded as if the singer did love to tell the Story.

*"'Twill be my theme in Glory
To tell the old, old Story
Of Jesus and His love."*

"Theme in Glory," he thought tenderly.

"I love to tell the Story,"

Oh, it seemed as if it were indeed his mother's voice from heaven.

"He's done so much for me."

Passers-by smiled with amusement as he stood there with unashamed tears trickling down his cheeks. He knew now why life had suddenly become unbearable. He realized at last the cause for that vague hunger that had been gnawing at his heart.

*"And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee."*

A sudden urge in his heart caused him to approach the door. He must hear again that old, old Story his mother had told him long ago. He must find the owner of that voice, if indeed it were not his mother's voice wafted down from the realms of Glory.

He rang the doorbell and was ushered in. Struggling for self-control he made his wish known to the sweet-faced lady, who accordingly, led him to a simple but attractive bedroom. He hesitated a moment in the doorway and noted the occupants of that room. There were eight or ten small boys sitting with rapt faces as they listened to the song. He looked at the singer, a young lady of about twenty. But he was surprised that she was in bed. She was evidently ill; yet how wonderfully she sang. At the end of the song she told the boys she must not sing any more that day.

"But don't forget to come back next Wednesday," she cautioned them with a smile.

"S-a-a-y, just's if we could forget," breathed one boy in an awed voice.

The man in the doorway stepped inside to allow the boys to pass out and it was then that Berneice noticed him for the first time. When the boys had gone



he stepped forward eagerly.

"I heard your singing as I was passing by," he explained. "It reminded me of my mother and the songs she used to sing to me. It made me hungry to hear that old, old Story again. It's been so long ago. So many things have happened since I've gotten so far away from it all—," he stopped. "I suppose you think I'm an old fool," he apologized, "but I thought from the way you sang that song that you would really like to tell the Story to some one who wanted to hear it."

"Oh, no, I don't think you are a fool," cried Berneice in quick protest. "The Bible definition of a fool is one who says there is no God. No one is ever foolish who wants to hear about the Savior."

"Then you will tell me? I believe you really know Him."

"Yes, I do know Him," replied the girl, "and I should be glad to tell you of Him. But I am so incompetent and untrained. I scarcely know how to begin."

The man was seized with a sudden inspiration. "Just tell it to me," he said, "as you would tell it to one of those boys who left a moment ago."

So, with a silent prayer in her heart, Berneice told the wonderful Story in simple words as the man sat listening with bated breath.

"My mother taught me of Him," he said at length, "but I've gotten so far away. Do you suppose I could ever find Him again?"

"He never turns away a hungry heart," replied Berneice positively.

"Very well," said the man with a new determination. "I am going home now. I am going to find the Savior before this day ends. And may God richly reward you for showing me the way," he added as he made his departure.

The next day he returned, the same man yet decidedly not the same man. His face was shining with victory as he greeted Berneice in her room.

"I have found Him," he told her in a voice vibrant with joy as he seated himself in a chair near the bed. "And now," he continued, "I have a small matter of business I would like to talk over with you."

"Business?" echoed Berneice.

"Yes, business," he smiled. "When I left here last evening you remember that I asked God to reward you for your help. I believe that He will do it. But I can see no reason why I should not do a little rewarding on my own part. You do not know my name?"

Berneice shook her head. He smiled as he handed her his card.

"Not—not Mr. Burgermier of the WBC studios?" she gasped as she read it.

"Yes, Mr. Burgermier of the WBC studios," he affirmed. "And now con-

cerning that business proposition. I want you to use that God-given voice of yours over our network. A voice like that should be used in the blessing of millions instead of only a few. We can arrange for you to broadcast from your room here. Your mother told me of your accident and the doctors' predictions," he added, "also of your vanquished ambitions. But now if you will accept my proposition, at a salary which I'll be sure to make large enough, you can be more of a blessing than you could have been the other way. Will you do it?"

"Oh, yes, I'll do it," said Berneice, her eyes full of happy tears. "I am so glad I wasn't bitter against God on account of my accident. At first I couldn't understand it all; but now I see the Master's plan and by His grace I will follow. Then she lifted her face heavenward and again sang,

*"Where He leads me I will follow,
Where He leads me I will follow,
Where He leads me I will follow,
I'll go with Him, with Him, all the way."*

—The Sunday School Banner.

RACHEL

(Continued from page 3)

for Rachel just to be with him.

Very occasionally Max would consult her preference: "Where would you like to go, Raychen?"

"Anywhere, Maxie dearest," she would answer, smiling up at him lovingly.

"But where would you like to go, sweetheart?"

And then she would ask him timidly—eagerly: "Oh, Maxie, couldn't we go tonight to a recital? Heifetz is playing at Carnegie Hall—it's his last night, Max! Oh, please, dear, couldn't we go?"

So Max would take her. Arm in arm they would climb higher and higher, until they reached the top balcony where seats were cheapest. And then, once she had regained her breath, Rachel would lose herself completely—she would forget the long, hard climb and how she wished they might afford better seats—would even forget Max at her side—in her rapturous joy over the violinist's masterly rendering of Greig.

Or another great treat was when Max would take her to the Metropolitan Art Museum. Her few evenings there she treasured fondly, for art was almost as deep a passion with her as was music. She had inherited a gift for both—from her mother her gift for art, and from her father, music. Mr. Mendelssohn at one time had been pianist in the Royal Opera at Bucharest.

Still another delight to Rachel was the wonderful Public Library at Forty-

second Street. Just to saunter proudly through the marble-arched colonnades with Max beside her, gave her a peculiar thrill of exultation; and to browse leisurely among the carefully selected pile of books the attendant brought to the reading table upon her written order, while Max, looking a bit bored, skimmed the newspaper he had carried in his pocket—furnished a rich feast to her eager mind, ever hungering for knowledge.

One evening a week—usually it was Thursday—Max and Rachel would always spend with Ben and Esther. Ben was Max's next older brother and his closest chum, and Esther, his wife of a year, was Rachel's dearest girl friend. Ever since Rachel had first come to New York as a child of eleven, she and Esther Ginsburg had been inseparable in their devotion.

The girls would decide over the telephone beforehand in which of their two homes they would have supper—Ben and Esther lived in the Bronx—and then usually by three o'clock they would meet and go to market for their traditional Thursday evening chicken. They would always buy a live one—haggling over the bargain as all good Jewish housewives do, while the long-bearded Kosher vendor weighed the bird and excitedly demonstrated its excellent culinary qualities. Then, the deal concluded to the satisfaction of all concerned except the chicken, that noble animal was carried along the street—now by Esther and now by Rachel—head downward, and flapping and squawking violently—to the rabbi, who killed it while the little housewives waited.

Then they would come home—usually to Rachel's—and pluck and dress the chicken and prepare it for frying. There would then be a couple of hours of happy visiting together—helping with each other's household sewing perhaps—until their husbands joined them after seven. The two boys would at once array themselves in big aprons, and caps made of paper bags, and, armed with a formidable array of forks and spoons, would fry the chicken in the queer long-handled brass pan, while the girls completed the other preparation for their supper.

And then, everything ready at last after the merriest excitement and confusion, the four good friends would sit down together in the little inglenook for their happy—and boisterous—weekly feast.

Following it, they sometimes would all go out together to the movies or a dance hall. On the Thursdays when they met at Ben and Esther's, they would gather around the piano and Rachel



would play while all the rest would sing. Sometimes they would make Rachel sing alone, it was such a delight to hear her sweet, rich contralto as she sang the songs of old Roumania. At eleven o'clock they would have another little supper—fruit and honey cakes and cheese and nuts and tea—and then at twelve the friends would exchange merry and loving good-nights, and the happy little party would adjourn until another Thursday.

Other friends there were as well with whom Max and Rachel visited back and forth on occasional evenings. Both of them were extremely popular with the younger Jewish set in the Avenue B neighborhood, and their little flat on East Second Street was a favorite rendezvous. With true Jewish hospitality Max and Rachel always kept open door and a welcome place at their table for whoever cared to come and at whatever hour. Not infrequently there were no fewer than a dozen friends visiting them at once. When the table—drawn out beyond the inglenook to fullest length—became crowded to capacity, the tea wagon was added to it, and if that were not sufficient, it could always be supplemented with the ironing board, extended from the edge of the wagon to the cool end of the stove. If there were still an overflow of boys and girls, they could camp in the little parlor beyond. Much to their disappointment, however, for the kitchen was the center of attraction. Rachel was in the kitchen. Rachel it was, whether in her own little home or in the home of any of her friends, who always was the leader in the merriment. Hers was ever the gayest laugh, hers the blithest, gladdest song.

On Sunday afternoons Max and Rachel went to the big Kalinsky house on East Eleventh Street for the weekly family gathering. From the time that Mrs. Deborah Kalinsky's first son had married, it had been the established order that all the Kalinsky sons and the Kalinsky wives and the Kalinsky grandchildren should congregate on Sundays beneath the maternal roof. Even when Mrs. Kalinsky was away they congregated just the same, by force of habit.

She was away now—in California. She had a sister in Los Angeles who long had urged Deborah to visit her; but that excellent mother had never felt she could leave her family to go so far away. Finally, however, when the last one of her five sons was married and established, she felt free to go. Accordingly, therefore, she had left for the West only two days after Max and Rachel's wedding, before they had returned from their honeymoon or she had seen them in their little flat. She would be away six months.

Meantime, in her absence, the atmosphere of the big house was, to Rachel at least, noticeably different. Just what constituted the difference, Rachel could not exactly define. Sarah, as housekeeper, was a worthy successor to her mother-in-law. She was indeed, in many respects, a close counterpart to that good lady. The boys and their wives came in and out with the same informal irregularity; the grandchildren were just as noisy and saucy as ever; poor old Grandmother Kalinsky was just as pitiful and inconspicuous in her rocker by the kitchen stove; and the eating was as interminable as it always had been. Yes, everything was just the same exactly—and yet how vastly different! In Mrs. Deborah Kalinsky's absence the *esprit de corps* was lacking—the magnetic pole of influence was gone—that peculiar binding quality, that cohesive, compelling force which held the twenty-one Kalinskys all together as one organic whole.

Each Friday evening—the beginning of the Jewish Sabbath—Max and Rachel usually spent quietly at home alone. And of all the happy times of the entire week, this to Rachel was the very happiest of all. The evenings she went out with Max, even to a recital or a concert, the visits with Ben and Esther, or with other friends, the jolly little "togetherness,"—not one was half so sweet to her as these quiet Sabbath evenings alone with her husband in their own dear home.

After supper, which on Fridays was particularly attractive, while they still lingered at the table in the inglenook, Max—as head, now, of a Jewish home—would open the Jewish Prayer-Book and together they would read aloud the Sabbath Scriptures and a Psalm of praise. Then they would recite in unison the great commandment of Jehovah to His Chosen People: Hear, O Israel: THE LORD our God is one LORD: And thou shalt love the LORD thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.

And then they would go into the cozy little parlor and Max would rest upon the couch while Rachel would sit close beside him in her big chintz armchair. The cat, peacefully purring, lay curled up on Max's shoulder. After a while Rachel would extinguish the electric lights and the only light in the room would then be that of the Sabbath candles burning on the table, and the ruddy glow from the kitchen stove reflected in the polish surface of the beautiful Russian brasses.

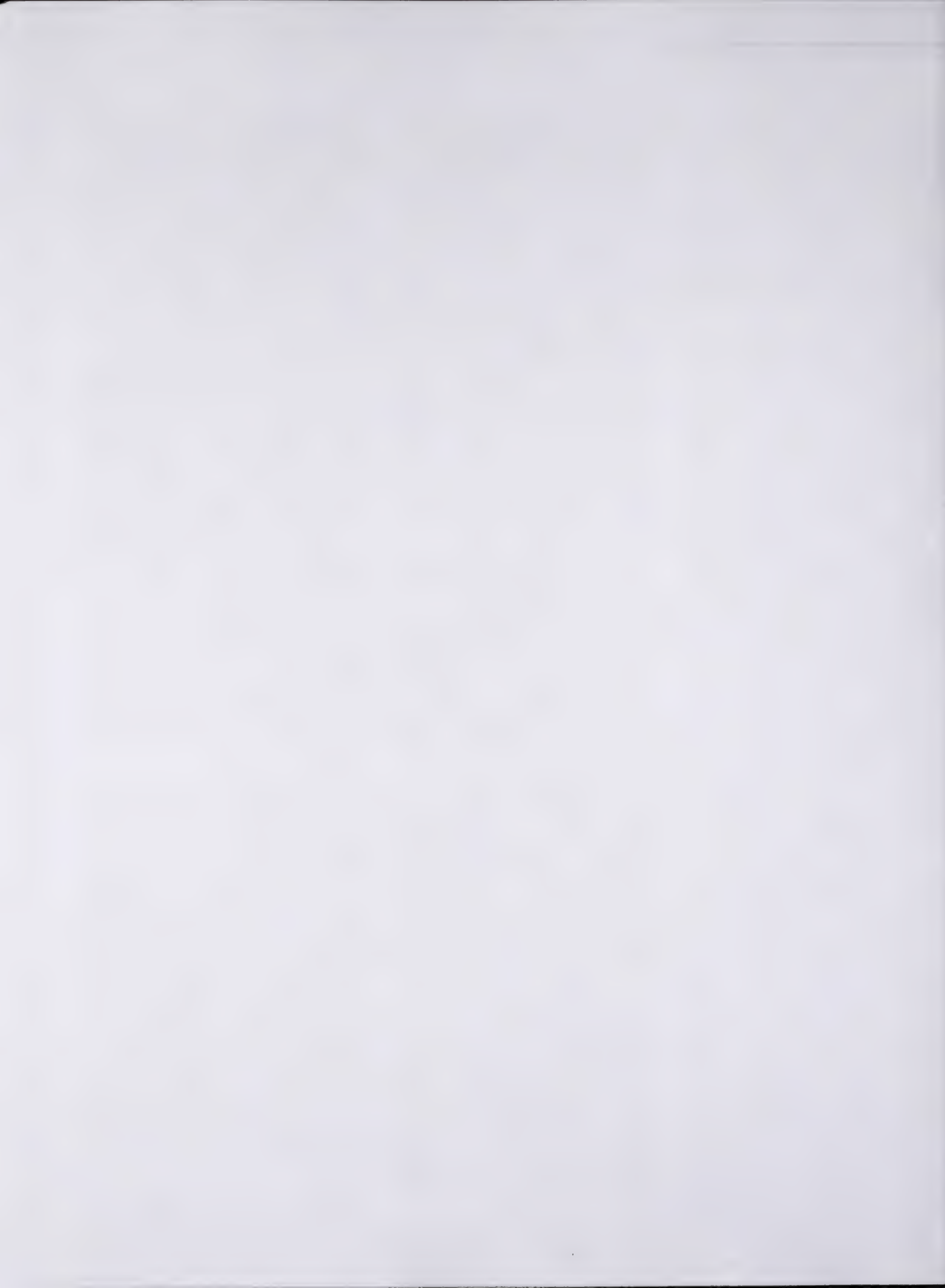
In this soft dreamy light, hand in hand, the happy little Jewish couple would exchange sweet confidences. So much there was to tell each other—so

many things to talk about! There were plans for the new piano they hoped to be able to purchase by next Fall; plans for the time when they should become very rich and would then travel back to see Rachel's relations in Roumania; plans for Max soon to begin his studies, for Rachel wanted him some day to be a scholar like her father. And still other plans there were they talked of in the slowly fading light—tender, wonderful plans of joys the future years would bring to their home and to their hearts.

On Saturday mornings they always went together to the synagogue. This was quite the accustomed and accepted habit, for Max and Rachel had both been brought up in strictest orthodoxy. Max's attendance upon the service, however, was formal and perfunctory. Rachel, on the other hand, esteemed the hour of worship more than her necessary food. Hers was a deeply soulful nature. Even as a little child, when her father in their home in Roumania had read to her each night out of the big Hebrew *Taanach*, she had had an instinct for the things of God. But her thoughts of Him were tinged with deepest awe and not a little fear. As she grew older she experienced a conscious longing that she might know Him better. Like Job of old her heart cried out: "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!" But also, even as Job, she knew not of the Daysman betwixt them through Whom alone she might have boldness and access unto God as Father.

During the hours through each day when Max was away at work, Rachel was invariably busy. Just the housework alone engaged much of her time, for the stove and the windows and the brasses must always be kept bright and shining; the table linen must be fresh and snowy; and Max's socks must all be nicely darned and his buttons sewed securely on. He was such a boy for losing buttons! Then, too, there were the trips to market every morning—and the washing and the ironing. And then, of course, there was the cooking. The cooking was the hardest thing of all. Rachel's mother and grandmother in Roumania had taught her something of it; but during the years in Mrs. Kalinsky's house she had seldom cooked, and much that she had known was quite forgotten. But Max was so sweet and patient with her; and gradually, as she persisted, things came back and she began to grow quite skilful.

Of course she made funny mistakes sometimes. More than once she had forgotten to put the baking powder in her cake, but Max had loyally insisted that it didn't matter at all—it was delicious, anyway, since she had made it. Another time she forgot to move the soup kettle



to the back of the stove when she went out for the afternoon, with the sad result that Max had no soup for supper. Instead, when he came home, only a black, empty kettle awaited him and heavy fumes as of burning onions filled the entire flat. And once there was a dreadful mistake. Rachel had come in late from market one day, and, in her nervousness and haste, in some way or other—she couldn't explain to Maxie quite how it did happen—she got her two packages of meat mixed—the kidneys for Max's kidney pie, and the bits of liver for the cat. Accordingly therefore, Max's pie, when it was served at supper, was made of liver, while Miss Pussy regaled herself delicately upon the delectable kidneys.

After the household duties for the morning were finished, and Rachel had had her lunch alone—Max did not have time to leave his shop at noon—she filled many delightful hours with shopping excursions, or in visiting with her girl friends. Many hours, too, there were that were happily whiled away in sight-seeing, either by herself alone or in company with others. During the seven years that Rachel had been in New York, that great metropolis had never lost its fascination for her. It was a constantly unfolding wonder. Hardly a day passed that she did not discover something new and thrilling in it.

She loved especially to browse leisurely through the streets of the vast Jewish Ghetto. Division Street, Grand Street, Orchard Street—all held for her the keenest interest. Rivington Street especially possessed a subtle charm for her. It was always so exciting. Scores of women were hanging out of the upper windows of the tenements. Scores more thronged the sidewalks—old Jewish women, from every country on the globe, with gaily colored shawls about their heads; long-bearded, patriarchal-looking Jewish grandfathers; and swarms of Jewish and foreign children playing in the middle of the street, entirely unmindful of danger until they were scattered like leaves before an autumn wind by the furious honking of an auto horn or the clanging gong of a fire truck as it bore down upon them. Often there were hurdy-gurdys or Italian organ-grinders. And, sometimes—oh, how Rachel loved it!—there would be a little weazened-up, red-capped, red-coated monkey holding in his shrivelled, quivering fingers a battered tin cup into which Rachel would delightedly ring a few pennies, receiving in return the unctuous smiling and scraping of the Italian and the snarling show of the monkey's teeth.

But best of all on Rivington Street were the Jewish pushcarts. Rachel loved

pushcarts. The people who attended them were fascinating to her. Usually the vendor was some elderly, greasy-coated Hebrew with long-flowing beard; sometimes it was a buxom Jewish mother. Once in a while a beautiful young Jewish girl would be in charge. It made no difference who it was, Rachel loved them all. They were her sisters and her brothers—her own dear Jewish people. She often stopped to chat with them in Yiddish. With her winsomeness and charm, she made friends easily; and as she came again and again, they began to look for her visits, and always greeted her eagerly with warm smiles and friendly words.

She frequently made little purchases. The wares were spread out upon the long line of carts in tempting and astonishing array—laces, shawls, shoestrings, furs, rugs, buttons, pencils, shell combs, suspenders, children's dresses, shoes and underwear, picture frames and mirrors; then fish, bologna, lettuce, cabbages, bananas, onions, apples, celery, cheese, and huge loaves of Jewish bread—all displayed in indiscriminate and democratic heaps.

Rachel frequently did her marketing on Riverside Street. One could get such excellent bargains at the pushcarts. Rachel gloried in bargains. They meant to her not only that Max would call her his clever little housewife, but also that more money would be saved each week from their household budget. Every Sabbath eve, whatever was left above the week's expenses was gravely put into a little padlocked saving-bank, which was kept carefully hidden in the dresser drawer. When this little bank became full, Max would take it to the large, Jewish savings institution on East Broadway, where it would be unlocked by the teller, who alone possessed the key, and the heaps of dimes and nickels and quarters would be deposited to Max's account, to draw interest at four per cent. Eagerly Max and Rachel watched the balance in the little pass-book grow. In three or four years more, perhaps, they would have five hundred dollars, which they would invest in dunams of land in Palestine, for Max and Rachel both were ardent Zionists. Every one of the Kalinskys was, in fact. All the boys were members of the local B'rith, where Otto held office as vice-president. Mrs. Deborah Kalinsky was treasurer of her local branch of Hadassah, the women's Zionist organization.

Thus passed that happy first winter of their married life—all too rapidly for Max and Rachel. As the warm spring and summer days drew on, there were many added pleasures—picnic suppers in the parks, excursion trips on Saturday

afternoons to the Palisades or Coney Island, or rides in the warm summer evenings on the motor buses. Frequently after supper they would take the Fifth Avenue bus up Riverside Drive to Grant's Tomb. They would go to Washington Arch and board it there at the terminus so that Rachel would be sure of getting her favorite seat—the front one on the upper deck. Settled proudly at that vantage point, high above the pavement and with unobstructed view, she felt, while they bowled up beautiful Fifth Avenue and Riverside, as if the very world were at her feet.

Often they would take a trip of a summer evening on one of the many ferry boats that throng the New York harbor. One evening in mid-June they took the boat to Staten Island. As they approached the Battery on the return trip, they stood on the upper front deck eagerly drinking in the wonderful scene before them. It was full moonlight, and the harbor was a shimmering flood of silver dotted all over with the sparkling lights of many boats. Great ocean liners, brilliantly illuminated, lay at anchor in the Hudson River or were moored alongside their berths. To the south of Manhattan the Statue of Liberty raised aloft her shining torch of welcome to America; to the east the lights of Brooklyn Bridge spanned the East River as with a jewelled girdle. The whole picture was like fairyland. As they drew near the dock the imposing skyline of lower Manhattan became clearly visible. The vast towering buildings loomed in massive splendor before them. There still were lights in many of the office windows, twinkling like a myriad of fireflies.

Rachel's artistic soul thrilled to the wondrous beauty and to the stupendous magnificence of it all. The grandeur of America's metropolis—its colossal material achievements; its gigantic commercial enterprise; the marvel of its myriad peoples representing every land on earth; the vastness of its wealth, its influence, its power; the richness of its beauty, both natural and man-created; the never-ceasing wonder of its throbbing, thrilling life—all held for Rachel a tremendous fascination. As she stood there on the deck of the ferry boat gazing upon it, as it seemed to rise up out of the water into the moonlight like a mirage of mist and pearl—she experienced a glow of pride such as she had never felt conscious of before. It was her own beloved city—her adopted new-world home—her wonderful New York!

It was yet early—early, at least, for a summer evening in town—so Max and Rachel, both feeling full of joyous vigor, walked up Broadway the entire distance from the Battery to the City Hall. They



went through the "canyon" between the massive downtown skyscrapers, past Wall Street with beautiful Trinity Church at its head, and on still further until they came to old St. Paul's. Above it towered the Postal Telegraph offices and the gigantic Woolworth Building. The full moon, in a sea of billowy, tinted clouds, poured its light impartially down upon the three imposing structures—the vast commercial piles, the epitome of twentieth-century financial achievement, and, lying low by comparison beneath them, the exquisitely-modeled brown-stone church of long bygone days, with its graceful spire pointing heavenward, as if it still would make its spiritual appeal amid all the din and God-forgetfulness of modern life. The moonlight flooded, too, the ancient burying ground surrounding the church, enclosed within the iron coping—shining down upon the graves where lay many of New York's distinguished dead—reposing in their last peaceful sleep in the very heart of the restless, rushing life of Broadway.

The still energetic young couple continued walking to the Post Office and the City Hall, and thence across City Hall Park to Brooklyn Bridge, where they took the "L" for home.

As the train sped through the congested lower East Side, Rachel, looking eagerly through the car windows, noted the pulsating life below. It was now nearly twelve, but still there were hundreds of children playing in the streets, and throngs of men and women on the sidewalks, or leaning from the windows of their tenements to catch whatever breath of air they could on that hot night in New York City.

The teeming population of New York! And one person out of every four a Hebrew! In the whole vast city of over seven millions, one and three-quarter million souls were Jews—Jews in every walk and circumstance of life—Jews from every nation under Heaven! Rachel thrilled profoundly at the thought.

For she was one of them! She with them was a proud descendant of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. They were her own people—her Hebrew kinsmen—her fellow-Israelites. And Israel was God's chosen nation—His peculiar treasure—the very apple of His eye! Rachel exulted with patriotic pride. Her race-consciousness was strong. Some one—a Gentile—had asked her one day: "Do you call yourself a Roumanian or an American?" And she had thrown her head back proudly and replied: "I am a Hebrew!"

The clock in the Metropolitan tower was musically chiming midnight as Max and Rachel reached their little flat. From their kitchen window they could

see the great tower light, over fifty stories high. As they entered their door the moonlight flooded the kitchen and gleamed upon the brasses . . . the cat arched her back and rubbed against them purringly in welcome . . . they stood together for a moment in the moonlight . . .

Then Max lighted the candles in the high brass candlesticks, while Rachel lighted the samovar to make their tea. The glow from both mingled with the silvery moonlight and illumined the room with a rich mellow softness, bringing out in beautiful relief the graceful furniture, the warm tones of the curtains, the blue heirloom dishes, and the bowl of flowers on the table. Rachel gazed fondly upon each familiar, well-loved treasure . . . she slipped into her place in the inglenook behind the samovar and tea-glasses . . . Max took his seat opposite her . . . they waited for the water in the samovar to boil . . . their hands met in a clasp across the table . . . they gazed deeply into each other's eyes . . . Max reached over and kissed her . . . Rachel hummed softly a love song of old Roumania.

Neither one spoke. The joy in both their hearts lay deeper than in words. It seemed to Rachel as if a very river of peace were flooding her soul to-night, even as the moonlight was flooding the beautiful kitchen. Her eyes were misty with happiness and pride. It was all hers, this cozy little home—hers and Max's! And it was theirs forever. Nothing could ever rob them of it. Rachel's heart seemed almost bursting with a sudden thrill as of fierce, exulting joy. No! Nothing could ever rob them of their home, because nothing could ever rob them of their love.

The samovar was bubbling over . . . Rachel made the tea . . . they drank it silently . . . again Rachel hummed the love song of Roumania . . . again her eyes wandered lingeringly among her treasures—the Windsor chairs—the little tea-wagon—the dainty curtains—the cat—the brasses . . .

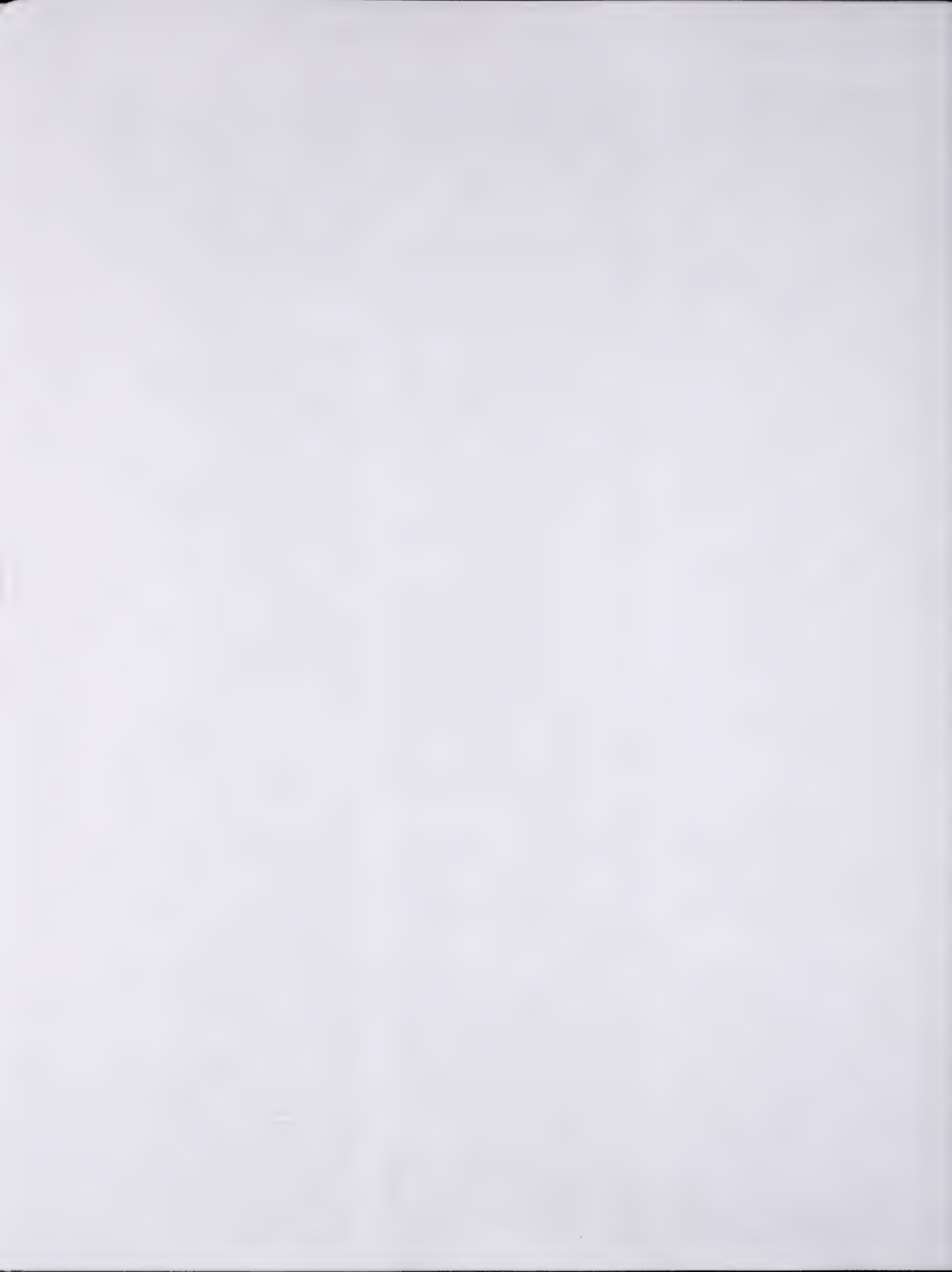
Ah, gentle little Rachel, gaze lovingly and yearningly upon them all—upon each prized possession—upon every object that you hold so dear! Impress its image indelibly upon your mind and heart—against that day, so swiftly drawing on, when all the wealth your dear home holds for you tonight will be yours only in precious, precious memory! For the storm is coming!

You are happy tonight, little Rachel—your heart is overflowing with youth and joyousness and love. But sorrow, dear, has claimed you for her own, and is bearing swiftly down upon you. The storm is coming, Rachel—the storm is coming!

Yes, the storm was coming. Though Rachel dreamed it not, it was coming—coming fast. Already signs of it—all unconsciously to Rachel—were appearing upon the horizon. Only a tiny cloud at first, no bigger than a man's hand. But other clouds were following in quick succession. Black, angry clouds were gathering—gathering. And soon they would break in pitiless fury upon that happy little Jewish home—and upon Rachel's defenseless head.

NEW GIDEONS

J. T. Rhodes, Hartsville, S. C.
Mrs. L. G. Smalley, Hobbs, N. Mex.
Ruben Jusketh, Wake Forest, N. C.
George Broome, Mt. Vernon, Wash.
Clarence P. Savchenko, Billings, Mont.
Thelma Monds, South Lebanon, Ohio
Aaron Meador, Henrietta, Tex.
Leah Palma, Syracuse, N. Y.
Mrs. H. G. Gray, Georgetown, S. C.
Mrs. Ruby Creel, Sumiton, Ala.
Sollie Smith, Mentone, Ala.
Mrs. Johnnie Broadway, Bauxite, Ark.
Mark Miller, Cairo, Ga.
Reba Panter, Shannon, Ga.
Mrs. Sammie Willis, Lavana, Ga.
Melvin O. Smith, Independence, Kans.
Mrs. Ovulen Conard, Louisville, Ky.
Mrs. Esther Isabell, Bowling Green, Ky.
Mrs. Mable Pattison, Herman, Minn.
Minnie Dobson, Concord, N. C.
Evelyn Mote, Cliffside, N. C.
Ralph Brostrom, Mercer, N. Dak.
Lawrence Gibson, Highspire, Pa.
Beatrice Carroll, Greenwood, S. C.
Mrs. Laura Lear, Mount Crogan, S. C.
Mrs. Joe McDonell, Roscoe, Tex.
H. A. Stone, Dublin, Va.
H. M. Hunt, Wapato, Wash.
Harry E. Bircher, Elk Garden, W. Va.
Barbara Winston, Rhodell, W. Va.
Catherine Frey, Adah, Pa.
Amalfi Simmons, Jacksonville, Fla.
W. O. Crews, Bartow, Fla.
Dan Berry, Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. Horace Taylor, Laurel, Miss.
Susie N. Jackson, Bremen, Ga.
Doyle Franklin, Ft. Pierce, Fla.
Orville Leatherwood, Boaz, Ala.
Robert Asher, Sparrow's Point, Md.
Mrs. Lonie Langford, Jasper, Fla.
Mrs. Morris Wiggins, Greensboro, N. C.
Alta Holbert, Jane Lew, W. Va.
Mary Ellen Hutchinson, Glen Jean, W. Va.
Robert D. Taylor, Post, Tex.
Harold Thompson, Merrimack, W. Va.
Mrs. Martie M. Lockhart, Valls Creek, W. Va.
J. L. Kay, Liberty, S. C.
L. P. Shaw, Valdosta, Ga.
Mrs. Velma Goings, Charlotte, N. C.
Mrs. Ruth McNabb, St. Elmo, Tenn.
Nadyne Clouse, Marked Tree, Ark.
Mrs. Lois Godsey, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Mrs. Guy Powell, Marietta, Ga.
Mary Jo Barlove, Empire, Ala.
John Crawford, Princeton, W. Va.
Mrs. Paul J. Franklin, Clarksville, Ga.
Mrs. H. W. Johnson, Belle Glade, Fla.
Nell Jean Miller, Ponce de Leon, Fla.
Homer Pope, Whittier, N. C.
Lois Evelyn Luke, Ocilla, Ga.
Mrs. Lavern Parker, Cullman, Ala.
Jo Ellen Doss, Beckley, W. Va.
Gertrude Kiser, Tazewell, Va.
Florence Marie Williams, Haines City, Fla.
Mrs. Floyd Stephenson, Smithfield, N. C.
Mrs. Hazel Bragg, Muddy, Ill.
Mrs. Erwin Elks, Grimesland, N. C.
Teedy Alford, Ennis, Tex.
Ruth Broome, Cherokee Falls, S. C.
Earl Stone, Dillon, S. C.
M. G. Quinton, Pelzer, S. C.
Mrs. C. J. Derby, Pine Grove, W. Va.
Mrs. Carl Bryan, Lake Placid, Fla.
Alvin R. Joiner, Ferdinand, Fla.
Mrs. Louise Giles, Gastonia, N. C.
Mrs. Floyd Malone, Mount Pleasant, Tenn.
Mrs. Doris Blackwell, Pennsville, N. J.
Dorras Collins, Anadarko, Okla.
C. R. Callahan, Coal City, W. Va.
Evelyn Moore, Cottage Hill, Ill.
Mrs. Jess Moore, Hazelwood, N. C.
Armeline N. Cousineau, Muskegon, Mich.
Margarette Dobbs, Nashville, Tenn.
Mrs. Roy T. Smith, Heflin, Ala.
Carolyn Reed, Grandview, Tenn.
Sarah Kathrene Russell, Doyle, Tenn.
Mae Wheeler, Redboiling Springs, Tenn.
Mae Lewis, Baxter, Tenn.
Jermice Evens, Brookhaven, Miss.
Avalon Hood, Yakima, Wash.
Gladys Bright, Ramhurst, Ga.





Glints of Knowledge



Negro Chaplains in the United States army are said to number 125.

Chicago has 1,676 Protestant churches, and 380 Catholic churches.

Jews killed by the Nazis since the war began is estimated to be 1,000,000.

In China last year more copies of the Scriptures were sold than in any other country of the world.

Seventh Day Adventists are working in 413 countries and islands groups, and conduct services in 810 languages, it is reported.

Honolulu has 40 heathen temples, and there are 150 in all the Hawaiian Islands, Japanese and Chinese. The majority of the saloons in Honolulu are Japanese.—S. S. Times.

A Tokyo Broadcast says "Japan is God's country" and all who are born here are "born of God" . . . The Emperor is the highest person in the world, and we are the greatest people in the world."

Swedish missionaries to the number of 15 are reported en route to Abyssinia in response to an invitation of the Emperor Haile Selassie.

The Presbyterian Church in the United States reports that last year was its best from the standpoint of new members, money raised, missionary work and a general outreach.—U. S. Baptist.

Unstudious Ministers

"The danger to too many young ministers is that they neither read deeply nor write carefully. They are homiletically illiterates—preachers who neither read nor write."—Francis L. Patton.

Bud Robinson Deceased

A news item in "The Protestant Voice" dated from Pasadena, California, reports the death of this famous evangelist at the age of 83. He is said to have preached 32,000 sermons in his 63 years in the ministry.

Chaplain Arnold recently wrote: Fathers and mothers, wives and sweethearts are gloriously willing to make any clean sacrifice for their country, but they dread terribly to see a loved one return with the look of spiritual

death in his eye."

And Chaplain Workman writes: "Of one thing you, the home folks may be sure: Our nation will be safe and victory be assured if those who go forth to defend us, go in the strength of His might."

The statements of Chaplains Arnold and Workman were taken from *The American Magazine* for November.

Religious Revival Sweeps Norway

Reports reaching the Religious News Service via Stockholm say that the persecution of the churches in Norway is resulting in an unprecedented revival of interest in religion which is shown in both the free and the state churches. While about 90 per cent of the clergymen have resigned their status as state officials, thus losing their stipends, they resolutely retain their status as spiritual leaders by reason of their ordination. Many persons, impressed by the stand of the church leaders, have become converted to Christianity.—*Christian Century*.

More than 50 colleges in the United States have been forced to close in recent months as a result of the impact of war upon the colleges. Naturally these first academic casualties are the smaller and weaker of the nation's approximately 1,700 colleges. Perhaps they can be spared without serious loss to the country and to the war effort. Far more serious, however, is the fact that more than one-half of the nation's colleges are in imminent danger of having to close their doors. Enrollment losses during the past two years have been exceedingly large, in some cases more than 50 per cent.—*Emanuel Cellar*.

The Methodist Advocate reports results of evangelistic experiments in seven states.

It's a new movement in evangelism and they think bids fair to become a mass movement. It is visitation evangelism. Next year they aim at 1,000,000 members mobilized for spiritual service, 1,000,000 inactive members reclaimed and 1,000,000 new members enrolled in two years.

This campaign in Ohio sent out 12,000 laymen two by two, the results were 40,719 new members in the Methodist church.

Not many of the sinners' decisions are made in public church service. Such

commitments must be obtained in the home.

If an outsider sums up this new plan it seems that it means that a sinner no longer has to go to a Methodist revival to sign a card but a committee of two will call at his home and get his signature.

The End of the First Year

The lapse of a year since Pearl Harbor finds the people of the United States sure that the tide of war has turned and that victory is certain. It has been a hard year. Bitter experience has wiped out the foolish complacency with which America greeted the crisis of December 7, 1941. The nation remembers Pearl Harbor, and Wake and Guam and Bataan and Corregidor and the Macassar straits and Attu and Kiska. But it remembers them as instances of a nation's unreadiness and of the price to be paid for underestimating an enemy. However, the mood of pessimism which was so widespread a month ago has lifted. A road which should lead to the defeat of Hitler has been opened in North Africa. Once Germany has been defeated, with the help of Russia, China and Great Britain, the United States should be able quickly to turn the war against Japan into an unstoppable offensive.—*Christian Century*.

Bait for Appeasers

Again there are reports that Germany will seek a stalemate peace. Although Herr Hitler himself has said that his "New Order" and Democracy could not exist in the same world, a peace proposal, if it is made, will be something in the nature of a compromise. There will even be some in England and America who will favor acceptance.

When Alexander defeated Darius and his army of 600,000 and captured the mother, wife and two children of Darius, the defeated foe made an offer. If Alexander would restore his family and would marry his daughter, Darius would give him 10,000 talents (about \$12,000,000) and would give him also the vast territory between the Euphrates and the Hellespont.

Some of Alexander's generals were appeasers. One of them, Parmenio, said:

"I would accept, if I were Alexander."

And Alexander's reply was a stinging rebuke:

"And so truly would I if I were Parmenio."

Sometime later, Alexander completely crushed the Persian empire at Arbela.

My High Resolve



I am resolved to climb to heights where poets caught their vision. I hold the harp of my soul up to the touch of truth that my life may throb with thoughts divine. I WILL THINK THE THOUGHTS OF THE GREAT. They shall be mine. I refuse cheap thoughts. I claim, by my divine right, the thoughts of the great. I shall make them mine. I will think great thoughts.

Wherever you can find a great thought—one you think suggests a phase of life or character you would love to have in your own life—in simple child-like faith ask the Father to EMBELLISH YOUR LIFE WITH THE GREAT THOUGHT YOU DESIRE TO BECOME A PART OF YOUR LIFE. Ask in confidence, for the Father is more anxious to do this for you than you are to have Him! It shall be done!

Some wealth of character is so great that it takes years of experience to fully embellish your life to the point of its high reality. So in asking for God to so embellish your life be assured that every day God will be at the task. YOUR PART IS TO BE PERFECTLY OBEDIENT and follow on and on and on. Sometimes life may seem hard, the winds may seem cruel and bite with sharp cruel teeth, but "the heights for which I strive are only reached by anguish and by pain."

You need not fear. God's wonderful presence will guide, guard and protect you. His love and fellowship will keep you sweet and peaceful and the years will reveal the wonderful unfolding of the embellishment of such great touches of beauty and qualities of character you asked to be realized in your life.

Real culture is found in wealth of thought, wealth of appreciation, wealth of sympathy, all expressed in daily ministries of kindness.—Fellowship.



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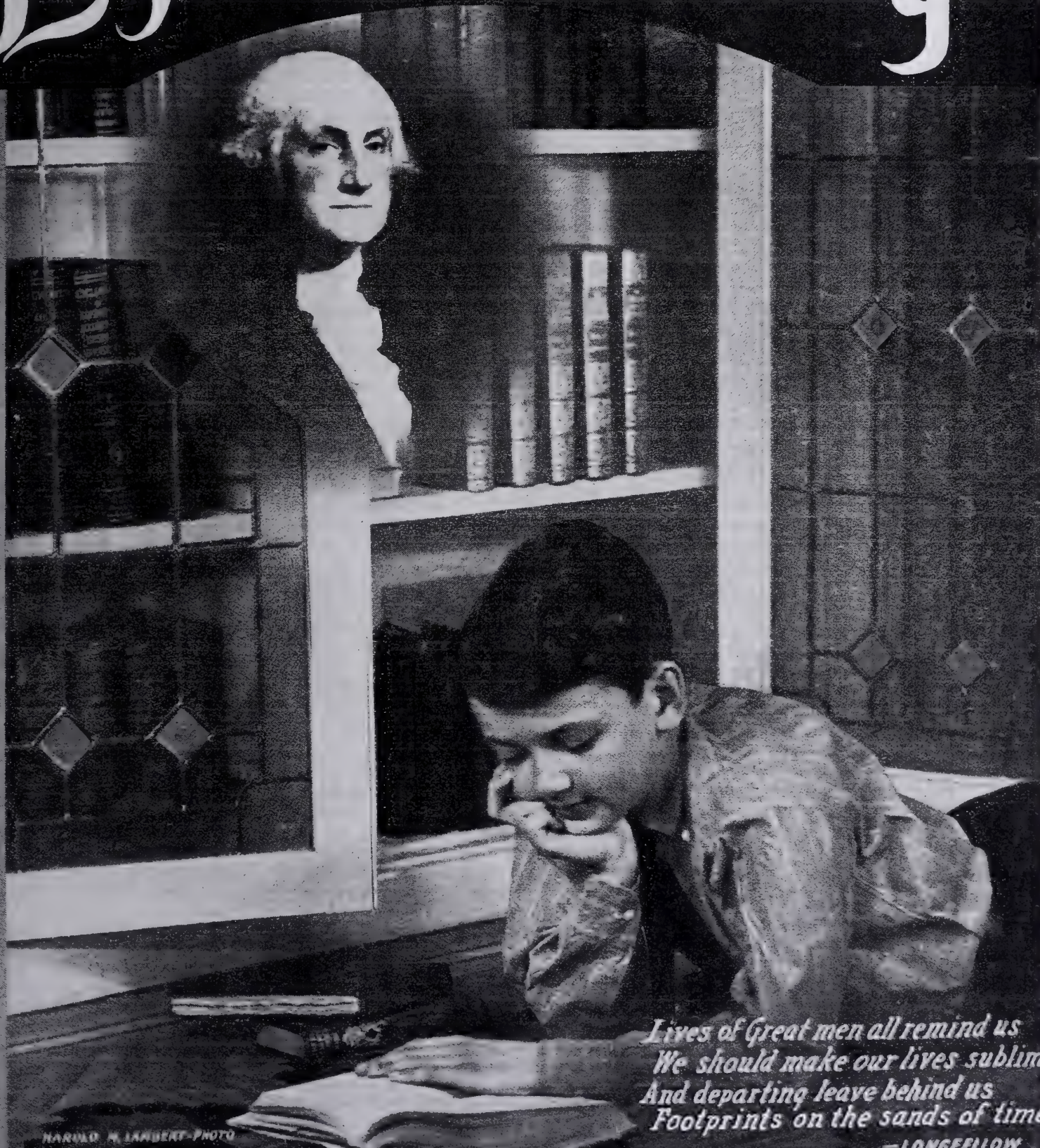
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DEDICATED TO THE CHOICE OF GOD-FOUNDED PEOPLES ENLIGHTENMENT

The Sighted Pathway

Vol. 14 FEBRUARY, 1943 No. 2



*Lives of Great men all remind us
We should make our lives sublime
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time*

HAROLD M. LAMBERT-Photo

—LONGFELLOW



The Editor's Message



Dear Boys and Girls: God Bless you.

We have gone just a little way in the year 1943, and we are still thinking about the year before us. We are thinking about its possibilities and its responsibilities. Some of us are trying to give ourselves over into the Master's hands as never before.



We are, I am sure, meeting with opposition from the enemy of our souls. He is against us. So in this issue we are going to continue our message from last month. You are wondering just the kind of service the Lord would like to lead you into this coming year. We hope to help you hear the voice of the Master as He calls you.

The first kind of service we want to mention is prayer. There are none who cannot pray, and prayer warriors are needed more than anything else. Prayer opens prison doors. It goes into the sick room and encourages hearts and lifts them from their beds of affliction. It finds its way into discouraged hearts and encourages and brings joy and peace. Prayer goes into the mission fields and penetrates those darkened lives. It goes into the camps or on the battlefield and brings our boys to the foot of the cross. Many are writing in, saying, "I have accepted Christ as my Savior." It goes into that broken home and unites hearts and brings victory and love where discord has reigned supreme, and many times you will hear the expression, "Somebody somewhere must be praying for me, I feel such an uplift in my soul, or the pain has left my body." Those bound with sin's chains have been suddenly loosened and they have been set free. Then what better place can we fill than to be a prayer warrior? There are some of you who are lamenting the fact that you cannot go out on the harvest field to labor. There is no better way to enter the whitened harvest field than through prayer. However, there must be someone somewhere who will put feet to your prayers. If everyone should hide away and pray there would be no one to visit the sick or those in prison and bring to them the cheering words that will help to answer those prayers. The Word of God says faith without works is dead.

Prayer will fill the heart with love and love will win. In this little story George W. Truett tells us what love will do. Here it is in his own words:

"I am fond of recalling the first soul it was ever given me to win to Jesus. I was a lad, barely grown, a young teacher in the Blue Ridge Mountains. One morning, as we were ready for prayer in the chapel, there hobbled down the aisle to the front seat a lad sixteen years of age; a strange, eager, lonely-looking lad. I read the Scriptures and prayed, and then sent the teachers to their classes. But my crippled lad stayed. I supposed that he was a beggar and I thought, 'Surely he deserves alms; his condition betokens his need.' So I went to him at recess and said, 'My lad, what do you want?' And he looked at me eagerly and said, 'I want to go to school. Oh, sir, I want to be

somebody in the world. I will always be a cripple; the doctors told me that. But I want to be somebody.'

"I laid my hand on the head of the little fellow and said to him, 'Jim, I am for you, my boy. You are my sort of boy. I believe in you thoroughly, and I want you to know that I love you,' and when I said that last word, the little pinched face looked up into mine—almost a lightning flash—and he said, 'Teacher, did you say you loved me? Did you say that?' I said, 'Yes, Jim, I did.' And then, with a great sob, he said, 'I didn't know anybody loved me but mother and the two little girls. Mr. Truett, if you love me, I will be a man yet by the help of God.' And when, a few Friday nights after I was leading the boys in their prayer meeting, as was my custom, I heard Jim's crutches rattle over there in the corner, I looked. He sat in a chair by himself to keep the boys off his worn and wasted limb, and getting up, sobbing and laughing at the same time, he looked across at me and said, 'Teacher, I have found the Savior, and that time you told me you loved me started me toward Him.'"—*Florida Baptist Witness.*

Here is another story of what love will do:

"On a cold, dark night, when the wind was blowing hard, Conrad, a worthy citizen of a little town in Germany, sat playing his flute, while Ursula, his wife, was preparing supper. They heard a sweet voice singing outside:

*'Foxes to their holes have gone,
Every bird into his nest;
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest.'*

"Tears filled the good man's eyes as he said, 'What a fine, sweet voice. What a pity it should be spoiled by being tried in such weather.'

"I think it is the voice of a child. Let us open the door and see,' said his wife, who had lost a little boy not long before, and whose heart was open to take pity on the little wanderer.

"Conrad opened the door and saw a ragged child, who said, 'Charity, good sir, for Christ's sake.'

"Come in, my little one," said he; 'you shall rest with me for the night.'

"The boy said, 'Thank God,' and entered. The heat of the room made him faint, but Ursula's kind care soon revived him. They gave him some supper, and then he told them he was the

son of a poor miner, and that he wandered about, sang, and lived on the money people gave him. His kind friends would not let him talk much, but sent him to bed. When he was asleep they looked in upon him and were pleased with his countenance. In the morning they determined to keep him, if he was willing, and they found that he was only too glad to remain.

"They sent him to school, and afterwards he entered a monastery. There he found the Bible, which he read, and from which he learned the way of life. The sweet voice of the little singer learned to preach the good news, 'Justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"Conrad and Ursula, when they took that little street singer into

(Continued on page 25)

OUR COVER PAGE

You will notice our poem and the picture of our first president. Our boy is perhaps reading and meditating on the great lives of Washington and Lincoln. There is no better way of inspiring our boys and girls than through reading good literature.

Parents, what kind of books and magazines do you keep before your growing boys and girls? There are books and magazines that will lift them to a high plain and others that will drag them down. Our newsstands are full of the degrading kind and some of it may be in your home. Work carefully with your child and as you take the bad literature from him put the good in his hands to take its place. Every home should have a library with plenty of biographies of great men and women for their growing boys and girls. Keep good wholesome magazines where they can pick them up at leisure. Would it not be grand if you and I could leave behind us an influence that would bless and inspire lives when we are gone?

Rachel

By Agnes Scott Kent

(Used by permission of the
Evangelical Publishers)

(Continued from last issue)

Eden Invaded

"Abide now at home; why shouldst thou meddle . . . ?"—2 Chron. 25:19.

Mrs. Deborah Kalinsky came home from California in July. Her arrival, early one Sunday morning, was sudden and unannounced. The first Rachel knew of it was when Sarah called her on the telephone shortly before noon:

"Rachel, is that you at last! I called you up at nine o'clock and again at ten o'clock. Where were you?"

"I was at the shop with Max. He had to go up early to see about some papers. Why? What is it?"

"You could never guess, possibly—what has happened!"

"What? Tell me!"

"Mamma!"

"W-what?" asked Rachel lamely. Her knees suddenly went weak.

"Mamma!—Mamma Kalinsky! I am telling you. She has come home!"

"Oh, really, Sarah! When?" Rachel controlled her voice perfectly.

"At seven o'clock this morning. She is now eating some more breakfast. She wants I should call you and tell you and Max to hurry up and come and see her. She is very excited till you get here. So you hurry quick. Goldie and Esther and Rosie and the boys and the children are all come already and dinner is at one o'clock. So you and Maxie hurry up!"

"All right, Sarah! Thank you so much for telling us. We'll come right away. Max will be so glad to see his mother." Rachel's voice was held in hand well. Sarah could not detect in the faintest degree her true inward reaction to the news of her mother-in-law's arrival. She hung up the receiver with a peculiar sense of depression—the same feeling exactly that a child experiences when holidays are over and school begins once more. She glanced sorrowfully at the dainty luncheon-basket, standing all ready packed upon the table. She and Max had planned such a wonderful time. They were going to spend the day at the Palisades. She resented this sudden, altogether unexpected blockade to their delightful Sunday outing. Somehow she had a vague fear that their plans for future Sundays—and other days as well—would be subject to amendment by Mrs. Kalinsky.

Max entered the kitchen. She greeted him—unflinching—with her usual bright smile.

"Maxie dearest! Such a surprise I have for you! You will be so glad!"

"A surprise! What is it, Liebchen?"

"Three guesses!" She forced the buoyant, playful tone.

"Is it a cake for our picnic?" asked Max hopefully.

"Wrong!"

"Is it—is it," Max reflected slowly, "is it something for supper after we get home?"

"No—wrong again! It's nothing to eat. It's a surprise—a wonderful surprise! Something that has happened."

"Happened?"—Max's brain registered slowly—"What has happened, Raychen?"

Rachel did not wait for the third guess. She would not prolong his suspense nor her own.

"It's your mother, Max! Your mother is home! Sarah just phoned."

"Mamma!" exclaimed Max with unfeigned joy. "Mamma home?—from California? When did she get here, Ray?"

"At seven o'clock this morning. Sarah rang up twice while we were out. And she says your mother wants us to hurry and come up."

"Yes, let's get right off! Leave everything, dear—the breakfast dishes, the sweeping, everything. Come, hurry up—don't touch a thing. Mamma will be so impatient till we get there." He glanced at the luncheon-basket a shade regretfully. "Our picnic! Will it keep until tomorrow night, Ray?"

"Couldn't we still go today, Max?" asked Rachel hopefully. "Couldn't we see your mother now and then go late this afternoon?"

"No, Raychen, sure not!" Max's tone was reproving. "We will have to spend the whole day with Mamma, of course—her first Sunday back. Why, she wouldn't think of letting us leave early."

With Max continuing to urge haste, Rachel left everything as it was in the disordered flat. She changed her picnic attire for a dainty street frock and her most becoming hat, and they started off shortly after twelve o'clock—Rachel's heart feeling far from light. Max hailed a taxi. Never before had they taken a taxi from Second to East Eleventh Street. Always they had gone on the streetcar or they had walked. Rachel protested mildly against the extravagance, but Max justified it promptly: "It's late, Ray, and Mamma hates that anyone should keep her waiting. You know Mamma!"

As they drew up before the maternal abode, sounds of noisy mirth emerged through the open doorway. Max and Rachel were the last arrivals. The children greeted them excitedly, screaming their names upstairs, just as Mrs. Deborah Kalinsky, resplendent for the festive oc-

casian in bright orange satin, was beginning proudly to come down. Her majestic approach was suggestive of a flood which sweeps everything before it. On her swarthy face was a broad, expansive smile of perfect satisfaction. Her arms were extended wide in effusive welcome. In an instant Max was engulfed in them and pressed rapturously to her capacious bosom.

"Mein Maxie, mein Maxie! Mein darling, darling sohn! Mamma she iss came home to you at last—she iss came home to her own precious boy!"

She next turned upon Rachel and swallowed her up with a similar greeting—as quite befitted her newest daughter-in-law.

"Und mein leetle Rakkel! Mein beautiful leetle Rakkel—mein Maxie's bride—which it iss now mein own vunderful noy daughter! Kiss you noy Mamma, darling! She iss came home from Californien to see you!"

By this time the entire family was surrounding the newly returned traveller. She flew from one to another of them, embracing them rapturously with excessive utterances of devotion.

"Mein darling Jacob—mein Joseph—mein Otto—mein Goldie—mein Esther—mein leetle grandchildren! It iss now here mein whole family—mein five sohns—mein five dear daughters—mein ten darling grandchildren! You are all come home to see Mamma yet! Come, we will go downstairs and make it the dinner ready. You all must be so very hungry." She led the way toward the rear stairway, deliriously excited almost to the verge of hysteria.

The Kalinskys, twenty-one strong, flocked into the large kitchen. Grandmother Kalinsky in her rocker made twenty-two. Sarah had suggested that the dinner be served in the state dining-room upstairs, in honor of the great occasion, but Mrs. Kalinsky insisted upon the kitchen. There every one felt more at home. And the kitchen was doubly attractive now—for the children certainly—by reason of the array of half-unpacked trunks and valises from which all sorts of mysterious packages were bulging. Every child and grandchild had a gift from California—candied fruits and nuts, big oranges and grapefruit, and curios made from abalone shells. Poor little Grandmother Kalinsky was quite forgotten in the distribution, but Rachel quickly filled her lap with her own sack of oranges, and the dear old soul was overjoyed.

A gradual thinning-out process began, fortunately for Sarah and Rose and Goldie, who were detailed to the cooking of the dinner. The children, one by one, went out to play in the street or in the back yard; the older boys went off for their Sunday papers. Rachel and Esther,

(Continued on page 30)



The Bible at Pearl Harbor

CHARLES PIETCH

Federal Housing Administrator for Hawaii and an active Gideon, at the Gospel Fellowship Club, Chicago, Illinois

Friends, we are here today to discuss something in which I believe everyone who calls himself an American, is interested. I have recently returned from the war zone, from the islands which formerly were known as the Sandwich Islands but which now are classified as the Hawaiian Islands.

I wish to speak to you of what we are facing in the present conflict. In the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew the Lord speaks of the five wise and the five foolish virgins. You will remember that those who had oil in their vessels experienced no difficulty in keeping their lights burning, but that the five foolish virgins, who had no oil in their vessels, discovered after they had trimmed their wicks that their lights had gone out.

We are living in a day when the lights are becoming dim. Over in Hawaii we have a blackout every night. No one is permitted on the street between the hours of nine in the evening and half past six in the morning. That time is known as the "blackout darkness," and it is dark indeed. I was on the Atlantic Coast a week ago attending a banquet at Asbury Park, New Jersey, where they have a "dim-out" with the lights faintly glimmering.

False Security

This is not a war of nerves only, but in my opinion it is also one of deception. It seems to me that most everyone likes to be deceived. That was the trouble with the five foolish virgins; they were without oil and deceived themselves. Japan deceived America. I was in Washington, D. C., just five days prior to the attack on Pearl Harbor, when I saw the two emissaries from Japan. At that time the Gideons had completed the task of placing Bibles on every United States ship and submarine, and President Roosevelt was informed that for the first time in the history of America it was known that the Bible was on every ship.

While I was in Washington those two Japanese emissaries discussed peace negotiations, so to speak, with our President. But what a deception it was! What an awakening on the morning of December 7th! On that clear Sunday morning the peaceful Islands of Hawaii were taken completely by surprise. Those islands have been recognized as the most hospitable international seaport in the world. Its people have met the ships and placed garlands of flowers around the necks of the visitors as they have come from all parts of the world. What hap-

pened that day was so unexpected that even the military, as you know from the reports, were taken entirely by surprise, never dreaming that such an attack would be attempted.

On that awful morning, living in a climate that perhaps is unsurpassed, in a most hospitable part of the world, and in what we considered perfect security, we were attacked. We were deceived, and I believe the trouble with America today is that we have deceived ourselves. We have not been alert to the dangers surrounding us. I believe that God has spoken to us Americans through the attack on Pearl Harbor. We have been deceived by Japan, but let us not forget that we have deceived ourselves.

Giving the Boys Something Valuable

The instances I will relate to you today are those with which I personally am familiar. A year ago last November the Gideons had requested permission through the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, but particularly through Secretary Frank Knox, to place New Testaments in the hands of every boy in the Pacific Fleet. The fleet was absent from Hawaiian waters almost a year before the attack on Pearl Harbor. I am a member of the Chamber of Commerce in Honolulu, and so know that everything is being done to amuse our boys in order to help them forget that they are away from home. They are given tickets to ball games, to prize fights, and to various other places of amusement. Beer and even whiskey have been given them. I have witnessed people giving them strong drink.

We do not want to see our soldiers and sailors disgrace our country, and I believe it is the duty of every Christian to give them something they can use, read, and carry with them to the ends of the earth. Our missionaries have been called home from the far corners of the world, and instead of missionaries we are sending to these distant places our soldiers, guns, bullets, planes, and tanks, to fight for what we call freedom of religion and for America. Those boys, every one of them, represent us. Whether they represent us in the way we probably would want them to is a question, but how can they represent us properly unless we arm them with something more than bullets and tanks?

A year ago last November, right after the re-election of President Roosevelt, the Gideons prepared this New Testament I hold in my hand. Fifty thousand copies were printed for the boys in the

Navy. We included the Psalms so that our Jewish boys might read the Word of God. On Easter Sunday and on Mother's Day these New Testaments were distributed to the boys in the Navy. On December 2nd, just five days before the Pearl Harbor attack, we had completed that work.

The Scriptures Appreciated

On that terrible Sunday morning when the Japanese planes soared over Pearl Harbor, Chaplain Kirkpatrick, the chaplain of the U. S. S. *Arizona* was placing the Gideon Bible on the altar when a bomb dropped through the funnel and blew up the ship. Chaplain Kirkpatrick's body was found beside the altar with the Bible. The commander of that vessel, who had accepted the Bibles and the New Testaments from the Gideons, had high honors conferred upon him by the President, but he is no longer with us, having been killed when his ship was destroyed.

When the bodies of our boys were located in the vessels that were sunk, many were found to be in the attitude of reading this particular Book. In the Book is a page captioned, "My Covenant," and it was discovered that a number had written their names in that space as having accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as their Savior.

Chaplain McCabe asked me to speak to some boys. One especially wanted to see me. It seems that before he left home he had been asked by his mother to meet her in heaven. Every mother wants to meet her boy again. Many a farewell is couched in these words: "Will I see you again? If not here, in glory?" This boy, who had been struck by shrapnel, said to me, "The Chaplain wants me to receive a medal. I am not interested in medals; I want to know how to meet God." After I had led him to Christ he asked me to inform his mother that though he was not a Christian when he left home, he now had found the Lord as his Savior. He said, "Will you tell my mother that I will meet her in glory?" A few days later the poor boy passed away. We buried him and wrote a letter to his mother, who was grateful indeed to know that he had surrendered to Christ.

There was a nurse at Pearl Harbor who had gone there to work with the Red Cross. Her son had joined the Navy, but for several years she had not heard a word from him. She was one of those chosen to identify the bodies of those who were brought out of the ships. As she lifted the sheet covering one body, she dropped to her knees, crying, "My boy! My boy!" In going through his few earthly belongings, she found this little Book, saturated with water. She wanted

(Continued on page 26)



Helps for Tempted and Tried

NEITHER BE TROUBLED

BEATRICE TICE

In 1 Peter 3:14, you will find these words, "But and if ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye: and be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled."

You remember the incident of the saint of old. He was being pursued by a band of robbers who were going to take his life. Having the lead a short way he reached a small cave. Breathlessly he pushed aside a spider's web that covered the entrance and crouched, hardly daring to breathe, just inside.

A little later the leader of the outlaws stood before the cave.

"No need to look here," he announced—"this web hasn't been broken."

So they went on. The spider, you see, had repaired the damage to her web as soon as Felix went in. There he was safe and secure inside, with nothing more substantial over the opening than the film of a spider's web.

Later on in telling the experience he said, "I perceive that to him who is a Christian, a spider web is as a stone wall."

"Neither be troubled."

Peter, who was to be executed the following day by King Herod, went to sleep untroubled that last night. And so the angel who came to deliver him had to awaken him first. Whatever came, he was prepared to meet it—and so leaving his life in God's hands, he went peacefully to sleep.

"Neither be troubled."

A girl I know finished high school and was sent to a Christian college where she immediately became part of the hub of things. She could sing, so they invited her to join the Glee Club. Being athletically inclined she went in for sports, where she made record after record. Not only that—but the reports she sent home were of the highest. What a wonderful time she had!

Then one day a telegram came.

Peggy Lou tore it open, anticipation in her eyes. She had written home to ask whether she might come back for spring vacation. Of course this was her permission. What fun to be back with Jerry and Beth again and gather around the old dining room table. She could hardly wait.

But as she read on her face whitened. "Leave immediately," she read, "Father is dangerously ill."

Deepest love,

Mother."

And Peggy Lou went home, not only for the spring vacation, she went home to stay. College without father's help was quite impossible. She knew this and she determined to make the best of it.

Mother put both arms about her one day.

"Peg," she said slowly, "I can't tell you how disappointed I am over your not being able to go back to school. And you, I know"—mother's voice broke.

Peggy flashed her a smile.

"Mother," she said bravely. "I would

not go back for anything. You need a man of the house and I'm the closest thing to it you have. I'm going to find a job and go to work. That will help both of us. Later on in a year or so if I am able to go back, I'll appreciate it all the more for being away."

Her mother's shadowed eyes were deep pools of gratitude as she listened. In her heart was born a great joy made possible by her oldest.

"Neither be troubled."

If our plans are changed suddenly and the sky seems very dark, let's take heart. God knows. He is in the shadows as well as in the sunshine. What has happened will "work together for good." Let's realize that we are under God's protection as we come and go. Around us is a stone wall—even if it seems but a spider web to us. Underneath are the Everlasting Arms.

"Neither be troubled."

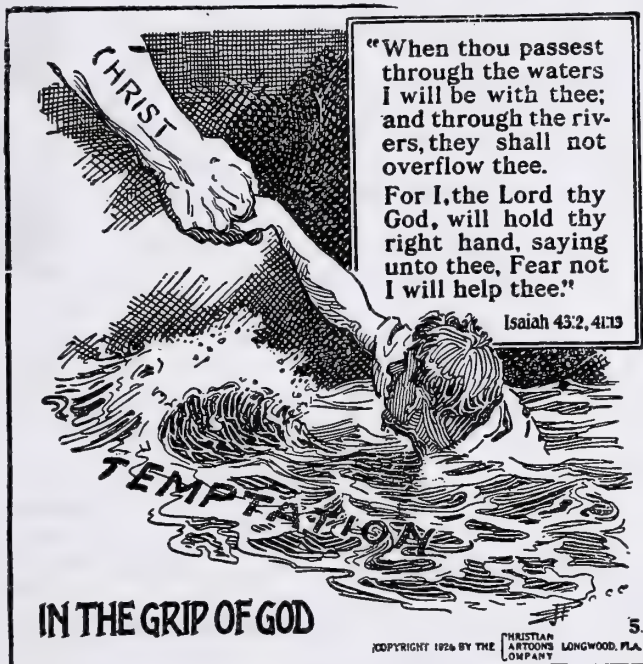
—Christian Union Herald.

THE UPWARD LOOK IS BRIGHT

H. B. MUSSELMAN,
Contributing Editor

In Heb. 12:2 we are told where to look: "Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith." The Apostle Paul was beaten different times and spent much of his time in prison for the Gospel's sake. "In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness," 2 Cor. 11:27. He knew that everywhere he went bonds and afflictions abided him. He looked beyond the trials and things of this life. His face was set like a flint.

He said, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God," Acts 20:24. When the heart is established in God, the storms of trials and testings cannot overthrow the saint of God—rather, he becomes more deeply rooted and grounded in the love and grace of God. We need to have on the "whole armor of God" in order to withstand the tests and the fiery darts of the enemy. The one aim in Paul's life was to glorify God whether by life or by death, in whatever way God should be most glorified. (Continued on page 29)



MY PRAYER

Margarette Dobbs

When mortal strength is almost gone,
When life itself seems to have flown,
When this weak heart is sad and lone,
Lord, strengthen me.

When friends have turned aside from Thee,
When fortune turns her face from me,
When through the mist I cannot see,
Lord, lead me on.

When burdens here seem mountain high,
When at death's door my loved ones lie,
When on myself I can't rely,
Lord, strengthen me.

And when my labor here is done,
And this weak frame the race can't run,
Then, may my eyes behold Thy Son!
Lord, take me home.

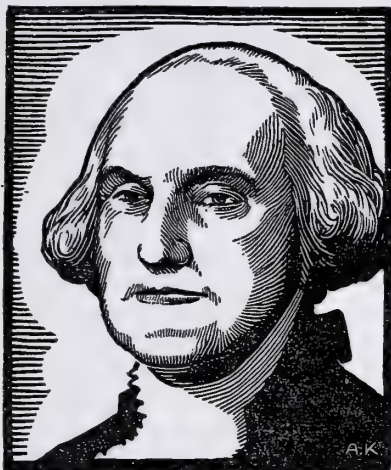
—Nashville, Tenn.



Two Great Statesmen

GEORGE WASHINGTON

As a young man George Washington was a surveyor who always insisted upon one thing—accuracy. Proof of his own keenness is found in the fact that in all the old lines which he established that have been retraced not one error has been recorded. In 1913, when the National Government bought in Virginia a large tract of land for the Appalachian Forest Reserve, the United States surveyors checked up the lines laid down by Washington in 1751 and found them perfect.



Although Washington used primitive instruments and had many difficulties to overcome that the modern surveyors, with their power transits never meet, not a single error was found in his surveying.

Many times it has been said that Washington himself was infinitely greater than anything he did. That simply means that he was one who had full command of himself and his work at all times—a man of power, force, courage, and animation. He never boasted of what he was about to do, nor did he talk of past achievements. His moral and religious training was very strict, due to his mother's insistence that he follow the right in everything he did and not deviate from the straight path of duty. His boyhood and education were like that of many other lads of Virginia who came of good families and whose means were limited, although he did receive two extra years of education, mainly along mathematical lines, in preparation for his work as a surveyor.

Throughout young manhood he showed the traits of character that later made him famous as a nation's leader. His habit of always doing his work with neatness and accuracy was so strongly fixed that whenever he offered a record to public officials they accepted it with-

out question, knowing that his surveys had been accurate and could be depended upon. Excelling in leadership, even when a boy in school, he could outrun, out-ride, and outthrow any boy in the schools which he attended. Although forceful, he never used force for gaining his objective, preferring to win over any opponent by sound reasoning and common sense. Sometimes, when it was necessary, he could use physical force, as witnessed at one time when, during the French and Indian war, he quelled a riot by pushing

Lincoln—the Friend

*A king of men, a soul as tall as truth,
A statesman far of sight, of patience vast;
He drew his wisdom from the hoary past;
And yet his vision was as fresh as youth;
He was a man of power—but to the end
Was ever man more valiant as a friend?*

*A friend who knew the bitter pang of
loss,
Who felt the still increasing weight of
care;
'Twas not that he had lighter loads to
bear,
That he could take another's heavy cross;
Because his heart was kind, he could not
save
Himself from any cross his friendship
gave.*

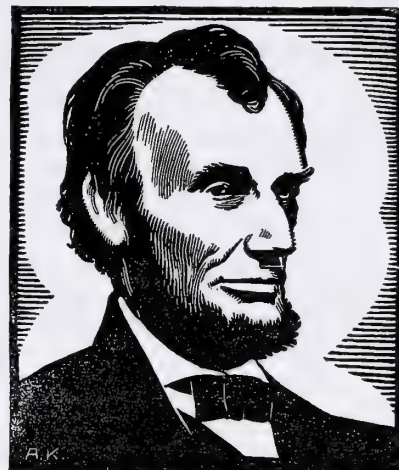
*The ages shall bespeak wide fame for him
Who saved his nation from the traitor's
curse;
His statesmanship shall call for bronze
and gold
His deeds to tell, his teaching to rehearse;
But, till the day when earth and life shall
end,
The years that come and go shall call him
Friend.*

—Thomas Curtis Clark, in
The Christian Century.

his way through a crowd and severely shaking two men whom no other dared oppose. However, he did not like to do this, and many times for conflict he substituted peaceful measures, even though it took a great deal longer to settle the argument in the latter manner.

Realizing the hardships that he overcame one cannot help admiring Washington's manliness and courage. When he was only sixteen years of age he took his first long trip with a surveying party, the trip lasting for three years; and although the work was exceptionally exacting he did not hesitate to do his full duty. When he was twenty-one years of

age he was sent with a message to a French post six hundred miles away. This was certainly a severe test of his character and ability. After narrowly escaping drowning he found his way through a trackless forest into a land occupied by hostile Indians, where he accomplished his mission successfully. During the next twenty years it seemed as if every possible hardship was placed before him, and the obstacles he overcame would have discouraged many a man with less staunchness of character; yet, through all of that trying period Washington never flinched, never lost heart, and never deviated from the true path of duty as he saw it. — Willis P. Knight, in *The Watchword*.



LINCOLN'S DECLARATION OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE

DR. SCANLON

The particulars of Mr. Lincoln's total abstinence stand, when visited at his home in Springfield, June 19, 1860, by a committee from the convention which named him for the presidential office, are thus detailed by Dr. J. G. Holland:

"Mr. Ashmun, the president of the convention, at the head of the committee, visited Springfield to appraise Mr. Lincoln officially of his nomination. In order that the ceremony might be smoothly performed, the committee had an interview with Mr. Lincoln before the hour appointed for the formal call. They found him at a loss to know how to treat a present he had just received at the hands of some of his considerate Springfield friends. Knowing Mr. Lincoln's temperate, or rather abstinent habits, and laboring under the impression that the visitors from Chicago would have wants beyond the power of cold water to satisfy, these friends had sent in sundry hampers of wines and liquors. These strange fluids troubled Mr. Lincoln, and he frankly confessed as much to the members of the committee. The chairman at once advised him to return

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



.....Faith.....

KITTIE L. BRACKETT

"If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you," Matt. 17:20.

"Without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him," Heb. 11:6.

I did not count the sparrows among my bird friends when I was a child, for I felt that they were too insignificant to notice—just little birds with brownish backs, and white or greyish-white breasts—some of them with spotted breasts, some with plain.

After I commenced to "behold the birds," I found my mistake, for the sparrows are among the most interesting of our bird friends.

Perhaps the one with whom I am best acquainted is the English sparrow. I can easily recognize him, for, unlike the others, he always wears a black bib.

It was early summer when I first made the acquaintance of this little Englishman. We had a little shelf on our back porch on which we kept crumbs for the birds. The first bird to visit this shelf was Mrs. English Sparrow, and she was soon followed by her mate.

After a while, these birds were accompanied by three baby birds—birds which were as yet scarcely able to fly. Every day, after that, the five birds came; and they continued to come all through the winter.

If we forgot to put out the crumbs, the birds would become greatly excited. They would fly around the porch, peeping in at the windows, and trying hard to tell us that we had forgotten them.

I never heard these birds sing, and I don't believe that they ever do. The only thing for which I ever heard them use their voices was to scold at other birds and drive them away from their food and nests. And when they scold, what ugly looking pieces of humanity they are. Every feather stands on end until they look almost twice their natural size.

They do not always fight, as some would have us believe. They fight only during the summer, while they are raising their babies. In the winter, they hop around our porch and yard with the other winter birds, and do not even think of fighting.

Early this spring I saw one of the prettiest sights which I have ever seen.

A small heap of chaff lay on the path in front of our door, and on that heap of chaff were two robins, six juncos, two rusty blackbirds, and my five English sparrows. This strange assortment of summer birds, winter birds, and birds of passage, were feeding together as though they were lifelong friends.

Another of my little sparrow friends is the Vesper sparrow. As I rest in my hammock at the close of a busy day, he sits in the hydrangea bush, not three yards from where I am lying, and sings his beautiful song over and over.

Another little sparrow friend has his home in the maple in our front yard. This is the little Chipping sparrow, and he is well named, for he keeps up a continuous "chip—chip—chip" from morning until night. Sometimes the monotony of it gets on one's nerves, but Mr. Chipping Sparrow is such a friendly little fellow that one cannot dislike him.

In the spring, when I am raking my yard, Mr. and Mrs. Chipping Sparrow hop around almost under the rake. They do not seem to know what the word "fear" means.

They are exceptionally happy, playful birds, and are never idle for a single instant. When they are not playing, they are busy searching for insects, hopping along on the ground, peeping beneath the dead leaves, or scratching in the soft earth with their tiny feet.

I always know the Song sparrow because the spots on his breast are different. In the center of his breast are three large spots, and these are surrounded by smaller spots.

I can also recognize him by his beautiful song, which is made up of the two words "sweetly sweet." At least, that is what it sounds like to me. He is almost as persistent a singer as the Chipping sparrow.

So you see, these birds are interesting after all, if people would only take time to study them, but they do not notice them because they have no bright colors to attract them. Even in Christ's time these birds were thought to be of little worth, and it was from this very worthlessness that Jesus drew a beautiful lesson.

He told the people that the sparrows were worth very little, and yet God remembers and cares for them. Not one of them can fall to the ground without God knowing all about it.

He then went on to say that since this is true, we never need to fear. If God watches over and cares for a worthless

little sparrow, we can be very, very sure that He will watch over and care for us, who are worth far, far more than many sparrows.

What a comforting thought! In sickness, in sorrow, in time of danger, in disappointment, in trial, in temptation, God is always watching over us and caring for us; and nothing can ever harm us without His knowing all about it.

The Sparrows

The dark storm-clouds had covered all the sky;

The wind shrieked past me; angry waves ran high,

And broke upon the rocks with sullen roar:

But, from the thick salt grass along the shore,

A sweet bird trill came softly to my ear—
Above the storm, I caught its message clear:

*"Oh, dark are the clouds above me!
And wild are the winds that blow!
But God is watching o'er me;
He'll care for me, I know."*

*"So I'll sing while the storm is raging,
As happy as though it were still;
For storms cannot harm us sparrows
Unless it's our Father's will."*

The Seaside sparrow taught to me that day

A lesson, which has helped me o'er life's way:

For unto me, must come life's storms, I know:

I can't escape from sorrow, trial, or woe:
But, like the sparrow, I can ever say,
"I know my Father cares for me each day."

Then howe'er hard the trials each day may bring,

Still, like the sparrow, I can sweetly sing;
Because, like him, I know that God is there;

And nought can harm the one who's in His care.

I stood upon a desert, dry and bare,
With burning sands around me everywhere;

There was no sign of any living green
Except where sage and cacti could be seen.

I thought: No living thing can here be found;

But, lo; unto my ear, there came a sound.

It was the small Sage sparrow's song I heard;

I listened wondering unto each word:

*"I can sing in this dry arid region—
I can sing, for my Father is good;
He careth for all of the sparrows,
So I know He will give me my food."*

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Only a Copy

MRS. ROBERT NORRIS

"Gerald Mann has arrived home from abroad where he has been studying art for several years. He has brought to our midst a number of splendid copies of master paintings."

The above announcement appeared in the social column of the local newspaper in a prosperous country town.

The Mann homestead, the home of the artist, was on the outskirts of the town. Here lived the young man's father and mother, who, though they were rather wealthy, lived simple, unpretentious lives.

"It is certainly fine to be with one's own people," remarked Gerald Mann one evening shortly after his arrival, as the little family was gathered about the cheerful dining room fireplace.

"We were lonely for you, son," his father told him earnestly. "You can't imagine how good it seems to have you with us again. Seems like old days when you were a little child and mother and I used to sit before the fire and listen as you told of your school adventures. I suppose since you have become famous you will not be able to spend much of your time with us."

"I have with me a number of pictures and sketches on which I have been able to spend very little time. They are as yet very crude and rough, and will require a great deal of work. I thought I would stay with you for the winter at least, and work on them," said the young man.

"I am very pleased!" exclaimed Mrs. Mann. "It has scarcely seemed as if we had a boy of our own these few years." Laying her hand on her son's arm affectionately, she continued, "It is right, of course, that you should choose the work in life for which you are best suited. I would be sorry indeed to see a talent like yours wasted behind the plow on the farm, Gerald. Nevertheless, I am very thankful you remember your old father and mother."

"Ah! Mother, did you ever fancy I could forget you?" questioned Gerald.

"No, son, I was sure you would not," answered the mother.

"By the way," began the artist, suddenly, "I have a real inspiration about the little creek which runs through our back flats. I'm going to make a picture of that place where we used to swim. Those clumps of willows will work in beautifully. I will give it to you, Mother, for your birthday and call it 'Our Boy's Playground.' Would you like a winter

or summer scene better, Mother?"

"Gerald, your work is all beautiful to me, but I always did prefer the whiteness of winter. The white snow always reminds me of the purity of God," was Mrs. Mann's reply.

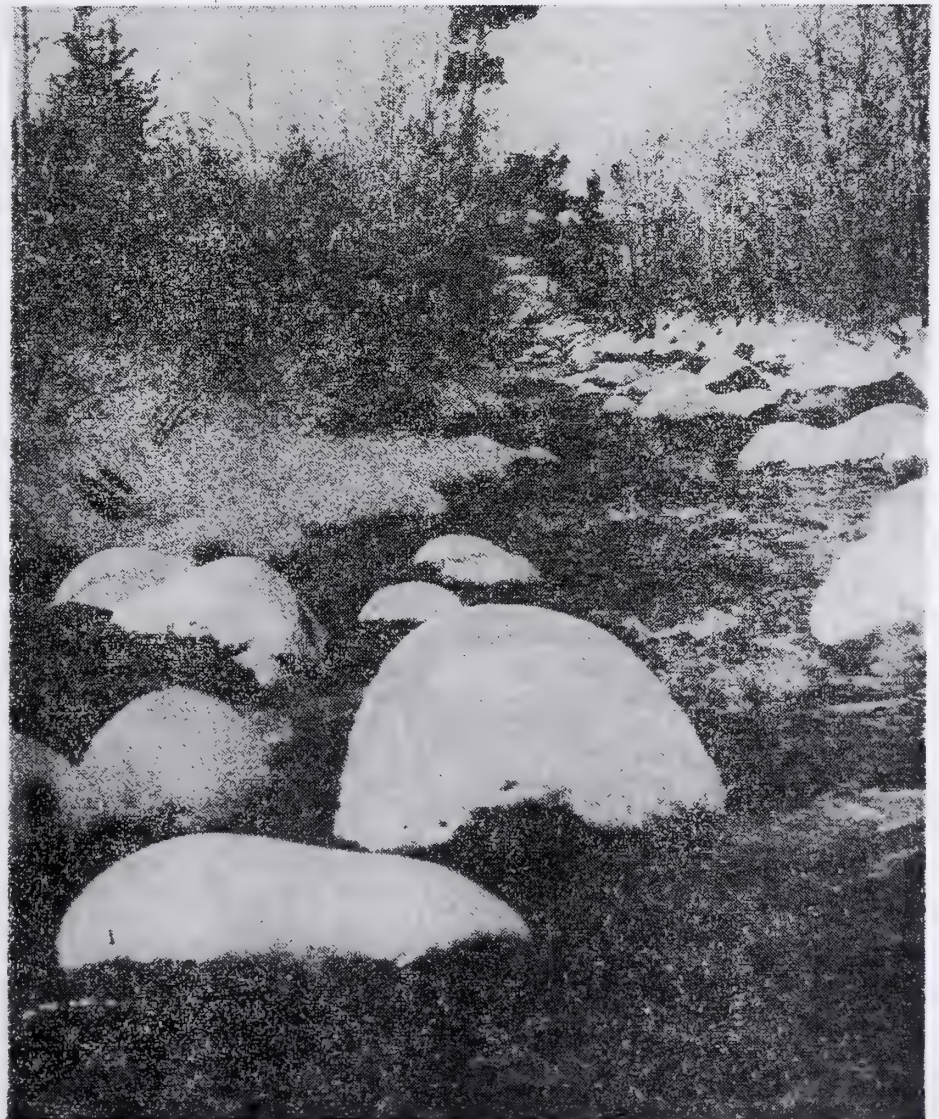
"Of course you haven't changed your belief, Mother. Your reference just now to God, and your mode of life since I have been home prove to me that your faith in a Divine Being is still unshaken. I thought perhaps the letter I wrote to you from Paris would have led you to take a different view on the subject. You didn't argue the point in your reply and I was inclined to believe you agreed with me," said Gerald.

"No, lad, we didn't agree with anything you wrote," returned Mr. Mann. "We didn't discuss the matter in our letters because we saw that you were so

thoroughly convinced that your belief was right that we felt it would be useless for us to attempt to convince you differently. Don't think that we have given your arguments no consideration. We have gone unitedly in prayer every day since that letter arrived, and prayed that the God whom we serve, and in whom we have our hope of eternal life, would not let our precious son remain in the darkness of infidelity."

"I am sorry if I have caused you to worry on account of my apparent unbelief," Gerald said with feeling. "When I went to Europe I was almost sure that a God did exist, but after listening to learned men lecture on the subject, I was soon convinced to the contrary. Why should we believe in a Being whom we have never seen, and whom no one has ever seen? Frankly, I would not believe anything I could not see and understand for myself. We have been told of a Creator who made the world, and all life, and everything that has and does exist. This, to me, is nonsense. Evolution is entirely responsible for our being what we

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Treasured Gleanings

FOR MINISTERS AND CHRISTIAN WORKERS

Not By Subtraction

Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof.—Romans 13:14.

A student, vile of mind, once filled the walls of his "den" at college with evil pictures. And one day when he did not expect her, his mother paid him a visit. She sat in his room and he knew she saw these evil things. Not a word of comment did she offer, but she went to a picture shop and bought the finest likeness she could get of Jesus Christ, and sent it to her son. When next she visited his room, there was not an evil picture in it, but on the wall in solitary grandeur was the big, fine picture of the Savior. "You know, mother," he said in a shamefaced way, "I found the old bad pictures would not go with this one, and so they had to come down and go out." She had solved his problem not by subtraction, but by addition. And so Augustine found it fifteen hundred years ago. "*Thou didst cast out my sins,*" he said, "*by coming in Thyself, Thou greater sweetness.*"—R. H. W. Shepherd.

Christ, the Only Way

A man, wont to rust in his own merit for salvation, dreamed one night that he was occupied with the task of constructing a ladder which was to reach from earth to heaven. Whenever the dreamer did a good deed the ladder went up higher, and occasionally when an extra good act was performed, the progress toward the skies was correspondingly accelerated. So in course of the years the ladder passed out of sight of the earth, clear up into the clouds. But at last when the competent builder was about to step off the topmost round onto the floor of heaven, a voice cried, "He that climbeth up some other way is a thief and a robber!" Down came the ladder with a crash. The startled dreamer awoke. He had learned his lesson. He saw that he must get salvation from Jesus Christ, for his own self-righteousness, inadequate to fulfill the whole law of God, availed not. There is only one way of sure entrance to the fold of God, and that is by the atoning merit of Him who said, "I am the door!"—*Zion's Herald*.

Getting the Mastery of the Devil

A poor old Negro was once a hopeless drunkard, and he tried again and again to get free, and others tried to help him, but he could not get rid of his

drunkenness until he was converted. When he was converted there was a wonderful change; and some one said, "So you have got the mastery of the devil at last?" "No," he said, "but I have got the Master of the devil."—*W. H. Griffith Thomas, in Sunday School Times*.

Beginning at the Wrong End

An old farmer was whining one day: "My—hay—crop—is—a—failure."

Asked a neighbor: "Is your potato crop a failure?"

"No," said the farmer.

"Your oats?"

"No."

"Your corn?"

"Oh, no! Oh, no!"

"Well, neighbor, why not begin with success and thankfulness, and then put your one failure in parenthesis at the other end?"

No answer. Pause for reflection.

Why should not we begin at the right end when we go over our experiences? Why not give God credit for all the good He renders us? Why not forget certain unpleasant things and give our parents and friends credit for all their many kindnesses?—Quoted in *Onward*.

The Tragic Omission

Jesus Christ, the Son of God and the sinner's Friend, should be the theme of every sermon. No other theme will so meet and minister to human needs.

It is said that on one occasion three people went into church to get help. The first was a business man who had failed and was contemplating suicide. The second was a youth of extravagant tastes who, finding his wages insufficient, was planning to steal from his employer. The third was a young woman of gay habits and conduct who had been tempted from the path of virtue. The choir arose and sang an anthem about building the walls of Zion. The minister addressed an eloquent prayer to the Lord, and then preached a sermon on the theme, "Is Mars Inhabited?" and thus the hungry souls that needed bread received stones.

The man committed suicide, the boy stole and landed in the penitentiary, and the woman went home to a life of shame.—*Westminster Teacher's Quarterly*.

She Didn't Believe It

When Dr. Massee's daughter was small,

attending a school in Brooklyn, her teacher said one day, "there was no doubt at all but that the moon was made of green cheese." She further explained that this was due to a "chemical reaction." Dr. Massee's daughter told her father, "I told her I didn't believe it, that it wasn't in the Bible and I'd prove it."

She then asked her daddy to help her win her point; but he told her to study her Bible and try to figure it out herself, for he was too busy to help her that evening. The next morning he had planned to help her, but she left for school without his help. All day he wondered how she got along with her teacher; so when she came home that evening he was interested to hear her explain. "I got down my Bible as you told me and found where it said that the moon was made on the fourth day and cows were not made until the sixth day, so I asked the teacher how the moon could be made of green cheese when there wasn't any milk to make it of."—*Christian Victory*.

Do You Love Jesus?

The decorators were in the home of young Sam, painting the kitchen, a young man, and a burly man. Sam had been taught to know Jesus and, though only five, he loved his Lord with all the strength of a little boy's soul.

"Mother," he questioned, "does that man love Jesus?"

"I don't know, dear," Mother replied, "I hope so, though. It would be a pity if he were lost."

An hour elapsed and Sam, who had peeked into the kitchen several times, came to Mother and asked, "Shall I ask him if he loves Jesus, Mother?"

"If you think you should, dear," she answered.

Sam was shy and it took him quite a little while to master enough courage to go into the kitchen, but he did, and stood watching the young man a long time, not speaking. Presently the man said, "What's up, little one? Want to learn to paint?"

"No," said Sam, "but I want to know if you love Jesus Christ, Mister?"

"Mister" looked somewhat taken aback. His face flushed, and he said, "Indeed I do, little fellow, but I'm not as brave as you and sometimes don't mention it."

Before the kitchen was painted, the young decorator, shamed by the boldness of a little child, had put the same question to his mate, who did not know Christ, and thereby gave himself an opportunity of helping a soul.

How soon the world would be led to Christ, if every one were as anxious about the other as was little Sam.—*Publisher Unknown*.



Patriotism at B. T. S. and College

WHY I AM INDEBTED TO AMERICA

By Vessie D. Hargrave

The predominant reason that induced the settling of Plymouth and Jamestown in the New World was religious freedom. Our forefathers faced the tempestuous Atlantic in small, unseaworthy vessels in order to be recipients of this liberty. Intolerance and religious oppressions had driven them from their homes and loved ones; however, it caused the habitation of uncivilized shores, which later became, and now is, the greatest land for religious freedom in the world. The pilgrims were harbingers of the religious principles which America enjoys today.

The year after they had landed on these unknown shores their first crop had been successful, although it had been a difficult one to raise. I can see the father, with a gun on his shoulder, the mother, and the children going to church. A day was set aside for praise and thanksgiving to God who had protected and supplied their needs through this eventful year. That was the spirit of our forefathers who established our democracy.

In a few decades these liberty-loving, stalwart, and sacrificial people were being oppressed again by the iron heel of the mother country. This brought the great statements contained in the Declaration of Independence, which I quote, "All men are created equal; they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men . . . We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in a general congress assembled appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states—And, for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." These words were penned by true Americans.

These notable men, who founded a nation's government upon Biblical principles, are worthy of our esteem and admiration. They were Christian men, good men, and intellectual men. They adopted the Bill of Rights which says,

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press."

In view of these exceptional features

of our nation, I feel a sacred obligation rests upon me to promote, respect, and even defend such a wonderful country. It is true that I owe allegiance to the flag, "Old Glory," because it is repre-

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Realizing their responsibility to their country, the college students of the Bible Training School pause on the way to classes and form a V, symbolic of their hopes and aspirations, not only for a war-torn world, but for their individual lives in the world. The following articles written by members of the English Composition Class reflect the deep sense of duty felt by these young patriots, which portrays the significance of the Junior College in the war effort.

A thunderous applause sounded and resounded through the Bible Training School auditorium on the night of Dec. 7 as a gigantic **V** for victory was flashed before an enthusiastic audience assembled for the Victory program in commemoration of Pearl Harbor. Then, Uncle Sam, Master of Ceremonies, in the person of Clifford Bridges, directed the audience in singing our national anthem, at the close of which the curtains were drawn for the first play, "V as in Victory." It was a timely drama set forty miles from Berlin in a darkened cellar room with the high pitch sound of a wireless tapping out—dot, dot, dot, dash! Here are four people staging a fight for victory over a German freedom broadcasting station, but they are discovered by Gestapo agents and are about to go out and face the inevitable consequences when they hear the sound of bombers overhead—American bombers on their way to Berlin.

This play was followed by the Girls' Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Colleen Huff, singing "Army Air Corps" and "Anchors Aweigh," dedicated to ex-students and Sevier county boys in the Air Corps and Navy. A tribute was paid to all boys in service by R. E. Creswell, commander of the local American Legion Post. The Boys' Glee Club, directed by Miss Mary Elsie Blackwood, sang "The Marine's Hymn" and "The Cassions Go Rolling Along," after which they were joined by the girls in singing "Remember Pearl Harbor." Beatrice Coley spoke on "Victory for What?—Brotherhood!" In a tableau featuring the Statue of Liberty, the audience was reminded of those who have given their lives in order that our liberty might be preserved. The program was concluded with the drama, "This Night Shall Pass." The scene was laid on a hilltop in the midst of a ruined city. It was the story of all mankind—of fear, of hate, of greed, and finally, of love which conquered the baser emotions which had embittered the victims of war.



The Men of Tomorrow

By DEAN C. DUTTON, in *Quests and Conquests*

(Continued from last issue)

The Father's Contribution in Building "The Men of Tomorrow"

What is a father's contribution in "The Building of the Men of Tomorrow"? Provide food? Oh yes, but that is incidental. The place of the father in this program is to be a model and pattern for this boy. A father should be the kind of a man he wishes his son to become.

Preaching and lecturing will make little impression, but a true, fine, kind, gracious life lived before that boy for twenty years will do more than all the talking and lecturing a father may do. It is living the life that counts.

What is the greatest moment in a woman's life? Is it when she stands in the moonlight and receives the betrothal kiss? That is sweet, but not then. Is it when she hears the sacred words pronounced making her the wife of this good lover man? Great as that is—not then. Is it when she has a squirming little life next to her bosom and feels the thrill that comes when those velvety hands clutch into her flesh—is that the greatest moment in her life? Very wonderful that, but not then—not then.

It is when her precious boy, innocent and pure as a drop of dew, stands before her just emerging from boyhood into young manhood; one hand on one shoulder and the other hand on the other, her eyes moist with tears, she says, "Son, have you noticed your daddy; what a wonderful man he is; how kind, tender, considerate, true, pure and towering? Son, if you will only become a man like your father is I will be the happiest woman in the world."

When this fine boy who has so clung to her must be broken as he moves up into manhood, then for her to be able to retrellace that life to the life of a noble father is the supreme hour of a woman's life. When she comes to the assurance that her boy is safe then she is happy. When a father is all a great man may be as a model and pattern for the boy—then he is making his real contribution to the making of that man of tomorrow.

A Pedigreed Daddy

In too many instances men take more interest in their stock than in their boys. There was a home where there was a restless, growing boy. In the night the boy got to threshing about and needed the bed clothing readjusted. So the wife said, "John, you had better get up and fix the boy's bed clothing." The man said, "Aw, let him learn to take care of

himself," and turned over and went on sleeping. Pretty soon the restlessness was repeated and the request of the wife for the father to get up and care for the boy was met with a like response as at first and the man snoozed on.

Presently there was a disturbance at the barn. The man quickly got up, dressed, went out and found his blooded calf out in the lot, having broken out. The man got the calf back in the stable, fed and bedded it down good and after an hour or so went back in and went to bed.

The next morning the wife kept turning over in her mind why her man so quickly and readily got up to care for the calf when he refused to cover up his boy. Finally the matter cleared up in her mind as she happened to think that the calf had a pedigreed daddy.

The time is here when we need high bred fathers as well as blooded stock. Men should know that the father's greatest responsibility is to be the model and pattern for the boy.

But how many instances the father shirks the responsibility of training his child and leaves it to the mother. He becomes so engrossed in business that he becomes its slave. It is a great thing to make money. Business men ought to make more money. You business men should plan to be the greatest business men possible; but while you are becoming captains of industry, be careful that in getting money, you do not let money get you. I sometimes think that Americans are caught these days, by money, like they catch monkeys in the south. When a batch of monkeys is wanted for a menagerie or a circus, they drive stakes into the ground close together in front of the jungles, and place cocoanuts in front of those stakes. The monkeys come down out of the trees hungry for cocoanuts. They reach through and grab a coconut, and are bound to have that coconut. They can't pull the coconut through between the stakes, but still they cling to the coconut, and so instead of the monkey getting the coconut, the coconut gets the monkey. So coconut, monkey and all are carried off by the bushel and the menagerie is filled. So business men these days are reaching their hands through the commercial lattice work, grabbing for dollars, eager for dollars, everlastingly reaching for more dollars, and almost before they are aware of it, dollars get them instead of their getting the dollars.

I knew a local preacher one time

who asked his pastor to quit asking him to pray in public. He said, "Pastor, when I get down on my knees to pray, now mind you, while I am praying, very often I am wondering whether hogs would fatten better on a plank floor or on the ground." I submit this to you, ladies and gentlemen, whether or not this is a case where money has got the man, instead of the man getting the money. For the sake of my country's Flag, and for the flags of the world, I plead with you to be bigger than the dollar, and recognize the high service that you can render your country by taking time to mould and fashion your boys for mighty leadership.

I despise a business hypocrite. I despise a church hypocrite even more; but of all the hypocrites in the world, the home hypocrite is the worst. When a father is untrue before his growing sons, it is a crime indeed.

The Hypocrite and the Drunk

One time there was a drunk man who went down the street with about three sheets to the wind. He said to himself, "This is Sunday night, and I ought to go to church. I haven't been in church for sometime, and I would scarcely know myself, if I should meet myself there. But I ought to go. I am awfully drunk, but I believe I ought to go to church just the same. Where had I better go? I don't dare to go where my wife and family are for they are decent folks, and I wouldn't feel at home, and I would make them feel bad, too, and I suppose I better not go there." So he wondered and pondered, trying to make up his mind where he would go to church that night, and all at once he said, "I know where I will go. I will go where that old deacon goes that is such a hypocrite. They say he is so crooked that he can't lie straight in bed; as crooked as a horse's hind leg in his business, and they say they have to screw his shirt on to get it on, he is so crooked. If I could just find that old deacon sitting alone in the pew, and I could sit down with him, I would feel perfectly at home. I am a drunk and he is a hypocrite—two of a kind." So the drunk fellow went on down the street, came to the church he knew the old hypocrite deacon attended, and peeped in, and lo and behold! there was the deacon sitting alone, three seats from the front. He said, "Whoop-ee, here is my chance," and in he started, made his way down the aisle and sort of threw himself into the deacon's pew. The old deacon peeled his eye around with utter disgust, as much as to say, "You old scoundrel, what are you doing here?" But the drunk fellow only exchanged looks and kept quiet, awaiting developments. Presently the minister came to an

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Letters From Our Training Camps

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a soldier boy and have been in service for about four months. I read the Lighted Pathway and enjoy it very much. I am a Christian boy but haven't received the baptism of the Holy Ghost yet. Pray for me that I will get the full blessing that God has for me. I would enjoy hearing from anyone.—Pvt. Roy F. McNott, U.S.A. 21 St. Ferrying Squadron, T.C.B. School, Presidio of San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I wish to express my appreciation for each letter received, as they were inspiring and very helpful. I will be unable to answer all of them and I would like for the ones that have written me to know that I appreciate each letter so much and may God bless each writer.

I have been in the service nine months and find that our Lord is able to keep one in an army camp as well as elsewhere. Isa. 41:13, "For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee."—Pvt. Robert H. Cain, C.A.S.C. 1927, Presidio of San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Mrs. Harrison:

I sometimes shudder when I hear and see things taking place that are ungodly. I am a sinner myself but I once had the blessings of the Lord in my heart. I feel as though I am still protected by the precious hand of God, and I have a great desire to once more let God take me into His blessed care and keeping. I have a desire to work for God and spread His wonderful prophecies throughout the world. I have the blessed Word of God, which I consider very precious to me and I often read its contents, but the words of prayer through faith is what I depend on.

I have a wonderful Christian home and I know they are all praying for me. I can feel the effects and have the consolation of knowing that prayers each and every day are ascending to the heavenly throne for me. Please pray that I will once more return to the fold of God and be one of His precious few. — Cpl. N. W. Cook, S. M. D. T. Co. "A," 4th Platoon, Fitzsimons General Hospital, Denver, Colo.

Dear Sister Harrison:

The letters I have received in answer to the one you printed for me in the Lighted Pathway have given me much encouragement. I wish to thank each one personally, who have written to me.

You have been a great blessing to me and I wish that it could be possible for

me to be as great a blessing to others. Do pray for me that I will stand true to Jesus. — Pfc. John H. Murray, Co. K, 339th Inf., U. S. Army, Camp Shelby, Miss.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I wish to express my gratitude to you and the people who have contributed to the fund for sending Lighted Pathways to the army camps. We have received copies for November and December and certainly appreciate them. I have placed these papers in our service club and post chapel, with the prayer that they will be a blessing to my fellow soldiers.

I wish to express my thanks for all the nice encouraging letters I received from Christians everywhere. Please pray for me that I will be able to stand the trials and temptations until Jesus comes to gather us home. May God continue to bless you all in your good work.—Ottis Moore, Asn. 35135317, Co. G, 325th Gl. Inf. 82nd. A/B Div. A.P.O. 468, Ft. Bragg, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have been reading the Lighted Pathway for a few months and enjoy it very much. I don't think any papers are coming to this camp. A boy in California gave me a copy each month and I certainly did appreciate it.

I am a soldier in the army and need the prayers of all Christian people. I was saved in September, three months after entering the service. Do pray that I will continue in the Lord's work and be a blessing to the boys in camp. I realize we need to pray more one for another.

I would enjoy hearing from any boy in service and will answer any card or letter. I have found a few Christians in the camps I have been in and it has been a blessing to me. Please pray for me.—Pfc. T. C. Cothorn, 985th Ord. Hv. Maint. Co. (Q), Camp Atterbury, Ind.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. I am a soldier in the service of our country but most of all I am proud to be a soldier of the cross. I gave my heart to God in April 1939, in a Church of God revival in Homerville, Ga., and have found Him real to my soul in many dark hours. Some people say we can't live a Christian life in the army, but oh, how we need to let our lights shine in this dark hour. I want to be true to my Lord the last mile of the way and then go home to be with Him forever. With the help and grace of God and the prayers of a godly wife, I am pressing on in His

love.—Pvt. James W. Sapp, Co. B, 30th Med. Reg., U. S. Army, Camp Berkeley, Tex.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Many thanks to you for the Lighted Pathways I have received for the last three months. I distribute them among my comrades. They enjoy reading them, too.

I am enclosing one dollar as an offering to help the progress of your work. Many thanks to you again. May God bless.—Pfc. L. D. Gentry, Station Hospital, Camp Stewart, Ga.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have felt impressed to let all the Church of God boys that are subject to induction through this reception center know that I am here and that I am ready to help and encourage them if possible.

I am in Barracks No. 10 of the Reception Center. I will be glad for all of the recruits passing through to drop in and see me. God only knows the encouragement that I might be to someone who has just been severed from the ones he loves best on earth. Boys, I've trod the road ahead, so maybe I can tell you some little things that will lighten your load. If so, God be thanked. Please give me a chance to help you.—Pfc. Doyle S. McCoy, Hq. Co., Recp. Cen., Ft Sill, Okla., U. S. Army.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a member of the Riverside Church of God, Atlanta, Ga. I am now in the army and a long way from my church and home.

I thank my God that I am saved, sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost. We have a good chaplain here.

Sister Ollie Hill sends me a roll of Lighted Pathways each month. I surely enjoy reading the paper very much, for it gives me new courage and strength.

I would like for the praying people everywhere to remember me in their prayers. I am looking for Jesus to come for His people soon. Let us all pray for world peace. I am praying that God will continue to bless you and your work.—Pfc. Edwin G. Gilstrap, Hq. & Hq. 6 Air Force S/c, A.P.O. 825, c/o Postmaster, New Orleans, La.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am in the army at Fort Jackson, S. C., and I find great relaxation in your magazine, the Lighted Pathway.

I have been a Christian and a member of the Church of God since August and I honor the true worship which is strict-

(Continued on page 24)



Why I Am Glad I'm an American

M. M. MORTENSON, Pastor, Decatur, Ala.

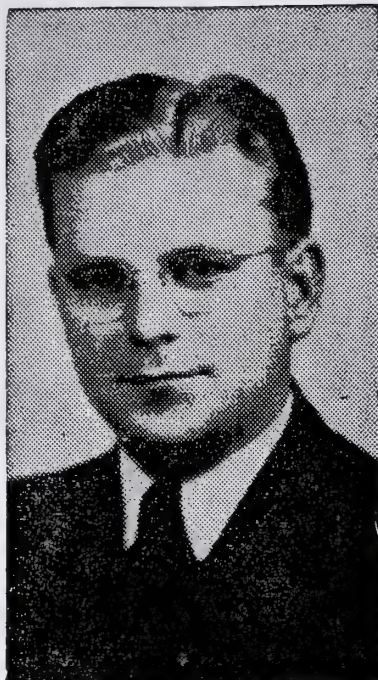
I was born in America of Norwegian parentage, but every crimson drop of blood in my body says with profound gratitude, "I'M GLAD I'M AN AMERICAN!"

Why I am glad I am an American begins with early American history. Deep in the hearts of a small group of people in England was an undaunted courage and bravery which sent them forth toward a vast unknown world, where they could worship God unmolested according to the dictates of their conscience. Thank God for our Pilgrim Fathers who made this courageous venture of faith because of their love for God and an unbounded determination to serve Him supremely.

I am glad I'm an American, a citizen of a nation whose laws were founded on the principles of Christian faith, with such unsurpassed leadership as Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, Monroe, Jay, Franklin, Lee, Cleveland, Wilson, Webster, Jackson and Lincoln, naming only a few of our giant statesmen, not to mention even a few names from that long list who have led us up the roads of industry, education and culture. A nation blest by the mighty God-anointed ministry of such men as Phillips Brooks, Henry Ward Beecher, Bishop Simpson, Asbury, Horace Bushnell, Jonathan Edwards, Charles G. Finney, Peter Cartwright, T. De Witt, and Dwight L. Moody, along with many others who faithfully preached the Gospel of good tidings.

I am glad I'm an American these days of GLOBAL WAR. My church doors are not padlocked, its windows are not covered with boards and its pews dust covered as they are in Rumania. My heart is not sickened by the view of what was once my church but is now a twisted mass of steel, a pile of bricks, or a heap of ashes as the people in England have been forced to see. Women and children are not here wounded or blown to their deaths by deadly bombs dropped indiscriminately and unmercifully from the planes of the enemies of the beneficent God of all this universe.

I am glad I'm an American because of her government, a government that is answerable to the people. No Gestapo stalks this land. There are no firing squads here leading innocent, helpless victims forth before dawn to face death without just trial. I enjoy a standing as an American citizen surpassing citizens



of any other country. Our government is next to that government which shall be in vogue when our Lover-Lord reigns as King of kings and Lord of lords.

I am glad I'm an American because of her internationally envied institutions of learning which give every child a fair chance in life. All a person needs to do in America is apply oneself. Doors of education are open to all the sons and daughters of even the poorest homes. "Log cabin to White House" is still a valid tradition among us. Here are libraries, laboratories and newspapers where men may find facts. These afore-said things can not be said of many other lands.

I am glad I'm an American, therefore I have had and have a HOME, MY HOME, with parents united in the holy LOVE-BONDS OF PERMANENT MATRIMONY. As a child I remember my godly father's prayers and tears at family worship. My mother's love, Christian songs and lullabies are precious, indelible memories. The commemorations of Christ's birth, life, death, and resurrection and the anticipation of His glorious return in the clouds as He went away, these were mine as a child. They are mine today and I faithfully pass them to my children because I am a Christian American.

I am glad I'm an American because of America's greatness in history, territory, resources, men strength and

achievements, which have led the world in every phase of venture and adventure. America is now leading the world in discoveries which are helping win this war, (discoveries which can not now be revealed) and will be useful in postwar days, because of America's graciousness in sharing her wealth, scientific discoveries and medical triumphs with ALL (Japanese, Germans, Russians, Chinese) MANKIND, because of America's rich blood stream made so by the best characteristics out of every nation on earth. To America have come those who sought freedom, loved liberty and willingly made every necessary sacrifice to build enduring ideals. No matter what ancestry, these immigrants from all nations, majoritively speaking, are loyal to the American way of life.

I am glad I'm an American because of the freedom of America's conscience and worship. Because I am an American I may experience one or all experiences taught in the Scriptures. Even the Baptism with the Holy Ghost, with His incoming evidence, the speaking in other or unknown tongues (languages) as the Spirit gives utterance. See Acts 2:4-16, 33,37-41; Acts 10:1-48; Acts 19:1-6; 1 Cor. 14:1-40; Ephesians 5:18. "Be filled with the spirit." The ministry of my Church may preach the reality of this experience and witness hungry men and women receiving this latter rain of the Spirit unmolested. GLORY AND PRAISE BE TO GOD!

I am glad I'm an American because of the traditions which distinguish her as being unparalleled among the nations of earth. First, the Mayflower Compact, then the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, Wilson's Fourteen Points and Roosevelt's Four Freedoms. These are the recorded desires and fixed purposes of American democracy. I am extremely happy to be a citizen of so great a commonwealth.

I am glad I'm an American because here I was given Christ. Here the Gospel was preached to me. Here the Lord Christ was lifted up before me and here devout Christians prayed for me until my God-given prerogative of choice said, "Give me JESUS." Here I became a member of the Church of God. In America, Hitler is not my Saviour, race is not my God, "Mein Kampf" is not my Bible.—Jehovah, the God above all gods, is my GOD, Jesus Christ, fairest of ten thousand, is my all-sufficient Saviour and God's Word is my BIBLE.

I shall always be thankful to God that His infinite grace gave birth to me in America, and again I say from the bottom of my heart with gratifying reasons INESTIMABLE, "I AM GLAD I'M AN AMERICAN!"



Reading Circle



RECOMMENDED BOOKS FOR YOUR LIBRARY

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Fanny Crosby, by J. Reginald Casswell. Price 75c.

John Bunyan, by J. J. Ellis. Price 75c.

Ann H. Judson, by E. R. Pitman. Price 75c.

The Modern Girl's Problems, by Mary S. Wood. Price 50c.

FOR THE PREACHER'S LIBRARY

Spurgeon's Sermon Notes, by David Otis Fuller, D. D. Price \$1.95.

God Runs My Business, by Albert W. Lorimer. Price \$1.00.

How to Win Friends and Influence People, by Dale Carnegie. Price \$1.95.

The Pastor's Legal Adviser, by Norton F. Brand and Verner M. Ingram. Price \$2.00.

With Signs Following, by Stanley H. Frodsham. Price \$1.00.

FOR BIBLE READERS

Story of the Gospel, by Charles Foster. Price \$1.25.

Picture Story Life of Christ, by Elsie Egermeier. Price \$2.00.

Illustrated Story of Jesus, by Rev. Jesse Lyman Hurlbut, D.D. Price \$2.00.

FICTION

Together for Good, by Ann Harvey. Price \$1.00.

One More Year, by Bertha B. Moore. Price \$1.00.

Though He Slay Me, by Ella M. Noller. Price \$1.00.

To These Also, by Bertha B. Moore. Price \$1.00.

Under Whose Wings, by Zenobia Bird. Price \$1.00.

At the Crossroads, by Minnie E. Ludwig. Price \$1.00.

The Vision, by Paul Hutchens. Price \$1.00.

Sally Jo, by Zenobia Bird. Price \$1.00.

The Return of the Tide, by Zenobia Bird. Price \$1.00.

Faith never gets out of sight of her God, though mountains and clouds and feeling and doubts and fears and circumstances and devils may try to hide Him from her. She can see through them all and see Him holding out His hands to her.



"This little Book I'd rather own,
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone,
Than all their diadems."

BIBLE READINGS FOR FEBRUARY

	Morning	Evening
Feb. 1	Ex. 13-14	Mark 3
Feb. 2	Ex. 15-16	Mark 4
Feb. 3	Ex. 17-18	Mark 5
Feb. 4	Ex. 19-20	Mark 6
Feb. 5	Ex. 21-22	Mark 7
Feb. 6	Ex. 23-24	Mark 8
Feb. 7	Ex. 25-26	Mark 9
Feb. 8	Ex. 27-28	Mark 10
Feb. 9	Ex. 29-30	Mark 11
Feb. 10	Ex. 31-32	Mark 12
Feb. 11	Ex. 33-34	Mark 13
Feb. 12	Ex. 35-36	Mark 14
Feb. 13	Ex. 37-38	Mark 15
Feb. 14	Ex. 39-40	Mark 16
Feb. 15	Lev. 1-2 Lk. 1 to v. 38	
Feb. 16	Lev. 3-4 Lk. 1 v. 39 to 2	
Feb. 17	Lev. 5-6	Luke 3
Feb. 18	Lev. 7-8	Luke 4
Feb. 19	Lev. 9-10	Luke 5
Feb. 20	Lev. 11-12	Luke 6
Feb. 21	Lev. 13	Luke 7
Feb. 22	Lev. 14	Luke 8
Feb. 23	Lev. 15-16	Luke 9
Feb. 24	Lev. 17-18	Luke 10
Feb. 25	Lev. 19-20	Luke 11
Feb. 26	Lev. 21-22	Luke 12
Feb. 27	Lev. 23-24	Luke 13
Feb. 28	Lev. 25-27	Luke 14-15

LIGHTED PATHWAY RATING

	Sold for Jan.	Total
Alabama	1,961	9,486
Arizona	56	294
Arkansas	526	2,505
California	348	1,799
Canada	84	470
From Sept. to Dec.	386	
Colorado		37
Delaware	182	810
Foreign	228	931
Florida	2,013	10,300
Georgia	5,825	24,533
Idaho	140	581
Illinois	1,937	6,544

Indiana	179	958
Iowa	146	594
Kansas	196	998
Kentucky	1,480	7,437
Louisiana	378	2,422
Maine	132	524
Maryland	630	2,629
Massachusetts	56	202
Michigan	731	2,755
Mississippi	572	2,806
Minnesota	42	384
Missouri	530	2,217
Montana	140	644
Nebraska	14	84
New Jersey	140	490
New York	84	292
New Mexico	63	434
North Carolina	4,850	22,974
North Dakota	384	2,506
Ohio	929	5,133
Oklahoma	231	1,544
Oregon	140	814
Pennsylvania	621	3,339
South Carolina	9,251	41,342
South Dakota	112	460
Tennessee	2,417	11,381
Texas	1,121	10,868
Virginia	1,656	6,929
Washington	213	951
Washington, D. C.	238	630
West Virginia	1,610	8,271
Wyoming	14	112

42,600 201,414

The Amount Sent from Each State to the Fund for Sending Lighted Pathways to Soldiers

Illinois	\$11.30
Georgia	10.10
South Carolina	9.00
North Carolina	8.45
West Virginia	7.00
Washington, D. C.	7.00
Virginia	6.00
Maryland	5.00
California	3.45
Texas	2.40
Mississippi	2.25
Missouri	2.00
Pennsylvania	1.00
Michigan	1.00
Maine	1.00
Florida	1.00
Delaware	.70
Alabama	.25

DECEMBER PRIZE WINNER

Mrs. Ollie Hill, Riverside, Ga., is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5.00 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

HONOR ROLL

V. B. Ellis, Greenville, S. C.
Edwin M. Mortenson, Columbia, S. C.
Mae Couch, Fort Mill, S. C.
Mrs. Francis Hobbs, Thomaston, Ga.
T. J. Collins, Ninety Six, S. C.
Claude M. Beam, Lindale, Ga.



A Question of Standards

Nellie L. Harrington

"Oh, dear," sighed Joyce Adams, "it just is not fair!"

"What's the matter now, sis?" questioned her twin brother, James. "Somebody broke your dollie, or upset your playhouse?" and he tweaked her ear playfully.

Usually Joyce was ready to respond to her brother's raillery, but not this time. Woe was definitely registered on the face she turned toward him.

"There's just two sets of twins in our high school," she began.

"Ho, I've known that for a long time," he broke in jeeringly. "The Adams and the Downs. What's new or gloomy about that?"

"Why, this. George and Helen Downs are going to Bethel College, and—James and Joyce Adams are staying at home," she announced dramatically.

The boy looked puzzled. "Well, what else did you expect?" he asked. "At least so far as we are concerned. Dad can't afford to send us both. We talked that all out last spring. Mother's hospital and doctor bills have to be met. I'd give up college any day in favor of mother."

"Oh, yes, so would I," declared Joyce, "but Mrs. Downs was sick, too, but that doesn't seem to make any difference to the twins. They're going to get ahead of us," replied Joyce discontentedly.

James whistled. "Oh, I see, sis, you're plain jealous. That won't do. You'll have to repent of that. We can't shape our lives by the Downs' pattern! What's come over you? I never heard you talk like this before."

"I—I—guess—I'm tired," the girl admitted. "All summer I've not had a thing to look forward to. You have been working down at Western Union, and getting a little money every week."

"And a chance to learn, too," said James proudly. "But I don't know what mother would have done without you."

"Maybe so, but I'm not getting anywhere," Joyce protested. "Cooking and cleaning and washing dishes—over and over and over, every day and every day! Just a treadmill life, that's what it is!"

"Aren't you learning to be what the poets used to call the 'queen of the home'?" he said half playfully.

"Queen nothing!" viciously. "More like the 'household drudge,' if you ask me."

"Oh, sis, forget about it. Everybody has to meet hard things once in a while. Every job is work! It isn't all the same kind, but there's drudgery, I think, in anything, if you are a mind to look on that side of it. But where do Helen and George Downs fit into this, I'd like to

know?"

"They don't really, I suppose," admitted Joyce, "but I couldn't help thinking, when I heard today that they were going to college, that they are not one bit smarter than we are, and—we can't go. I still say that it isn't fair!"

"Did Helen tell you?" asked James slowly.

"No, I haven't seen Helen for a long time," said Joyce. "She used to be in my Sunday School class when they lived in this part of town. I don't believe I've seen her since commencement," Joyce answered slowly.

"Don't judge too hastily, Joyce," James said earnestly. "At any rate, it is none of our affair. Our work is cut out for us. Mother will appreciate your help in the home even though she is better, and Dad needs the money I can earn. I'm going to pay all of my own way in a little while. My boss says I'm learning fast."

"I'd feel better if I could see any future in my work," said Joyce as she sighed.

"Future! Who's talking about the future?" questioned a gay voice from the step. "I came just in time to catch that last phrase."

"Helen Downs!" exclaimed Joyce. "Come up here and sit down," and she made room in the porch swing.

"I'll have to go to work," James said. "My schedule was changed today," and mounting his bicycle he rode away.

"Sure enough, Joyce, what were you saying about a future?" asked Helen after the first excitement was over.

"Nothing much," confessed Joyce. "I guess I was a bit grouchy! That was all. It seems that I have to stay at home and help mother, and it all is so futile. Housework has to be done over and over again, every day, and every week. I was telling James that I'd feel better if I could see any future in my work."

Helen nodded. "I began to feel the same way the first part of the summer, but did you know that I went to camp meeting?"

"No, did you?" Joyce asked interestedly.

"M-mh. In fact, I haven't been home very long. It was late in the summer. And, Joyce, I met the Lord."

"Oh." Joyce did not quite know what answer was expected of her. But Helen went on unnoticed. "Yes, it was a wonderful experience, and George was converted, too. It has made such a change in our outlook on life. I had been rather wrapped up in myself. I thought of everything in relation to Helen Downs,

but not any more. My future is in the Lord's hands."

Joyce felt uncomfortable. Her conscience was tormenting her for being jealous of this girl. It was plain to be seen that Helen had really met with something that had changed her.

"Does that include college?" Joyce felt impelled to ask.

"Yes, it does, Joyce, and that is what I came to see you about. I feel that the Lord wants me in mission work, and that means more education than a high school provides."

"O Helen," breathed Joyce. She had always felt the lure of the mission field. Her thoughts flew to the various missionary projects her Sunday School class had carried through. Now Helen was called. Magically her resentment melted.

"As I remember," Helen was going on, "when we were in the same Sunday School class you used to be interested in missions."

"Oh, I was, and I still am," insisted Joyce. "I have my very own missionary correspondent now. She is in Africa. Just a little while ago we sent a box of seeds—flower and vegetable—to her. The other girls in the class helped on that."

"Why did you do that?" asked Helen blankly.

"She likes to dabble in a bit of gardening as a health project," explained Joyce. "If the seeds grow it gives them a touch of home, and it makes a variety. Are you going to Africa?" Joyce asked eagerly.

"I am not sure of that," Helen answered. "I just feel sure that the Lord has work for me to do, and I'll let Him choose the field. My business is to prepare. Don't you want to go to college, too, Joyce?" came the eager question.

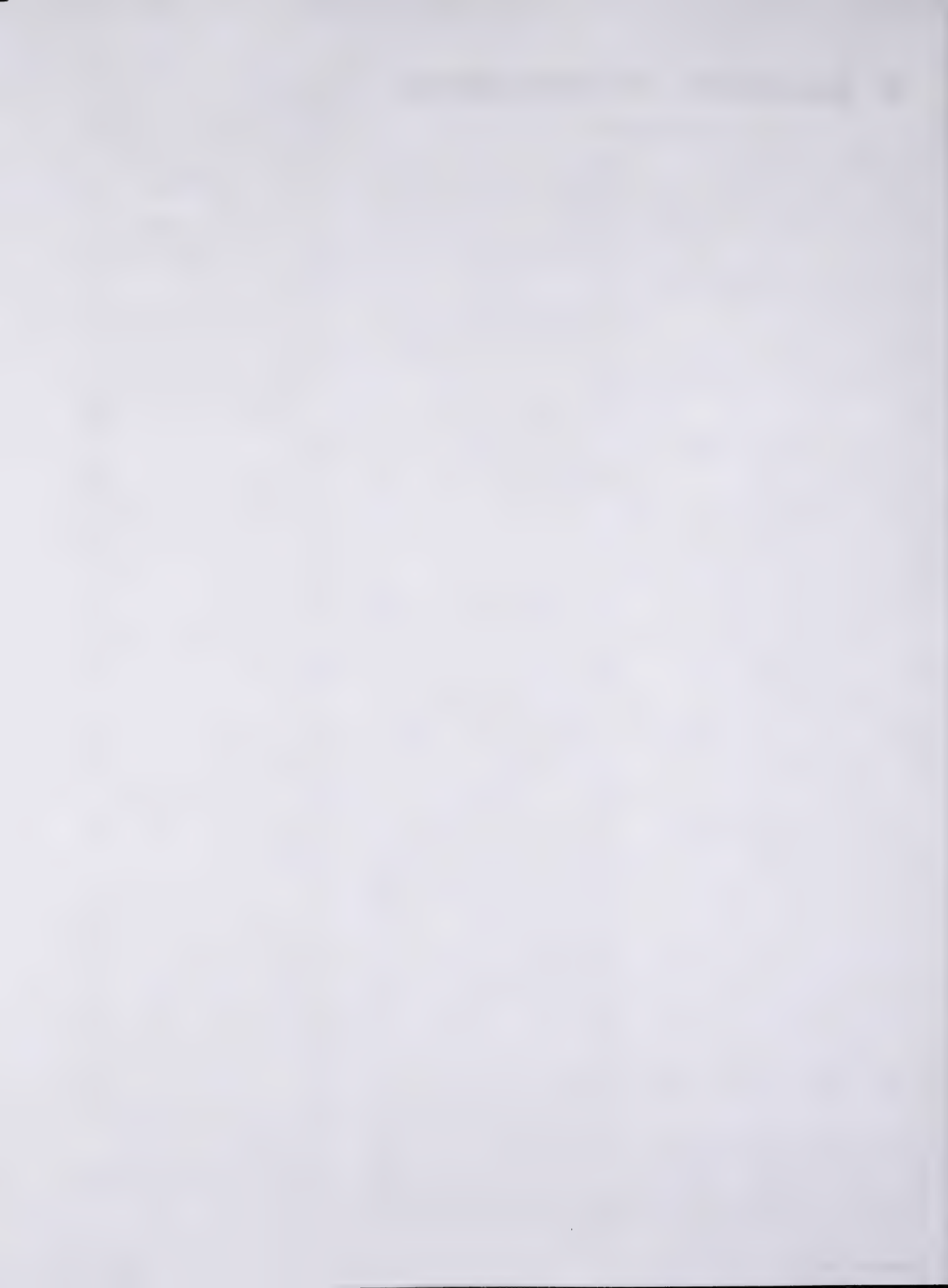
"I? College? I'd love to, but it's out of the question," and a bit of the stiffness returned to Joyce's manner. The unfairness still rankled.

"I hoped your mother was enough better so she could spare you," Helen said. "You see, we have an aunt who has—well, more money than she needs. She never married and some day my father will probably inherit all her property anyway. She has decided to spend some of it while she is here. She wants to send us—George and me—to Bethel College this year. But George has other plans. He can't get the courses he'd like to take at Bethel, and he can get exactly what he wants in a place where boys work and learn at the same time. So I begged Auntie to let me take a girl along with me. She says I may, and I want you."

"You want me to go to college with you?" asked Joyce incredulously.

"That's what I said," repeated Helen. "Do you suppose you can?" she inquired anxiously.

(Continued on page 25)



Our Y. P. E. Poets

JESUS, OUR ONLY REFUGE

Mrs. J. A. Hamilton, Nashville, Ga.

One lonely evening in September, 1942,
Our boy joined up with Uncle Sam
To fight for the Red, White, and Blue.

It left us all so sad,
And almost broke my heart,
To think because of sin
Our boys from us must part.

I pray to God and ask Him,
If it can be His will,
For my boy to serve his country
And never have to kill.

One home town boy, like many others,
lies wounded
In the land that is far away,
So please don't forget them
When you get on your knees to pray.

Christians, let's join in prayer
To God, who sits upon the throne,
And pray the prayer of faith
And soon our boys will come marching
home.

— — —

DREAMMAN

Joseph Winfred Parmer

The trials of the day and the barriers it
holds,
All pass away when my dreams unfold;
The sorrows that come when the day is
bright,
Are all engulfed by the blackness of
night.

For the dreamman comes with the fall-
ing of night,
And crawls in my bed to chase away
fright;
Then he moves over and whispers in my
ear,
Brings back memories that were so dear.

All through the night he's comforting
me,
Giving me courage, and strength for
trials to be,
For he knows what all I face when the
day does come,
He doesn't want fear to undo the good
he has done.

Oh, he's a kind fellow, no better can be
found,
There's no need of looking for any better,
He's always where I need him, all I do is
call;
For my dreamman is Jesus, the Savior of
all.

A LIGHT

Nadyne Clouse

Lord, let me be a light that shines forth
bright,
That I might light some traveler's weary
way.

Revealing in the gloom the treacherous
rocks that loom,
Unseen by eyes made dim, a light I say!

Columbus and his men, they saw a light
And cried, "A light! a light!" for they
were in despair.

Dear Lord, a light to human souls can
mean so much
When Thou art there.

So let me, Lord, I beg, to shine for Thee,
At home—abroad—wherever it may be,
Thy gospel to reveal, before the night
doth steal

Across the sea—Lord, humble Thou my
soul.

Burn all my dross away and with Thy
loving grace
Fill up the empty space!

That I might be a purer, brighter flame
To teach the heathen how to fear Thy
name.

— — —

HE SEES ME

By Mrs. Robert Danley

I traveled o'er a rough and stony road,
The way is sometimes long and steep;
This consolation I have in my heart,
The Savior does my pathway keep.

He saw the sparrow when it fell that day,
He saw the tiny fluttering wings;
He sees me always when I kneel to pray,
He sees me all along life's way.

One day I walked along affliction's road,
It seemed my footsteps now would
stray;

The pain I suffered ne'er could be ex-
plained,
But then He saw and came my way.

One day I walked along temptation's
road,

Why it came I cannot say;
I only know He saw my dangerous
plight,

And quickly He did pass my way.

Disappointment's road I traveled too,
My hopes, my plans were all in vain;
The pattern of my life He quickly
changed,

He took my hand and now He leads
me all the way.

HE IS THE LIGHT

Pvt. Wm. R. Copas

(Sent in by V. O. Oplinger, Ellet, Ohio)

Jesus left His home above just because
of Father's love,

For a people that was dying in despair.
Down to this world He came, salvation
to bring;

I am glad that in that plan I have a
share.

He's the light that is shining up in heaven,
A light that is shining there for me,
He is Father's only Son and I know He is
the one

Who died upon the cross of Calvary.

While in this world He stayed, He always
watched and prayed,

That He might ever do the Father's
will;

And upon Golgotha's mountain there was
opened up a fountain,

And today it's calling whosoever will.

One day I sought the Lord and took Him
at His word,

And a voice softly whispered, "Follow
me."

Now I'm happy on my way to a land
of endless day,

Where I'll live with Him throughout
eternity.

Sinner, won't you seek this friend?

He will lead you to the end,

And He'll love you in the last and dying
hour;

With this Savior in your soul, you'll
surely reach the goal.

Just to call His name in prayer helps me
shun each worldly care,

When this great highway of holiness
grows dim.

On Him I always call and He helps me
conquer all,

For my Savior has the victory over sin.

We will soon be over there in that land
so bright and fair,

And will gather around the great white
throne of God.

Joy will ever flood our soul while the
happy ages roll—

Oh, it cheers me while this weary path
I trod.

— — —

Revival

M. E. Detteline

As in the still hushed hours of the morn,
Refreshing dew crowns quietly the
earth;

So may Thy love in contrite heart be
born,

And may there be revival in the birth.

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Why Do I Go to Church?

NOTE—In the October issue of the *Lighted Pathway* we asked the young people to write a 200 word letter on the subject, "Why Do I Go to Church?" This month we are giving our exchange page to these letters.—Editor.

Naturally speaking of the term "church," we consider it to be a house consecrated to the worship of God among Christians. But spiritually speaking, those who have been born again through the blood of Jesus Christ make up the church.

I go to church because Jesus tells us not to fail to assemble ourselves together at the house of the Lord.

If we fail to meet together for the purpose of serving God, our spirit will wax cold; we will fail to pray and read His Word as we should; our faith will decrease; we will become disinterested in the love for our fellowman and before we realize it, the devil will have us out of the ark of safety, into a world of sin and sorrow, seeking for the so-called pleasures of the world.

I go to church to enjoy the blessings of the Lord with the other Christians, to blend my voice with others in singing songs and giving thanks and praises to the One who redeemed us from sin.

I go to help pray for those who seek God and to hear the Word preached. It means much to me to hear the Word of God preached, as there are so many carelessly drifting along and leaving this old world unprepared to meet God.

In conclusion, let us dedicate our lives to the Master, and give our all in helping the churches all over the land to prosper by winning more souls for Jesus.—Hazel Bailey.

Because I feel it my most important business. Because I want to be a blessing to someone else. I feel that God saved me to help others get saved. If I fail to be loyal to God and His Church, I fail to set a good example and am not letting my light shine to the world. I know that God will put His approval on my life if I am loyal to His Church because Heb. 10:25 tells us to forsake not the assembling of ourselves together. When I fail to go to church I grow cold and indifferent and lose the vision that God gave me. When I go to church I receive many blessings that otherwise I would fail to get. Too, I find it a great pleasure to go to church.—John H. Ellis, Box 184, Canton, Ga.

First, because I love the Lord. I was brought up by good Christian parents

and taught to love the church, because it is the house of the Lord. The church is Christ's dwelling place. He is the chief cornerstone, the head of the Church. Therefore, I love to go to church for Christ has commanded us not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together. Christ loved the Church and how much more should we who love His name worship there.

I go to receive food for my hungry soul. I love to go to church because God so loved me, John 3:16. I am glad for the true Church of God, which was the first church, and organized by God's people filled with the Holy Ghost. I love to go to a Spirit-filled church and enjoy the sweet fellowship of the saints of God. As a people of God, let us lift up the cross of the Crucified One and practice what we preach, and more people will find Jesus. The Church of God will stand forever, Rev. 22:10-27.

Some go to church to take a walk,
Some go to church to laugh and talk,
Some go there to meet a friend,
Some go there their time to spend,
Some go there to meet a lover,
Some go there a fault to cover,
Some go there for speculation,
Some go there for observation,
Some go there to doze and nod,
The wise go there to worship God.

—Mrs. E. E. Moore, Milford, Ohio.

We should not forget to assemble and worship the Lord, as He has told us in His Word. We can go to church and receive food for our souls and also learn more about working for the Lord and how to win more lost souls to Christ. It is necessary to go to church because we can love and understand each other better, with whom we worship. We can get a closer walk with the Lord and while we are in services, our minds are drawn from worldly things to the Lord and His service. In going to church, God gets glory out of our lives, when possibly in other ways He wouldn't. It makes us feel better to go to church, for we concentrate our minds more wholly to the Lord.—Mrs. Otis B. Baker, Live Oak, Fla.

First, to worship the Lord and enjoy His good blessings. Second, to be a blessing to others, to preach, sing, pray, teach, or any other way I can help. I'm always willing to work for the Lord.—Virginia Lloyd, Amelia, Va.

First, because I love the Church and its teaching. I love to be in service

with the saints of God praising and worshipping Him, where we can feel the power and the sweet fellowship of our brothers and sisters in Christ.

Second, because the Bible teaches us to forsake not the assembling of ourselves together. I believe it is part of God's divine plan for His children.

Third, because church is the best place on earth to go and take our children. I believe children should grow up in service for God. I want my children to be in good services while they are young. God said to teach them the right way while they are young and when they are old they will not depart from it. Praise God for those precious promises we know cannot fail.—Mrs. Wilson Davis, Avera, Miss.

Since early in childhood, when grandfather would take me by the hand and lead me to church, there has been a desire within my heart to go to the house of God. Well do I remember the little church on the hill where I first learned of Jesus and His love. Like David of old, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

Like Timothy, since a child I have been taught the scriptures. The Bible is the book that I have always cherished very highly. When only in the second grade, by the help of my teacher, I read the four gospels through. Since I accepted Christ as my personal Savior, that love for God's Book has grown greater and greater.

I go to church because the Word of God is taught and exemplified. Surely it is the place where God chose to put His name and His appointed place of worship. The church is built upon the foundation of the apostles, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief cornerstone. Christ promised, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

I go to church because the Bible stands for the church. The tabernacle in the wilderness was God's appointed place of worship.

Solomon built a place for God's name to dwell. He asked God to hear every prayer that was prayed, looking toward His house. God promised He would. Jesus entered into the place of worship and took an active part. Then we have the exhortation from the Word itself, "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together."

There are those who contend that they can live a Christian life and not attend church; maybe so, but I for one could not.

We have sung the song:

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds

(Continued on page 22)



Bible Lessons

Program Outline

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on someone to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but interperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The subtopics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topics. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program, it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a Y.P.E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Jesus.

CHOOSE YE THIS DAY WHOM YOU WILL SERVE

Scripture: John 27:15

Thoughts for Leader

We are studying this week the life of a man who was called of God but made the wrong choice. Lot was at the crossroads and for a purely selfish reason he chose to follow the way that he thought would lead him to fame and fortune. Lot chose his inheritance after the sight of his eyes. Gen. 13:10. He left God out of the matter and chose his portion to his best interest. Many Christians today like Lot are seeking their own interests first and the cause of Christ last. They are unwilling to trust all to Him who has said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you," Matt. 6:33. The choice of Lot was the beginning of all his disasters.

HE PITCHED HIS TENT TOWARD SODOM

Gen. 13:12

What a sad picture of this young man with such great opportunities for good. But thousands of our young men of today are doing the same thing. They are pitching their tents toward worldly gain.

Like Lot they are taking up their dwelling place in Sodom, which is a type of sin. He started with a worldly choice, reaped worldly sympathies and worldly desires; and by the law of continuance was driven to gratify them. Once tamper with the unclean thing and soon you will lose all power to resist its influence; and by-and-by you will even dare to justify in act that from which you once shrank back in thought.

LOT TOOK UP OFFICE IN SODOM

Gen. 19:1

Lot became identified with the interests of Sodom and a sustainer of its policies. Behold Christians today seeking office and power at the hands of the world that killed their Lord, a world of whom He said its friendship is enmity with God; and "Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God," Jas. 4:4. Instead of testifying against this evil the so-called Christians are supporting it.

BY ENTERING SODOM LOT LOST HIS TESTIMONY

Gen. 19:14

The world has no use for a man or woman who professes and then lives just any way. There is nothing so disgusting to a sinner as a hypocrite. He loses his testimony. His voice sounds like sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. What a subject of contempt is that man, be he layman or minister, who plunges into the world and its economies, who digs into the soil of the earth and then seeks to warn men of the judgments that are coming. The very angels who came to warn Lot thought him so unworthy that at first they refused the shelter of his house, preferring all night in the streets to the companionship of a man who had betrayed his Lord.

ALL OF LOT'S WORKS DESTROYED

How sad it is to see a man or woman go through life and come down to its close with a barren life. We have seen some of them who have realized this too late to make amends and have left this world with broken hearts. All the work they have done has, like Lot's, been burned to the ground. Nothing was left but a sad memory of what might have been. All the hard work they have done will mean nothing if not done in the name of Christ and for His glory. Will your work stand in the day of judgment? 2 Cor. 6:17 tells us to come out from among the world and be separate. Also God commands us to keep ourselves unspotted from the world.

Suggestions for Meeting

We have given you a picture of one man, a Bible character, who made the wrong choice. Let us find now some who chose the better way and compare them. Then let us profit by the lesson we get from the studies of the different char-

acters. We will mention a few and we are going to let you find them in the Bible for yourselves. Someone has said that our programs are too easy, that everything is written out and there is nothing left for the young people to do. We are giving you something to do in this lesson. Find the life of Josiah and tell about his choice. Daniel and the three Hebrew children made a choice. Did it pay? Why? Moses chose to suffer with the people of God rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. Did it pay? Give the names of these characters to the different young people and ask them to talk about them. If you can find the song, "It Pays To Serve Jesus," have it sung at this service.

HIGHWAY OF GUIDANCE

Scripture Lesson: John 1:1-23

Thoughts for Leader

The theme of this scripture is light and preparing the way for the light to shine. Light is for our benefit to enable us to go about and keep us free from darkness, which instantly vanishes when the light is shining. Jesus came to light the darkened world, but it was necessary for the way to be made or a channel given for men to be guided to that Light. There must needs be a guide for the weary pilgrims of today as they battle the storms of life. The wonderful highway of guidance is free to all who will walk therein, and we find it running all the way through the Word of God.

FOR ALL BELIEVERS

Acts 2:39

Did you ever take a long journey and notice the many roads that came up to the highway on which you were traveling? Some skirt the banks of flowing streams, others seemingly lead through the forests or over the mountainside and yet we pass them by. Why? Because they are only byroads, and some may even be private roads, and we have no business on them. Besides, we only get our guide map to direct us on the main highway. Then what does this highway represent? I believe it will represent the highway of consecration for all the believing Christians of today. So many are still traveling the byways of selfishness when they could enjoy the blessings of a life dedicated to God's service. Every believer has a right to travel this way for it is

A HIGHWAY OF LOVE

2 John 1:6

How shall we know of this love? Because the "fruit of the Spirit is love" and the children of God who consecrate and dedicate their lives to God know the love of God. As this love is made manifest by the fruit, the more the life is yielded to God's divine guidance the more of a blessing will flow from our lives in a

stream to bless others. This is necessary as our equipment for Christian service to reach out and bring others to the Light. Jesus said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me," John 12:32, and our lives are the channel through which men are led to the cross.

A HIGHWAY OF POWER

1 Cor. 2:4

Jesus said, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you," and that we should know the truth and the truth should make us free. The Holy Ghost will guide us in the way of truth, John 16:13, and keep us filled with power for service which is given to the children of God who yield themselves to Him. It does not mean that we will acquire power in the sense that the world uses it, but that there will be such a stream of power and love flowing from souls that people can readily see that we are walking on the highway of God.

HIGHWAY OF KNOWLEDGE

Jas. 3:13

There are so many things to be learned daily as we travel this highway in order that we might grow up in love, till we come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. 2 Peter 3:18 says to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. The disciples were with Jesus and saw the manifestation of His power, but it was spiritual knowledge that they gained by following Him and working for Him, so it is through faith and prayer we obtain the things we need. The Holy Ghost will lead us right as long as we are willing to walk in the path that Christ walked in and ask for the grace and knowledge we need. Jas. 1:5.

A HIGHWAY OF REVELATION

Eph. 1:17

A traveler, in writing of a trip up the mountain, told of the wonderful view he obtained from the top. He said, "I had been wintering in a small city on the banks of the Mediterranean Sea. Many a time had I stood on its shore or taken long walks along its white sands. The time came for leaving and I climbed the mountain road until I reached the top and from there I could look out over the blue sea stretched below in a wide expanse of beauty. The surf broke in snowy whiteness upon the beach, the islands half submerged in the blue haze seemed asleep, while white sails dotted the horizon in the distance. All heaven seemed to hover over all with a holy awe. As I viewed the beauty spread out before me I realized I never had really seen the beauty of the Mediterranean until I saw it from this lofty mountain on the great highway of the Corniche Road."

And how well this illustrates why some people never seem to have a real revelation of the beauty in God's service; for you will never see life until you see it from the lofty viewpoint of God's highway of consecrated service. And when you stand upon that uplifted place of consecration and look out over the wide expanse of God's will and purpose then will a revelation or vision present itself to you, "He leadeth me," and how true it is that we are led by the Spirit of God as we travel on this wonderful highway of guidance.

HOW GUIDED

John 16:13; Psalms 25:9; 32:8; 23:24; Isaiah 58:11.

PREPARING THE WAY FOR GUIDANCE

Mal. 3:1; Isaiah 62:10; Luke 1:76-79.

*If our love were but more simple,
We would take Him at His word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.*

THE MARCH OF TIME

SARAH BLANCHE MCGUIRE

Scripture: Mark 1:15; Col. 4:5

Thoughts for the Leader

Have we thought enough about our time, time spent in seeking pleasure, time that afterwards cannot be accounted for? When we spend our money we want to account for every dollar, we want to know just what we did with it. Are we just as conscientious about our time? can we look over a day well spent? or do we have to get on our knees asking God to forgive and have mercy on us for work left undone and time unaccounted for? Men who spend days and weeks working at inventions that never mature can see nothing gained, time is wasted and precious time lost. We are working at the biggest job ever. Are we eligible for our position? do we hoard our minutes as a miser hoards his gold? or is time slipping away from us? If we study our Bibles as we should we would realize that precious minutes lost here may mean grief when we cross over the river Jordan where time will be no more.

THE VALUE OF TIME

Hosea 10:12; Job 7:1

God has so ordained that man cannot turn back the clock; he cannot recall one hour or day of the time he has spent on the earth. Only the present minutes can mean much to him; yesterday is gone never to return. Never can he undo a single deed nor recall a word that has been spoken. If the day has been spent for the glory of God, how wonderful; if for the evil works of the devil, how sad; but whichever way it was, God has recorded it in His books. The value of that time gone is more precious than gold. It may mean that souls have gone out into

eternity without God and without hope. Let us realize the value of the time we have remaining here and be more zealous of good works for our Master. If we only have one hour more remaining of our life, let us resolve by the grace of God to make it count for Jesus. Men with millions at death would give everything they possess for just a few minutes of time.

YOUR TIME—GOD'S TIME

Matt. 21:34; Eccles. 9:11

Let us say to ourselves, "My time is God's time," and mean it. Once we find ourselves putting our time into God's hands, we will find He will never infringe on our time but will make our time count for Him and we will have time to do the things we need to do also. If God so made a mule that he would do His biddings, do you believe that He made you lower than a mule? Jesus said, "I say unto you, if these should hold their peace even the very stones would cry out." He made man and woman to be the most intelligent creatures on earth, yet they think the stones can work for God and they cannot. If our place seems to be small, the work needs to be done there as well as the higher places and often God will give us a better place if we will be faithful to do the small things. So let us not complain but go happy about our duty.

TIME MARCHING ON

Eccles. 9:12; Rev. 10:1-7

As the angel in Revelation stands one foot on land and one foot on sea, proclaiming time shall be no longer, so will you see time marching before you, time either spent doing good in the will of God, or time hopelessly forever gone, either with hearts full of joy and gladness or hearts full of woe and despair, will we hear the angel cry out time has passed. At the very last we can see the minutes wasted, minutes when God's work could have been done. In the day God says there will be time no longer, people will fall on their faces crying out, Time, time, just a minute of time; but mercy will have been withdrawn.

Man's chance now is to make the most of the time God has given him. Today is the accepted time for salvation. So today is the time to lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven. Time is marching on and God's people seem to be going right along with it. Thank God, there are some who are out to see souls won for Christ.

SIN

WILMA UNDERWOOD

Thoughts for the Leader

There is much to be said of sin. It has wrecked more homes than could be mentioned. Sin causes murder, lying, stealing and many other crimes. Sin brings shame,



fear, heartaches, and tears to many homes. Let's seek to learn from this lesson a few things about sin.

SIN DEFINED

What is sin? Sin is wilful transgression of the divine law of God. Some people deny the fact of sin. They say that what the Bible calls sin is simply a mistake or an error of judgment. For example, they claim since it's natural for man to hate his enemy, it cannot be wrong, or while it may be a mistake to get drunk, it cannot be wrong to drink.

A great number of people ignore sin. They admit that God's Word says, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," but they live as if they will never die. They neglect to do anything about it. Oh, so many precious souls are yielding to sin, taking no thought and seemingly not caring for the future, but God's Word says, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

THE CONSEQUENCES OF SIN

Does sin pay? Yes, it pays in full. The wages paid are not what the sinner expects to be paid. Rom. 6:23a, "For the wages of sin is death—." To bargain with sin is always to lose.

Consider the experience of Adam and Eve. God had warned them that the day they ate of the tree of knowledge of good and evil they would die. After they yielded to the old serpent's suggestion of evil, they did die. They died spiritually and the physical death came in the course of time.

Not only did sin by the first man and woman bring death, but shame. Their realization of physical nakedness was a symbol of their realization of spiritual nakedness. Sin brought fear. They were afraid of God because they knew they were guilty of violating His command. They knew punishment was sure to fall upon them. Sin brought suffering because they were out of harmony with God. Then sin separated them from God. It brings to the heart the sting of guilt, and in the end eternal death.

These consequences must rest upon the souls of men unless they are removed by the atoning blood of Jesus. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Remember friend, the harvest is sure and certain.

THE ONLY REMEDY FOR SIN

Praises be to God, there is a remedy for sin. We aren't hopeless victims of the evil one. There's a remedy because there's a Savior. John says, "—If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father."

WHY DO I GO TO CHURCH?

(Continued from page 19)
Is like to that above."
Truly that old hymn expresses a great truth that should never be overlooked.

Last, but not least, it is a place where my hungry soul is fed. Many times, when discouraged, I have received new courage, my sick body has been healed and other souls have been blessed through my church.—James O. Campbell.

Now that is a fine subject and it surely appeals to me. I could write and write along that line and I would not be able to tell all the reasons I have for going to church.

First of all, I love to go to church and the more I go the more I want to go. I love to meet with God's children and sing the sweet songs of Zion and lift up my voice in prayer and praise unto God for His many blessings to me from day to day.

I find joy and satisfaction when I go to church that I could not find at any other place. It is there I can hear the Word of God preached and my soul is lifted up above the shadows of this life and I am encouraged to go on in this Christian race with new zeal and determination. I have heard some people say, I can stay at home and serve the Lord; I don't have to go to church all the time, but that's a mistaken idea, because in Heb. 10:25 it says, "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together—," so you see we cannot stay at home and obey the Word of God.

Some people go to church for one reason and some for another, and many times they go away disappointed, but when we go to church because we love God and want to obey His Word, it is then we get blessed. I heard a woman say one time if there was anything she liked better than church it was more church and I feel the same way.

Everybody ought to go to church, even people who don't know the Lord, because faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the Word of God and who knows but what sometime they may hear something which will mean the salvation of their souls.

May God bless everyone and may we all go to church as often as we can while we have the opportunity.—Grace Elwood, Key West, Fla.

Patriotism at B. T. S. and College

(Continued from page 12)
sentative of the government that was founded by God-conscious and God-fearing men; and, at present, my conscientious scruples are respected by this nation, over which the Stars and Stripes still wave.

America may have departed from its religious inclinations to a great extent, but deep in the heart of most true Americans you find a respect for God and the Church. The Church is a despised institution in some countries; but here our

government will protect our religious beliefs by preventing anyone from disturbing us in our worship of God. We can believe in God or not believe in Him; nevertheless, our state is founded upon the principles of God-respecting men.

I am indebted to the first pilgrim who stepped on American soil; to those who signed the Declaration of Independence; to the drafters of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights; and to the President, congressmen, state, county, and city officials; to all these I owe the debt of a good citizen.

As a Christian, the Bible commands me to pray for rulers (1 Tim. 2:2). Have I filled this obligation faithfully? The same God that told me to "forget not the assembling of ourselves together," also told me the above. We daily fulfill the "assembling" command, but do we pray for those in authority?

DOES AMERICA OWE ME ANYTHING?

By Perdue Stanley

Ask yourself the question, Does America owe me anything? Your answer might be "Yes," but I am afraid that mine would be negative.

I owe my very existence to America and what it stands for. I owe all religious freedom to the ones who started this great confederation, and to the ones who have fought and shed their blood, and who have given their lives for the sake of the freedom of others.

If it wasn't for America and her laws and government, where would you be today? Perhaps you would be the slave of some cruel master or a soldier of some cruel and ungodly nation which was fighting for a cause in which you did not believe and one which you thought to be wrong.

Every young true-blooded American should be proud to fight for his country because he would be giving his life for the sake of what has constituted the greatest nation on earth, and for the freedom of others who deserve the same freedom he has enjoyed, rather than for a government that is fighting for greed and world power.

Again, let me say that everything you enjoy and have to make life comfortable and happy, you are indebted to America and to God for it.

WASTED TIME

By Hersbel Gibson

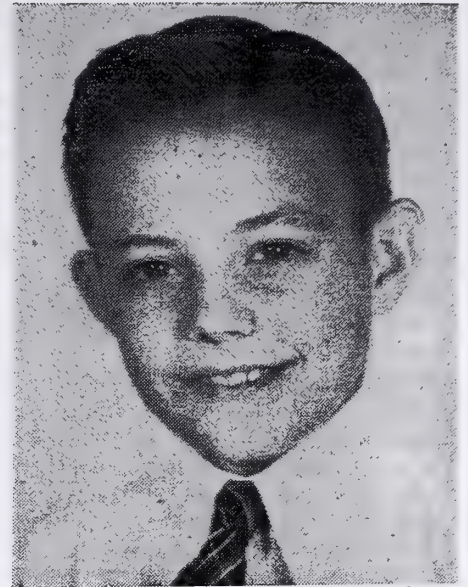
Every true American should do everything possible to keep the flag waving. Our time must be spent to the greatest advantage. The value of time should be emphasized and everyone should insist that time once lost can never be regained.

We must remember that the value of time is much greater now than a few





Pictured above is a group that has been organized as a young people's community service. We use the Lighted Pathway for our lessons and every one really enjoys them. The leader of this group is Mrs. Pearl Clymer at the right, with Bible in hand. —Mrs. Pearl Clymer, Elk City, Okla.



Pictured above is Wright Latimer Childers, grandson of our former General Overseer, S. W. Latimer, who is a Junior Y.P.E. member, and a financial booster for the Missionary Ridge Church of God, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Patriotism at B.T.S. and College

(Continued from page 22)

years ago. We have only the same number of hours at our command in the day. We wake up in the morning with twenty-four hours of time. It is all we have within which to do our duties and unless we use it to an advantage we will be the loser and so will our country. Minutes are as precious as diamonds and yet, I am sorry to say, thoughtless individuals do not seem to mind wasting them. Moreover, we cannot draw on the future. We cannot use our allotted time in advance.

It is an admitted fact that our lives very often are too busy, but we must not submit to that fact as it might easily cause our ultimate ruin. We must learn to make the most of our time. How few people ever stop to take an inventory of their leisure time to see what they do with the hours that are not spent in working, sleeping, and eating. What becomes of all those hours after five or six, when work is over? Are they used in a commendable way, or must we admit that we let them drop into the past without their having added one thing toward helping solve the problems facing us?

Let us help our country by making profitable the many hours and minutes that are wasted every day in fruitless and useless conversation and in profitless amusement.

THE MEASURE OF AMERICANISM

By James Morton

The Bill of Rights—what is it? Is it history? Is it rhetoric? Is it merely an ancient document entitled to respect be-

cause of age? Or is it a living force in American life? Did American liberty begin with the adoption of the Bill of Rights, or is it a shield erected to protect the liberty Americans have won? What is the theory of government that makes the Bill of Rights necessary? To whom are its commandments addressed? Put these questions to any true American and his answers will give you a true measure of his understanding of Americanism.

Undoubtedly the Bill of Rights is history for it draws on long centuries of experience of men and their rulers. Unquestionably it is rhetoric because of the great ideals its sentences expound. The whole of the American theory of government—human equality, popular sovereignty, personal liberty—can be found in the Preamble of the Declaration of Independence. So it is that when the founders of America framed their government they did not go to some superior to beg for their rights and liberty to be expanded because they had already won these. They did not create the Bill of Rights for protection from one another. They adopted it for protection against mistreatment by the government they had established.

There was a day when the absence of such rights in other countries could fill an American with incredulous pity. Yet, today, over the vast reaches of the earth, governments exist that have robbed their citizens by force and fraud of every one of the essential rights American people still enjoy. The lesson is plain for all to see. No person enjoys freedom who does not deserve it. Americans can be free

He helped to raise a good sum which was used to buy our winter's supply of coal.—C. B. Donahue, pastor.

so long as they compel the governments they themselves have erected to govern strictly within limits of the Bill of Rights. They can be free so long as they call to account every agent and officer who trespasses these rights. They can be free only if they are ready to repel every assault upon their liberty, no matter from whence it comes.

As for me, I owe all to America, even my life. I thank God for the U. S. A. which is often called the "land of the free."

WHAT I OWE TO AMERICA

By Ruby Thompson

What has America done for me? This question can best be answered after we have considered what other countries have done for their youth.

If fate had decreed my birth to be in Russia, I would have a sad story to tell today. We are told by competent authorities that during the past twenty-odd years a merciless struggle has continued in Soviet Russia against those who love the Lord and dare to obey Him. The Communistic government had as its slogan, "Faithfulness to the party line," and one of its permanent goals was to completely eradicate religion. To reach this goal they sought to exterminate every thought of God from the minds of the youth through the medium of the public school system. In order to secure a

position, teachers had to sign a solemn pledge to not only be silent along religious lines, but to engage every conceivable device to combat God and righteousness. The pupils were cunningly led to be faithful only to the government; they were expected to report any religious activity in their own home or elsewhere, and anyone reported would immediately be sought out by authorities and punished severely. However, in spite of this horrible struggle against the forces of righteousness, there are an estimated thirty million believers in Russia today. They attempted to drive God out of Russia, but they failed. Although Russia boasted of her atheistic youth, thousands of Russian war prisoners in Poland have responded in tears to the preaching of the Gospel. Most of these soldiers were young, and this response proves that no one, not even communists, can re-create the human soul and rob it of its inherent longing for God.

It may be my privilege to send or carry the Gospel message to Russia some day because I am an American. My country was established upon Biblical principles. Human blood has been shed to preserve those rights, and today democratic principles are again at stake. Our country is in the throes of the most deadly conflict the world has ever known, but by God's grace and favor we shall prevail!

I have been reared in a community where church and school attendance were easily accessible. My country has encouraged me to attend both. I have been nourished from childhood with plenty of healthful food. My country has encouraged me to build a strong, healthy body. I have been taught to regard human life as sacred because all men are created equal; therefore, I am concerned about my neighbor's best welfare.

To a land that has granted me spiritual, mental, and physical benefits of the very best kind, I owe my deepest allegiance and support.

THE MEN OF TOMORROW

(Continued from page 13)

eloquent passage in his sermon, and called out, "Where is the drunkard?" And the drunk fellow was just that full that he arose, folded his arms, and said, "Here's the sot, blaze away," and stood there, before the whole congregation, until the minister was through with the paragraph on the drunkard. Then the minister came to another paragraph in his sermon and called out, "Where is the hypocrite?" Nobody moved. This was too much for the drunk fellow, so he arose, reached over and gave the deacon a dig in the side, and said, "Get up and take your medicine; I got up when he called on me."

You laugh at my hypocrite, but I assure you it is no laughing matter when

a father has a streak of yellow and before the eyes of his boys, is a hypocrite, and when these boys grow to manhood and are out in some place of responsibility where they have some great opportunity for fine service, the streak of yellow from their father asserts itself and the boys go down under the responsibility with a crash, the boys are ruined, home is disgraced, and others suffer. What a wreck!

(To be continued)

LETTERS FROM OUR TRAINING CAMPS

(Continued from page 14)

ly of the Bible. I always look to God for my happiness and He never fails me. He has answered many prayers and I cannot stop thanking Him for His love that has been restored in my heart.

I will appreciate all prayers and encouraging letters from Christian friends.—Pvt. Paul E. Boyce, Medical Detachment, 77th Dist. 305 F. A. Bn., Fort Jackson, S. C.

Dear Mrs. Harrison:

I am receiving the Lighted Pathway each month and certainly do thank you for it. I enjoy reading it more than any magazine I have ever read and to me it will always remain the best. It will lead you to a better understanding with the Lord Jesus Christ, if read regularly.

Do pray for me that I will continue to serve the Lord.—Pvt. O'Dell M. Justice, Station Complement, Fort Hamilton, N. Y.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I just received my Lighted Pathway, which I get each month from my girl friend. I surely enjoy it very much. I am a boy in the army, working for Uncle Sam, but I always want to be working for my Lord also.

I belong to the Church of God at Sulphur Springs, Fla. Although I am separated from my home church, I am privileged to attend the one here in Louisiana. The pastor and his wife are real nice to me. They treat me like my mother and dad would.

Please remember me in your prayers.—Pvt. Joe Marcum, Co. L325 Glider Inf. 82 Division, Camp Claiborne, La.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have just finished reading your August Lighted Pathway and it has truly been a blessing to my soul. Please pray that I will stay true to the Lord and that He will use me here in camp for His glory and that I may lead souls to Him.—Pvt. Bruce Bachman, Co. B. 53rd Inf. Tng. Bn., Camp Walters, Tex.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in Jesus' name! For some time I have intended to write to you but

for some inexplainable reason I haven't done so heretofore. I have been an agent of the Lighted Pathway for sometime and I really love the paper myself. I don't know of any other paper I enjoy any more than the Lighted Pathway. I was inducted into the army in April of this year, therefore I am not able to furnish my customers at home but my mother has gladly taken it over and with the help of a neighbor is doing this.

Last Sunday I was very glad to find several copies of the paper in our post chapel where it is available to all who attend.

I am here at the Army Air Base not far from Springfield, Massachusetts, and I find that I am quite alone, as far as believers are concerned; that is, I haven't been able to find anyone here who believes as I do. I am looking to the Lord to lead me through. Sometimes it is a bit difficult to find encouragement, but I know God is with me and will stand by me 'til the end. I enjoy salvation and don't intend to give up my hope for anything. I would enjoy a word of encouragement from anyone and I desire the prayers of all of God's people.

I feel that God has a definite work for me to do, therefore I greatly desire to be useful in His service. I hope and pray that if it is His will that some day I will be afforded to be free to get out and work for Him in delivering the gospel news of salvation. I have seen enough to know that what our country needs is more God-fearing and God-loving citizens. I desire to see souls saved.

I wish that all of the readers of the Lighted Pathway would join in prayer for the boys in the service, for they really need the Lord and also need to experience old time religion.

You may publish this if you care to. I would like to get some mail from anyone who cares to write to me. If there are any Church of God people in this section of the state I would like to get in touch with you and have your fellowship.

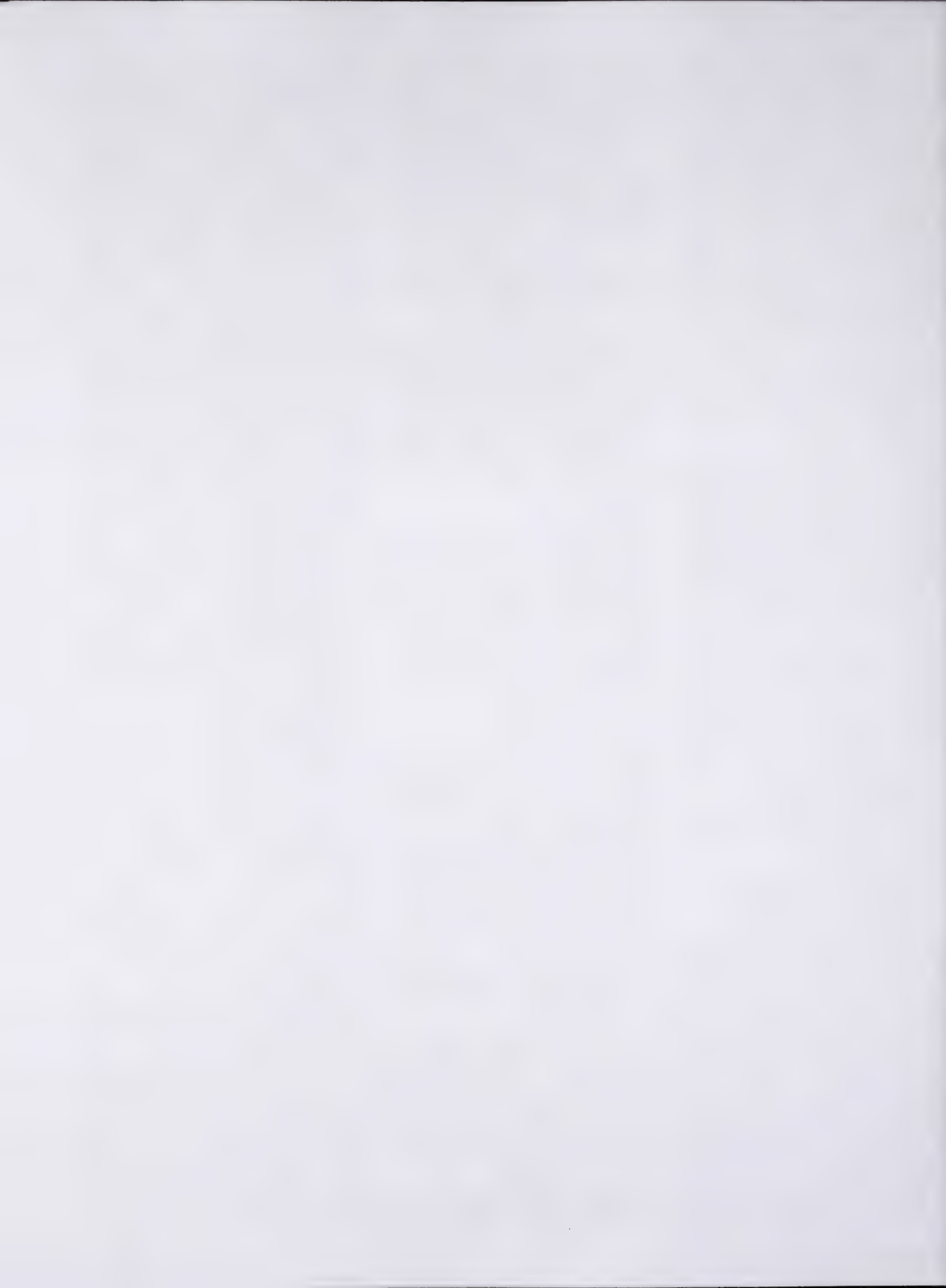
May the Lord bless you, Sister Harrison, and all who read this.—A brother in Christ, Thomas J. McKelvey.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I received the Lighted Pathways this morning. I was planning to sell them, but my husband handed me a dollar and said, "Just pass them out."

My husband is a backslider, but desires to be a Christian. Please pray for him.

The Lighted Pathway encourages me, especially your messages. I would like to see your picture on the cover page. I don't suppose I will ever be privileged to see you on earth.—Mrs. Clastine Howe, Pendleton Training Camp, Oceanside, Calif.



A QUESTION OF STANDARDS

(Continued from page 17)

"Helen, I'm not worthy," and the flushed face, cast-down eyes, and twisting fingers spoke eloquently of real distress.

"Oh, my dear, why not?" asked Helen.

"When you came I was saying jealous, hateful things because you and your brother were going to college and my brother and I were denied the privilege! And here you come with an offer that is heaping coals of fire upon my head! Oh, oh!" and Joyce buried her face.

"Listen dear, we all make mistakes. That is nothing that the blood of Jesus can not cover. He can take that spirit out of your heart, if you will only let Him," reassured Helen. "Let's go to your room and settle that now, shall we?"

They did, and again Helen raised the question of college. "Let's see what your mother says."

Mrs. Adams listened carefully. "That is something that we can not decide all in a moment," she said gravely. "I have wished Joyce could go for one year anyway. I think that even if a girl is just going to be a homemaker she has a much better chance of success if she has had some college training. But we do not want to assume an obligation we cannot repay."

"There is no question of repayment, Mrs. Adams," said Helen. "Aunt Alice has deposited the money for a year's schooling for the two of us at Bethel, and it is all right with her to have Joyce as a substitute for George; I know it will be much nicer for me. Talk it over, and be sure to say, 'yes.'" With this the girl went her way.

That was finally the decision, and James teased, "Well, sis, what about that future now? Can you see anything more in it than you could the other day?"

"I certainly can," said Joyce positively. "I can see the promise of the Lord to lead me, and I'm trusting the future in His hands. Helen brought me this," holding out a printed slip, "and we have both agreed to accept its standard."

James read:

"Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or

Make a call, or

Cast a ballot, or

Read a book, or

Turn on the radio, or

Commend a sermon, or

Go to prayer meeting, or

Express an opinion, or

Take an hour's recreation, or

Select a course of study, or

Buy an article of clothing, or

Write in an autograph album, or

Speak of an absent friend or an enemy, Do ALL to the glory of God.

The standard seems high, but read it

—(1 Cor. 10:31)."

"Guess I'll join you in that," he said quietly.—*Sunday School Banner*.

THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 2)

their house, little thought that they were nourishing the great champion of the Reformation. The poor child was Martin Luther."—Selected.

Here is a verse of song that expresses the thought I want to bring to you.

*"Do you know the world is dying
For a little bit of love?
Everywhere we hear men sighing
For a little bit of love."*

Let us remember this as we rub shoulder to shoulder with that man or woman in the store or school or factory or wherever we may be working. Those who many times wear a smiling face have an aching heart.

There are many little boys and girls running the streets who have great possibilities in their lives if they can be captured for the Master. They are longing for someone to speak a kind word to them. Many boys and girls could be won for Christ if Christians would practice love.

Not long ago I was on the streets of Cleveland in company with another woman and we noticed two little urchins sitting on the curb smoking. The lady said, "I just feel like shaking those boys to pieces." I didn't feel like that. I felt more like going over and putting my arm of love around the little fellows, for I knew it was not they who were to blame. I then thought of the father who set the example and it might have been the mother. God pity the little darlings. Then it might not have been father or mother either. It might have been that church member, perhaps the Sunday School superintendent or Sunday School teacher that Johnnie looks up to and desires to follow in his footsteps. No, I do not feel like scolding them. They are to be pitied.

This year you will perhaps want to start a neighborhood children's group. In this way you might reach a number of little Martin Luthers for the Master.

Let personal evangelism be our aim this coming year. Of course, personal evangelism and mass evangelism go hand in hand. The personal touch makes mass evangelism easy. It is a long way around sometimes to win a soul to Christ.

I will leave this message with you and pray that it will inspire someone to be a greater blessing this coming year and that we will each love those about us a little better.

The best recommendation for a tree is the fruit that grows on it.

HOW ABOUT THIS?

A few days ago a young colored girl wrote to me saying, "My husband found a Lighted Pathway in the garbage can and brought it home to me. I like it so much and wish I could subscribe, but am unable."

Well, now it makes me feel badly that anyone would throw a Lighted Pathway in the garbage can, but this is one time that I'm glad he did. Of course, I realize there are thousands of people who would prize a True Story magazine and throw away the Lighted Pathway, but there are other thousands who would prize the good wholesome reading which the Lighted Pathway contains. This is one thing that is needful today and you and I can carry the paper into new fields and do great work for the Master. That must have been a good Christian colored man or he would not have been attracted to such as that in a garbage can.

There are millions of people hungry for spiritual food who would feast on the good reading in the Lighted Pathway. Will you put forth a special effort to get it to them this year? Let us begin now. Here is what I want you to do. If this paper is good picked out of a garbage can after it is several months old, why would not a paper given into the hands of your neighbor after it is a month or two old be a blessing? Then I would like for you to put the Christmas issue into the hands of your neighbor.

Someone said this morning, "The article on page eight should be in the hands of every boy and girl in our land." Why let it die because Christmas has come and gone? The material in this paper will live on and be a blessing when we have passed away, if it can be gotten into the hands of those who need it. We have a few thousand back numbers of the Christmas issue. If you are interested in using some of these write us at once. You will get full credit for them in the national contest.—EDITOR.

SPECIAL NOTICE

All business mail pertaining to orders for papers, requests for appointment or change of a Gideon and all cash on account, together with the invoice received with the papers, whether sent by the customer or some other person, should be addressed to the LIGHTED PATHWAY or CHURCH OF GOD PUBLISHING HOUSE. And all money orders and checks so sent for accounts should be made payable to the CHURCH OF GOD PUBLISHING HOUSE or LIGHTED PATHWAY and not to an individual.

All mail pertaining to articles for print in the Lighted Pathway or personal mail should be addressed to Mrs. Alda B. Harrison, 2905 Parker Street, Cleveland, Tennessee.—Alda B. Harrison, Editor.



A Letter to the Boys in Training

By PAULINE WEAVER, Wake Forest, N. C.

Dear Soldier:

Greetings this morning, whether "somewhere in camp," or whether "somewhere in fighting zones." Wherever you are, whatever you're doing, we're thinking of you, and thanking you—for everything!

It's a great thing, this United States of ours, isn't it? And it's great simply because of you, the wonderful young men who make it up. We girls, who stay home and worry over you, and write you letters, and send you cards and packages occasionally, well—we'd like to do our part; we're trying in our small way, but, of course, it's really you who's giving everything you've got for us, isn't it? We haven't left home, we still have OUR beds, and OUR mama's cooking, and we want you to know as far as you're concerned, whenever we see the brown uniform, it's hats off!! We admire you—who could help it? We trust you—why shouldn't we? Our destiny is in your hands! Your courage, your bravery, your loyalty, your faith and help in our United States will win for us again "peace on earth," the kind the angels sang about that first Christmas night. And who doesn't want peace? Who isn't tired of Hitler and his threats of taking away our Bibles, his boast of man never kneeling again to God, his desire to put the sword in place of the cross that Jesus died upon? I imagine that even his own people (especially those who are trying to follow Christ) would love to see the Stars and Stripes go up in victory, don't you, soldier? I would be, if I were a German!

But, soldier, even with all our loyalty, and admiration, and love coming your way, aren't you gladder for Jesus? We are, too—we girls. Because we know that even though things go wrong in this world, and there seems to be no immediate relief from the guns of battle roaring and the falling down of our gallant young men—we can still look up toward the sky, and beyond the blue, where Jesus is, and realize that He is looking over the stairway of heaven, through the blueness of the sky, the loveliness of the stars and moon, the early dawn of sunrise, the golden beauty of sunset, through all the day He sees us, and if our soul is in perfect harmony with His, He keeps us secure in His peace and love. Soldier, can't you feel sometimes, even in the midst of hundreds of other soldiers, an aloneness with God—His everlasting arm holding you up? I'm sure you have, because I've prayed that you might—you, "somewhere in camp" and you, "somewhere over there!"

He answers prayers, too, doesn't He? Haven't you tried finding time to ask Him (even if silently in your own heart) to be with you through the day? As you pray for that—you might remember that we girls, the land over, are kneeling in prayer in early morning and doing the same, asking Jesus to bless you boys through the day. Just this week one girl told me that she had found great happiness in this early morning prayer, that two girls have promised her to begin it and that she is telling two others about it and that she's expecting them to begin the same custom. So you see, we are praying!

Lonely soldier, aren't you a child of the King? Are you a soldier of the army of the United States, but not a soldier of the army of Christ? Haven't you felt His peace and love in your heart? Can't you know daily He's keeping you securely in His everlasting arms of love? I'm sorry, soldier, but I want you to know it doesn't have to be that way. He doesn't want it to be that way, and we girls don't either—that's why we pray for you—asking Him to show you how simple, yet how wonderful it is to find Him. You can't afford to be without Him, His love, His comfort, His understanding of all your problems, not any more than we can afford to be without you, no, not as much so—because He is the Person who holds the future of this war-torn world in His hands, precious hands, those hands which were nailed to the cruel cross that you and I might have eternal life, even though this earthly life may be taken from us for the cause of a lovely country! Precious Jesus—that man who consented to take an earthly form, and be born in a manger that He could bring the redemptive plan to this world! Precious God, our Father, because "He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And how simple! He made this wonderful salvation so simple that even in the thick of the battle a lonely soldier might lift his soul up, believe on the Son of God, be sorry for his past sins, and put His hand into the great hand of God! Wonderful, isn't it? But He loved you—and all of us—so much until He made it so that anyone could enter into life everlasting.

So, soldier, (but not for Christ) pick up your pack for Jesus, join the great army of God's soldiers. There are lots in that army—thank God! Just this week I had a letter from a soldier boy saying, "There are so many good boys in the army, I'm thankful for the fine Christian fellowship." That's wonderful, so

won't you be a volunteer in that army? There won't be any draftees, He merely says "whosoever will."

Quite a long letter, isn't it, soldier? And yet there are so many more things that could be said about the national hero—YOU!! But just this now . . .

I would be true, for there are those who trust me,

I would be pure, for there are those who care,

I would be brave, for there is much to suffer,

I would be strong for there is much to bear.

Remember those lines, soldier, we girls are those who trust you and who care!

Luck to you, and may God bless you!

Sincerely,

THE GIRLS

THE BIBLE AT PEARL HARBOR

(Continued from page 6)

to know what sort of a Book it was. Chaplain Miller said, "I will give you a copy." In my office he handed her a copy of this New Testament. Chaplain Miller wrote to me that on the 8th, the 9th, and the 10th of December, when the boys were lying on cots in the high schools of our city, there were thirty-six in a certain room, everyone of whom was interested primarily not in how the war was progressing but in how to die, how to meet God.

A Bible Class on Battleship

We cannot measure in dollars and cents the marvelous blessing God has poured out upon us as a nation. We talk about America being willing to meet the adversary on equal terms, but I want to say that we are fighting a greater warfare, a battle "against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world." Men love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil, but unless we live in the glorious gospel light of Jesus Christ we will not get very far.

Some of the boys are not particularly interested in religious matters before they leave home, but they become serious minded as they realize the dangers they are called upon to face. A Bible class was started on the U. S. S. *Pennsylvania*. That class has grown so fast that Chaplain Salisbury said to me, "Our Bible class has grown to two hundred, and we need at least three hundred more New Testaments."—*The Gospel Call*.

Our lives make more impression on the world as to what we think of Christ than all we can write or say about Him; and if we fail to confirm what we say by what we do, our testimony will be consigned to the waste basket by the public.

PRAYER PAGE

THE POWER OF PRAYER

E. M. BOUNDS

It was said of the late C. H. Spurgeon, that he glided from laughter to prayer with the naturalness of one who lived in both elements. With him the habit of prayer was free and unfettered. His life was not divided into compartments, the one shut off from the other with a rigid exclusiveness that bared all intercommunication. He lived in constant fellowship with his Father in Heaven. He was ever in touch with God, and thus it was as natural for him to pray as it was for him to breathe.

"What a fine time we have had: let us thank God for it," he said to a friend on one occasion, when, out under the blue sky and wrapped in glorious sunshine, they had enjoyed a holiday with the unfettered enthusiasm of schoolboys. Prayer sprang as spontaneously to his lips as did ordinary speech, and never was there the slightest incongruity in his approach to the Divine throne straight from any scene in which he might be taking part.

That is the attitude with regard to prayer that ought to mark every child of God. There are, and there ought to be, stated seasons of communion with God, when, everything else shut out, we come into His presence to talk to Him and to let Him speak to us; and out of such seasons springs that beautiful habit of prayer that weaves a golden bond between earth and heaven. Without such stated seasons the habit of prayer can never be formed; without them there is no nourishment for the spiritual life. By means of them the soul is lifted into a new atmosphere—the atmosphere of the Heavenly City in which it is easy to open the heart to God and to speak with Him as friend speaks with friend.

Thus, in every circumstance of life, prayer is the most natural outpouring of the soul, the unhindered turning to God for communion and direction. Whether in sorrow or in joy, in defeat or in victory, in health or in weakness, in calamity or in success, the heart leaps to meet with God just as a child runs to his mother's arms, ever sure that with her is the sympathy that meets every need.

Dr. Adam Clarke, in his autobiography, records that when Mr. Wesley was returning to England by ship, considerable delay was caused by contrary winds. Wesley was reading when he became aware of some confusion on board, and asking what was the matter, he was informed that the wind was contrary. "Then," was his reply, "let us go to prayer."

After Dr. Clarke had prayed, Wesley broke out into fervent supplication which

seemed to be more the offering of faith than of mere desire. "Almighty and everlasting God," he prayed, "Thou hast sway everywhere, and all things serve the purpose of Thy will. Thou holdest the winds in Thy fists and sittest upon the water floods, and reignest a King forever. Command these winds and these waves that they obey Thee, and take us speedily and safely to the haven whither we would go."

The power of this petition was felt by all. Wesley arose from his knees, made no remark, but took up his book and continued reading. Dr. Clarke went on deck, and to his surprise found the vessel under sail, standing on her right course. Nor did she change till she was safely at anchor. On the sudden and favorable change of the wind Wesley made no remark; so fully did he expect to be heard that he took it for granted that he was heard.

That was prayer with a purpose—the definite and direct utterance of one who knew that he had the ear of God, and that God had the willingness as well as the power to grant the petition which he asked of Him.

Major D. W. Whittle, in an introduction to the wonders of prayer, says of George Mueller of Bristol: "I met Mr. Mueller in the express, the morning of our sailing from Quebec to Liverpool. About half an hour before the tender was to take the passengers to the ship, he asked of the agent if a deck chair had arrived for him from New York. He was answered 'No,' and told that it could not possibly come in time for the steamer. I had with me a chair I had just purchased, and told Mr. Mueller of the place near by, and suggested, as but a few moments remained, that he had better buy one at once. His reply was, 'No, my brother, our Heavenly Father will send the chair from New York. It is one used by Mrs. Mueller. I wrote ten days ago to a brother, who promised to see it forwarded here last week. He had not been prompt as I would have desired, but I am sure our Heavenly Father will send the chair. Mrs. Mueller is very sick on the sea, and has particularly desired to have the same chair, and not finding it here yesterday, we have made special prayer that our Heavenly Father would be pleased to provide it for us, and we will trust Him to do so.' As this dear man of God went peacefully on board, running the risk of Mrs. Mueller making the trip without a chair, when, for a couple of dollars, she could have been provided for, I confess I feared Mr. Mueller was carrying his faith principles too far, and not acting wisely. I was at the express office ten minutes after Mr. Mueller left. Just as I started to hurry to the wharf, a

team drove up the street, and on top of a load just arrived from New York, was Mr. Mueller's chair. It was sent at once to the tender and placed in my hands to take to Mr. Mueller, just as the boat was leaving the dock (the Lord having a lesson for me). Mr. Mueller took it with the happy, pleased expression of a child who has just received a kindness deeply appreciated, and reverently removing his hat and folding his hands over it, he thanked the Heavenly Father for sending the chair."

One of Melancthon's correspondents writes of Luther's praying: "I cannot enough admire the extraordinary cheerfulness, constancy, faith and hope of the man in these trying and vexatious times. He constantly feeds these gracious affections by a very diligent study of the Word of God. Then not a day passes in which he does not employ in prayer at least three of his very best hours. Once I happened to hear him at prayer. Gracious God! What spirit and what faith is there in his expressions! He petitions God with as much reverence as if he was in the Divine Presence, and yet with as firm a hope and confidence as he would address a father or a friend. 'I know,' said he, 'Thou art our Father and our God; and therefore I am sure Thou wilt bring to naught the persecutors of Thy children. For shouldest Thou fail to do this, Thine own cause, being connected with ours, would be endangered. It is entirely Thine own concern. We, by Thy providence, have been compelled to take a part. Thou therefore wilt be our defence.' Whilst I was listening to Luther praying in this manner, at a distance, my soul seemed on fire within me, to hear the man address God so like a friend, yet with so much gravity and reverence; and also to hear him, in course of his prayer, insisting on the promises contained in the Psalms, as if he were sure his petitions would be granted."

Of William Bramwell, a noted Methodist preacher in England, wonderful for his zeal and prayer, the following is related by a sergeant major: In July, 1811, our regiment was ordered for Spain, then the seat of a protracted and sanguinary war. My mind was painfully exercised with the thoughts of leaving my dear wife and four helpless children in a strange country, unprotected and unprovided for. Mr. Bramwell felt a lively interest in our situation, and his sympathizing spirit seemed to drink in all the agonized feelings of my tender wife. He supplicated the throne of grace day and night in our behalf. My wife and I spent the evening previous to our march at a friend's house, in company with Mr. Bramwell, who sat in a very pensive mood, and appeared to be in a spiritual struggle all the time. After supper, he

(Continued on page 34)

1. The first part of the study was a pilot study. The pilot study was conducted in order to determine the feasibility of the study. The pilot study was conducted in order to determine the feasibility of the study. The pilot study was conducted in order to determine the feasibility of the study.

The Bible House

Edith Goreham Clarke, Rufforth-York, England.

You have often seen and admired great buildings, I expect. Have you ever thought what a wonderful building the Bible is? God is both its Architect and its Builder, for He told the men who wrote it what to say. You know buildings take a long time being built. The Bible building took longer to build than any earthly one. It covers several thousands of years! Then, too, great buildings have many rooms; so has the Bible building. It has sixty-six large rooms. Though lofty, they are all very beautiful. They are not all of the same measurements, some being longer than others and one or two being quite small.

The temple which Solomon built was a magnificent building, but the Bible building is even more beautiful than it was! Would you like to see over it? It is always best to have a Guide when you are going over a building about which you do not know very much, is it not? If you really want to understand all the beauty there is in this wonderful building, you must be sure to have a guide. "Is there one?" you ask. Yes, He sits at the entrance, waiting to take you through the rooms one by one, and explain their marvels to you. Say to Him, "Lord, open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy Law (or Word)," and He will touch your eyes with His own Eye-salve, that they may be able to see.

Every verse in this building is a stone, and how many stones do you think there are altogether? Thirty-one thousand, one hundred and seventy-three! Some are alike, but most of them are different. God, the great Architect, says that a severe punishment awaits anyone who removes, or even mutilates any of these stones.

A beautiful garden surrounds the building, called Eden. The entrance hall is called Genesis, and there are four rooms opening out of it on the right, which are called respectively, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy. These rooms are called the Law Rooms. Did you ask what all those lovely paintings hanging on the walls of the entrance hall were? This one is a picture of the first man and his wife, who ever lived. Do you know their names? Yes, Adam and Eve. Here is a picture of Abel offering up a lamb to God. He was one of the first children to live on this earth of ours, you know. These other pictures are of Enoch, who "walked with God"; Noah, who, because he

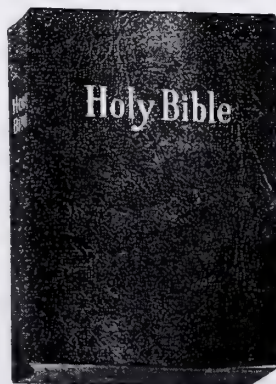
served God faithfully, was not drowned in the great and terrible flood which destroyed all the ungodly inhabitants of the earth; Abraham, "the father of the faithful"; and many others.

These rooms on the right are very interesting and instructive, for in them is to be found God's Laws, and stories of the first people who tried to keep them. They tell us of their failure, for they found that it was easier to sin than to do right, in spite of all the wondrous things God did to help them to remember.

These rooms on the left of the hall are the History Rooms, and in them we can learn of all that happened in the past ages. Job is the Sick Room, and all who enter it may learn how sickness rightly born may enrich a soul. Here is the Music Gallery of the Psalms, and if we listen carefully we will hear the sweet singing of David and several other great musicians.

The Business Room is called Proverbs. Do you see how the walls of this room are lined with mottos? How wise they are! They were written by the wisest man who ever lived. Perhaps you know his name, for it is Solomon. Let me read you one or two—"Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord" (12:22). "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty" (16:32). "The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it" (10:22). "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy path" (3:6).

The Detention Room comes next, and is called Ecclesiastes. Sorrowful people are often found in this room, learning that God's ways are best. Here, also, we find framed warnings on the walls. This one says, "God requireth that which is past." Here is another which reads, "Whatsoever the hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom,



in the grave"; and this one near the door by which we leave the Detention Room, says, "Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man."

Now we enter a room with a balcony, looking out on a pleasant view. This room is Ruth; and near it is the Room of God's Love, called by some, the Song of Songs. Do you ask what those lofty rooms above are? They are the Prophets' Chambers. Some have wonderfully long views right down the ages, both past and future. Let us go into the room of Isaiah. Here we have some very wonderful portraits of the Builder and Architect of our Bible house, and when we study them prayerfully we see how utterly marvelous is His love to sinful men and women.

And now we come to the more modern part of the building. The rooms we enter here are more beautiful still, for they all speak of Him who is the altogether lovely One, the chiefest among ten thousand, the One whose name is Jesus, Savior.

Let us stand and gaze upon Him, our wonderful Redeemer. We see Him first in these four rooms of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, as a helpless Babe; then we see Him as a young man, but always see Him going about doing good. Presently, we see Him captured by enemies and dragged to a cruel death of shame upon the Cross. Then, oh, praise His name, we see Him coming out of the tomb, alive once more; the Mighty Victor over the powers of darkness. And as we look, we see it was for each one of us He died, and it is for us He lives; and we sing with joyful hearts:

*Oh, it is wonderful that He should care
Enough to die for me!*

Oh, it is wonderful, wonderful to me!

But what is all that noise coming from the next room? Ah, that is from the room called the Acts of the Apostles, or more correctly, The Acts of the Holy Spirit. It is the great work room of the building, where we may learn of the wonder working power of the Holy Spirit, who enables us to work for our Savior. Next we come to a suite of rooms. There are twenty in all, and these are called the Epistle Rooms. Within them are stored some of the choicest treasures of the Owner of the house, who is also its Architect and Builder.

And now we have reached the last and highest room in the house. It is a holy, sacred room, and on the door is written, "The Revelation of Jesus Christ." This room contains priceless jewels. It tells, among other things, of the glory of the

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ONLY A COPY

(Continued from page 10)

are today. Many times I have wished you could have heard those great men explain those things which have appeared mysteries for ages."

"My son," replied the older man slowly, "great and learned men could never convince me that my God does not live. By my own experience I know Him to be real."

"I have too much respect for you and for your life, which is without reproach, to argue the point," Gerald told his father. "Nevertheless, our feelings often play us strange pranks, and we have hallucinations which, to our overwrought nerves, may seem very real. When I was a child I remember listening to someone telling ghost stories until I was so frightened that I dared not look behind myself. Yet the fact that I fancied ghosts existed and might appear at any time did not cause them to exist or appear."

"I am sure you will change your mind some day, Gerald," said Mrs. Mann as her son ceased speaking.

Gerald worked diligently and under his skilled brush the rough sketches became things of surprising beauty. His mother never tired of gazing at his work and praising his efforts.

One day late in January he decided it was time to begin the picture for his mother. He would go to the creek the following morning and do some sketching. As he left the house he stopped amazed. What a change had come over the world during the night! He suddenly remembered that his father had said there had been a heavy ice-storm. Gerald beheld with intense wonder the scene before him. Never had he witnessed anything that could rival the beauty of the picture which stretched from either side as far as eye could see. It was difficult to walk over the slippery ground, but finally he reached the bank of the glassy creek. The great red sun rising slowly above the eastern horizon cast its long, horizontal rays through the trees. Each ice-covered branch and twig glistened and shone as if burnished with crystal, while the tall grass and rushes growing by the creek appeared like shining silver spears. The grandeur of the scene filled the young man's heart, and for a long time he stood, lost in silent admiration as his artist soul drank deeply from the beauty of that transformed wonderland.

Suddenly he started from his profound reverie—"I'll do it! I'll paint, if possible, this glorious scene for mother. It shall be my masterpiece."

Drawing a pad and pencil from his pocket, he drew an outline of the creek and clumps of willows and rushes. Having taken notes on the exact manner in which the sunbeams reached the partic-

ular place he intended painting, he hastened homeward. So great was his excitement that he could scarcely eat his food at noon, and his parents noted an eager light glowing in his eyes.

For many days he worked at his new picture. He knew that the work was good, yet he felt that it lacked the sparkle and gleam which had held him spellbound that winter morning.

His mother entered his room one day and was looking at his different pictures. Gerald left his easel and explained, as he had done many times since his homecoming, the different places visited in his travels, and repeated again the names of the great artists whose works he had copied. The mother listened attentively, though she promptly forgot the names of the great men. Going to the easel on which was the new picture, she asked in a strange voice, "From whom did you copy this, Gerald?"

"Why, Mother!" exclaimed the young man in surprise, "that is my own. It is original."

"I wonder if it is," said Mrs. Mann in the same queer voice as she left the room.

Gerald could not shake off his mother's words though they seemed absurd. Of course the picture was original. But say, was it? Had he not copied it? Who was the Master Artist?

These thoughts chased each other through his mind and then repeated the procedure over again.

The young man paced the floor in manifest confusion. The very universe seemed reeling about him while his strong theories and "certain facts which could not be denied" were slipping away as mist before the sun. With great effort he attempted to clear his mind, but an overwhelming force seemed to be pounding at his heart's door, and his intellect was yielding to a stronger will than his own.

Gazing upon the picture on the easel, he whispered, "Mother was right. It is only a copy. It is copied from the Master Artist—the Creator of the universe."

He rushed from his room and called his father and mother who came from a near-by room.

"Did you want us, son?" questioned the mother.

Gerald told them quickly of his experience and new convictions, and concluded by saying, "Father, I said your feelings were hallucinations. Forgive me, I know not what I said. I am as sure of the existence of a Divine Being as if I had seen Him standing bodily before me."

"Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven," quoted Mr. Mann reverently.

"We have been praying for you all day," said his mother. "Our prayers have

reached the throne."

Gerald presented "Our Boy's Playground" to his mother as a birthday present. As he did so he said:

"Mother, you are acquainted with the Master Artist. Will you accept a copy of His work?"—*Light and Life Evangel, from the Sunday School Banner.*

HOW ELSIE FOUND THE WAY

(Continued from page 4)

know he will come to the church."

Then because Bob and Betty had promised to take care of Elsie they had to follow the way she went, and sure enough it was not long until they came straight to the church steps. They could not open the door but Bob found a window open and they climbed in. Bob made a fire in the big stove, because he knew where they kept the kindling and the matches; and Betty found the bell rope and rang the church bell, but Elsie sat down and cuddled the little crippled rabbit in her mittened hands to help him get warm.

Then she bowed her head and said, "Thank you, God, for letting your little rabbit show us the way to find your house." Betty and Bob bowed their heads and were glad about Elsie's little prayer.

Then it wasn't long after the church bell rang before their fathers and mothers came, and other people came too, for some had already begun looking for the lost children.

"How did you ever find the way to the church?" Bob's father asked him.

"We didn't," said Betty, "Elsie found the way and we followed her."

"Oh no," said Elsie as she held up the little crippled bunny, "it was the little rabbit that found the way, and we followed him. I call him God's little rabbit because he lives at the church. Of course all little creatures are God's, but this one lives at the church. I know him and he knows me and I feed him cabbage. He is crippled and can't go very far so when I saw him I knew the church was close by and I followed him."

Then Elsie's father, who was a doctor, said that he could mend the little rabbit's crippled leg so it would be quite well and strong again, and Bob and Betty and Elsie were all glad of that.—*Herald of Holiness.*

THE UPWARD LOOK IS BRIGHT

(Continued from page 7)

fied. He said, "Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy."

Though dark the way upon earth may appear, the upward look is always bright. "In Him is no darkness." Jesus overcame the tempter by saying, "It is written." Job said, "When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."—*Gospel Herald.*



FAITH

(Continued from page 9)

How true! and yet, our hearts are filled
with fear
Whene'er we see privation drawing near.
No work! no funds! we're filled with
dark despair;
We quite forget the fact that God is
there.
This is not right; and so no more I'll fear,
Not even when I see grim want draw
near.
No, like the sparrow, I will trust and
say,
"God will provide, in His own time and
way."

A fierce and raging fire had swept the
land,
Blackened and bare, it stretched on every
hand;
No sign of life, no bit of green was there;
The heat waves quivered on the sultry
air.
"No living thing," I cried, "can be
found here."
But lo! there came a whistle, shrill and
clear.
In that drear land, so sultry, warm and
bare,
The brave Field sparrow's song filled all
the air:

*"Raging flames have made this country
Desolate, and black, and bare;
But we sparrows trust God's promise;
'Once again, it will be fair.'"*

"Just so," thought I, "I've often thought
life bare;
And then, I've given way to dark despair:
But if, instead, I'd looked to God above,
And trusted in His wondrous power and
love,
Then, like the sparrow, I could look be-
yond the night
And sing, because I'd know that the fu-
ture would be bright."

In the Arctic land I walked mid ice and
snow,
And felt the fierce and chilling north
wind blow.
I thought I'd hear no sweet bird note up
there;
But lo! a joyous song came on the air:

*"We sparrows sing in this Arctic land,
Mid frozen ice and snow;
We sparrows sing our song of faith,
Though fiercely the north winds blow.*

*"We sparrows sing, for we trust God's
Word,
That the summer will come once more;
We sparrows sing because we know
That the winter will soon be o'er.*

*"We sparrows sing, for God's warm
spring sun
Will melt the ice and snow;
We sing, for we know that the sum-*

*mer flowers
Once more will blossom and grow."*

I thought how once all that was good
within
My heart and life lay buried deep 'neath
sin,
But 'twas not dead; and when I turned
to Heaven
In simple faith, and asked to be forgiven,
Christ took my load of sin away, and lo!
The Christian fruits, once more, began
to grow.
The sun's last rays lit up the western
sky,
I looked upon it with a weary sigh.
All day I'd worked, and now I looked
with dread
At days of ceaseless toil, which stretched
ahead.
But lo! there came unto my listening ear
The Vesper sparrow's song, so silvery
clear:

*"Come, leave your endless round of
tasks;
Come, lay them all away
And spend with Christ the Vesper hour,
Which comes at the close of day.
'Bring all of your cares, and lay them
At your loving Savior's feet—
Yes, bring them all, at the Vesper hour,
That hour of quiet sweet.*

*"Come, spend this hour with your Savior
And your worry and dread will cease;
And you'll find at the end of the Vesper
hour
You are filled with its calm and
peace."*

And when this wondrous message I had
heard,
I thought, "How true you speak, O little
bird!
I weary of the endless round of work;
I often wish that I some tasks might
shirk,
But if I'd spend this Vesper hour with
Him,
Renew my faith, that it should not grow
dim,
I'd gain fresh strength, so I no more
would dread
The days of endless toil, which stretch
ahead."

Within the vale thick fog surrounded
me,
It was so dense that I could scarcely see;
But through the fog there drifted to my
ear
The White-crowned sparrow's message,
sweet and clear:

*"The mists hang thick within the vale—
So thick you cannot see.
You say they are depressing?
They never trouble me.*

*"You wonder why? I'll tell you:
My home is on the height—
I'm far above the fog and mist;*

I'm up where the sun shines bright."

Ah yes! dear bird, your song my heart
will cheer,
Whene'er my life is filled with mists of
doubt and fear;
For well I know the heights are bright
and fair,
And I can reach those heights by faith
and prayer.
How differently life doth to me appear
Up there with God, above the mists of
doubt and fear.

It matters not what place we chance to
roam,
We'll find some sparrow there has built
a home:
And, as we pass, unto our listening ear
Will come his song of faith, so sweet and
clear:

*"We never worry or complain
Whate'er the day may bring;
We know God loves the sparrows,
And so, we trust and sing."*

And, like the sparrows, we should trust
and sing,
Content, whate'er to us the day may
bring.
If trials or sorrows come, our faith to
test,
Say, like the sparrows, "Surely, God
knows best."

RACHEL

(Continued from page 3)

chatting happily together, helped their
older sisters-in-law in various ways with
the dinner preparations. Mrs. Kalinsky
had firmly annexed Max for the day, and
she was now, in her orange satin, buried
in the depths of the rose plush Chester-
field in the front parlor in confidential
and earnest conversation with him. She
was perfectly happy. Her twenty children
and grandchildren had all gathered to do
her honor; and her Max—her precious
youngest son—her heart's idol—was be-
side her.

At length, soon after two o'clock, din-
ner was served, and the entire Kalinsky
family sat down before the long, festive
board. Mrs. Kalinsky, with Max next to
her, graced the head of the table. Rachel
sat at the foot, between Grandmother
Kalinsky on the one side, and little Mois-
cha, Joseph and Rose's boy, on the other.
For two full hours the viands and the
festivity passed back and forth. While
they were still eating, neighbors began
dropping in—Yetta Cash and Sophy Yas-
nik, and another and yet another friend,
who seated themselves around the room,
until Mrs. Deborah, highly exulting in the
welcome thus accorded her, was holding
court as proudest queen.

Finally by four o'clock, dinner was
really finished and then Mrs. Kalinsky, to-
gether with her sons and her neighbors,



ascended to the upstairs parlor; while the daughters-in-law were left below to wash the dishes. The older children were instructed to remain and help them but their tenure of office was of short duration. So, too, was that of their mothers. The heavy end of the task fell eventually upon Esther and Rachel. The dishes seemed interminable. Although in loyalty to Max, Rachel had given no outward sign of displeasure, nevertheless she still felt an inward ranking over the disappointed Sunday plans, and a conscious regret in Mrs. Kalinsky's home-coming. Rachel's was a nature that was easily pleased, and as quickly grieved. Unhappily the grieving when it did occur, took the form of brooding and depression of spirit. She was brooding now as she stood over the dishpan. And for the best of reasons. Not one word had she had with Max alone all afternoon, so exclusively had his mother exercised her proprietorship over him. She was too proud to own her unhappiness even to Esther.

After the kitchen had finally been restored to order, the girls joined the others upstairs, and soon Rachel was asked to sing. She did so obediently, but there was no buoyancy in her tone, no accustomed cheer. Nor was her inward mood by any means improved when Max called attention to that fact. But still she gave no outward sign. She sang another song at Max's request—this time with forced gaiety and brilliancy, but with a secretly heavy heart. Then the children trooped in and wanted "Auntie Ray" to tell them a story. This she did rather more happily, for she loved the children. Then Mrs. Kalinsky drew her court into a close circle around her and for a couple of hours regaled them with the wonders of "Californien" and her rich relations there. And then that hospitable lady suggested it was time to eat again, and Rachel, with the other young wives, was sweetly asked if she would "please be so kind to make ready for us a leetle supper."

At eight o'clock the large Kalinsky family gathered once more around the table, their ranks this time being augmented by Yetta Cash and Sophy Yasnik and half a dozen other guests. The meal, as usual, was a lengthy one, and then once more for Rachel, the colossal stack of dishes. By eleven o'clock, when they were at last finished, her head was aching and her heart was heavy and sore. It was still nearly another hour before Max was finally released from the close-enfolding maternal wings, and they were free to go home.

They did not take a taxi back—not even the streetcar. Max was in the mood to walk the twelve blocks down to Avenue B and Second Street. Rachel's mood was not consulted. She was too proud and too hurt to urge it. Max talked volubly. One thought alone absorbed him—his

mother's return from California and the wonderful plans she had formulated there and had today unfolded to him, whereby within a year he would own the finest cigar and paper shop on Second Avenue. He was too elated himself to note Rachel's unresponsiveness. He continued talking—eagerly, excitedly. Rachel was silent—silent and heartsick.

It was after twelve o'clock when they reached home. The picnic basket stood on the table just as they left it in the morning. The still unwashed breakfast dishes confronted them—the unswept, untidy flat. The cat miaowed hungrily. Rachel—for the first time since Pussy had come to live with her—had forgotten, before her hurried departure in the morning, to fill her saucer with cream. For the first time, too, she now failed to light the samovar and make Max's tea. Max looked at her puzzled and disappointed. But she didn't care, she told him—she couldn't help it—her head ached—no, she wasn't going to make any tea tonight. Her tone was petulant, her beautiful face sullen. There was a sudden sharp word of reproach from Max, a sudden unwonted burst of tears from Rachel. The first tiny rift had pierced their tuneful lute.

The next morning while they were at breakfast, Mrs. Kalinsky called up Max on the telephone. Her visit with him was so extended that his coffee grew quite cold. Rachel continued eating alone her fish and toast and celery, with mounting displeasure as, inescapably, she heard Max's cross-section of the conversation.

"It is so fine, Mamma, to have you home again. . . . Yes, we had a wonderful day with you yesterday—we both enjoyed it a lot—and all the plans you told me for the business, how we can make money quick, they are all just great. You bet I'll do it, Mamma, exactly like you say! . . . What? When are we coming up again? Whenever you say, Mamma! . . . Next Sunday? Sure, every Sunday . . . When? Before Sunday? When do you want us? What? Thursday night? Oh—Thursday—wait a minute, I'll ask Rachel."

Max shot a questioning glance toward the table. Rachel's eyes met his appealingly. "O Max, not Thursday, dear—we're to go up to Ben and Esther's Thursday." Max continued into the transmitter: "Mamma, Rachel says we've got another date then. . . . Where to?—Why, we're going up to Ben and Esther's place for supper. . . . What? Go there on Wednesday instead? . . . All right, I'll try to fix it with them. We'll see you then on Thursday. . . . What's that? When will you come down to our house? Just as soon as you possibly can, Mamma! We're both crazy you should see our little flat. When will you come? . . . What? Tonight? . . . Good! Sure it will be all right! We have supper about seven. . . . What? . . .

You'll come down early to help Rachel get the supper ready? That's awfully good of you. She'll be so glad, I know she will. . . . All right, at three o'clock then! I'll tell Rachel. . . . Good-bye, Mamma! We'll see you later!"

Max turned to Rachel eagerly. "Mamma is coming, Raychen, to have supper with us tonight—to see us in our flat. Won't that be great, dear? You'll buy something nice at the market, won't you, and cook it just the finest you know how? Mamma says she'll come at three o'clock to help you—why, what is it, Liebchen? What's the matter?"

Rachel tried bravely to conceal the inward tumult. "Nothing, dear," she answered, trying to smile her usual radiant smile. "It will be so nice to have your mother here. It is so good of her to come so soon." But Max's quick ear detected a strained note in her voice, and he knew that all was not quite well.

"Ray, what is it, dearest?" he repeated his question anxiously, "what is the matter? You didn't mind my changing our night with Ben and Esther from Thursday to Wednesday, did you? I thought it wouldn't make any difference; and Mamma was so anxious to have us come to her house Thursday. You didn't care, did you, Ray?"

"No—oh no—it was all right, Max," she answered lamely. "I just—don't feel quite well today. I have such a headache . . ."

Max was all tenderness at once. "I'm so sorry, sweetheart!" he murmured, putting his arm around her. "You must go out for a little walk this morning, then have a nap after lunch before Mamma comes."

But Rachel knew there was neither walk nor nap for her that day. It was now nine o'clock, and she knew it would take her every moment until three to make fitting preparation for the great event—the first reception of her mother-in-law in her own home. She had no doubt that every smallest detail of the entire establishment would be subjected to minute and critical inspection. So the moment Max was gone she set to work. First there were the dishes—all of yesterday's still remaining over. She had been too tired to touch them last night. Then there was the sweeping and the dusting. For the first time since their marriage Max had failed to do it for her. Then everything, she reflected nervously, must be polished beyond all possibility of reproach. And then the supper must be planned and ordered over the telephone and cooked. Oh dear, oh dear, why was Mrs. Kalinsky coming tonight? And why on earth did she say she would come at three o'clock? And why, oh why, couldn't she have stayed in California?

Everything went badly all day. The headache grew worse. Rachel broke one of her grandmother's teacups. She upset a



bottle of frying oil over the stove and spattered all the brases. She burnt her fingers opening the oven door. And worse, she burnt the cake. However, by dint of sheer grit and dogged perseverance, at three o'clock the little flat was shining, the fish loaf was all ready for the oven, the vegetables and the salad were prepared, and the cake, successfully grated off with respect to its burnt section, was frosted artistically. Max would bring some flowers home with him. Rachel herself was tastefully dressed in a becoming old-rose frock which especially pleased Max. Everything was in readiness for the distinguished guest of honor—just as perfect as the “clever little housewife” could make it. And yet Rachel felt uncomfortably apprehensive. Well she might!

Mrs. Kalinsky arrived at half-past four. Her greeting of Rachel was greasily effusive. Rachel bore it bravely. “Mein darling noy daughter! Mamma she is come to see you in your beautiful noy flat. Oi, oi, how fine it all is—how wonderful!” She threw up her arms and clapped her hands over her head in ecstatic gesture. “Oi, but it iss all so grand! You haf made it sweet! Come, you must show it to Mamma eferythings! Mein Maxie’s home—mein own darling Maxie! He haf now a fine leetle flat which it iss all his own. Und he haf now too a beautiful leetle wife—which it iss mein own darling daughter Rakkell!” Again Rachel submitted patiently to the effusive caresses.

Mrs. Kalinsky removed her hat and coat and combed her hair, and then proceeded upon her tour of inspection of every remotest corner of the flat, accompanying it with voluble comment. On this, her first visit, her appraisal of the material equipment was altogether favorable. Rachel’s domestic activities, however, did not so easily pass muster. Within fifteen minutes of her entrance into the bride’s little home, Mrs. Kalinsky started to make good her promise declared on the night of the wedding to Sophy Yasnik and Yetta Cash and Mrs. Kalish, that she would “learn Rakkell eferythings.”

Her instruction began with noodle soup. After the minute examination of the flat had been completed to her satisfaction, Mrs. Kalinsky sat down in the kitchen and watched Rachel as she drew out her bake board and proceeded to cut into artistic shapes the little mounds of dough she had so carefully kneaded in the morning.

“Vot you making, Rakkell?” interrogated Mrs. Kalinsky sharply.

“I’m making noodles for the chicken soup,” Rachel replied sweetly.

“Vot? Noo-dles? Them things ain’t noo-dles! Vy you cut it all so qveer? Come, I will learn you right.” She seized the knife and the dough from Rachel’s hands and began chopping vigorously. “See, Rakkell,” she said, shaving the ball

into the thinnest possible shreds, “you must cut noo-dles always so.”

Rachel’s spirit of independence flamed. “But,” she protested, “I always cut them up in fancy shapes for Max. He likes them best that way.”

Her appeal to Max’s preference was not the most tactful reply. Rather, it was exceedingly unhappy.

“Vot,” Mrs. Kalinsky exclaimed shrilly—her tone not quite pleasant—“vot? You think you know it better than his mother how mein Maxie like his noo-dles? For twenty-two years I haf meinsel made noo-dles for mein sohn. I guess, mein dear Rakkell, you cannot tell me how mein Maxie vant his noo-dles.”

Latent maternal jealousy was aroused. The cutting of the dough proceeded forthwith according to Mrs. Kalinsky’s pattern.

Rachel’s method of baking the fish loaf was next called into question. Likewise her choice of saucepans for the cooking of the vegetables—while her artistic arrangement of the salad upon the dainty individual glass plates was sniffed at as “foolishness.” Every detail, in fact, of the preparation of the little bride’s first dinner for her mother-in-law was subject to the displeasure of that estimable lady. By the time Max arrived and dinner was served, Rachel’s nervousness and resentment had reached a high pitch. Her feelings were not soothed at all by Mrs. Kalinsky’s observations to her son after they had started eating:

“It iss such a nice leetle supper. I meinsel certainly haf show Rakkell how she must cook it. She iss going to be a very clefer housewife, Maxie, after Mamma vill learn her yet.”

Max came manfully to his bride’s defense. “Rachel is a wonderful little housewife already! You should see, Mamma, all the fine things she cooks for me.”

But Mrs. Kalinsky shook her head stubbornly. “Rakkell, maybe she vill be a fine cook some day—but she haf very, very much vot she must learn yet. But nefer mind, darling”—this to Rachel—“you must be very patient und I vill show you. I haf promise I meinsel vill learn you eferythings.”

Rachel’s anger was dangerously near the surface by this time. But her loyalty to Max, combined with her innate pride, enabled her to conceal it from their guest.

The meal proceeded apace, Rachel outwardly very charming and gracious as hostess, while all the time she was inwardly raging. But the shoals and quicksands of the evening were safely passed at last, and by half-past ten Max escorted his mother home. He invited Rachel to go with them but she declined. His mother would want to have a little visit with him alone. In her heart she longed to get alone by herself—as quickly as possible.

And for good reason! She knew she

was at the snapping point. The instant the door closed upon Mrs. Kalinsky and Max she gave way. All the pent-up anger and resentment and nerve strain of the past two days was released in a flood of violent weeping. Free at last, Rachel buried her head in her arms and sobbed hysterically. The poor child was thoroughly unnerved. Her keen instinct and quick perception appraised the situation exactly. She saw before her a weary path. Her peaceful little home had been invaded, and Rachel knew that future invasions were as certain as that night follows day. Nor could she see any possible escape—none certainly while Max was so completely dominated by his mother. She looked ahead with dread. She knew the beautiful sweet road had met a turning. The pathway now would be beset with thorns. Nor were her fears in the least degree mistaken.

From that day forward, Mrs. Kalinsky’s smouldering jealousy mounted apace. Her determination “to learn Rakkell eferythings” took definite action. Rachel’s freedom was completely gone. No longer was she mistress in her own home. Her every movement was scrutinized, criticized, reproved.

Hardly a day passed that Mrs. Kalinsky did not either demand that Max and Rachel come to Eleventh Street, or that she did not go down to their flat. Sundays they must always spend with her at the big house, she insisted upon it. Their visit lasted usually from noon till nearly midnight, with all which that implied—hours of drudgery for Rachel over the big stove or the dishpan, and yet more distasteful hours of visiting in the family group in the ugly parlors, listening endlessly to Mrs. Kalinsky’s snug self-praise. The worst thing of all about those “detestable Kalinsky Sundays,” as Rachel resentfully called them—to herself, never to Max—was that she had no opportunity whatever to talk with him alone. All day long, from the moment they entered the house until they left it, Max was his mother’s undisputed proprietary possession.

Besides Sunday, there was one evening a week at least when they must go to Eleventh Street for dinner; and never less than two evenings that Mrs. Kalinsky visited them, which was worse. After the first gushing effusiveness toward “mein darling noy daughter” wore off, Mrs. Kalinsky’s natural colors came more to the fore. Never a visit was there that Rachel after it did not feel strained and almost ill. In her truly noble effort to conceal from Max her burning inward resentment, the nervous tension was constant and extreme. The pretty flat which upon Mrs. Kalinsky’s first visit and a few succeeding ones met with favor, became gradually the object of her gruelling criticism. Nothing in it pleased her. The jealous cross-examination of its little mis-



dress was detailed and insistent.

"Vy you keep your brass things on the stove? You should keep them always in the cupboard, Rakkel." . . . "Vy you haf a rug on top of your linoleum? You don't need no rug mit linoleum; you should not haf vot iss not necessary." . . . "Vy you keep it always flowers on your table? Flowers they iss too expensive." . . . "Vy you cook your supper in the mornings? You should not make it your supper ready till you have had your lunch yet." . . . "Vy you put it in your cake so much good oil? It iss not necessary that you use so much. Vun spoonful certainly iss all you vant." . . . "Vy you wear in the mornings, Rakkel, such fancy dresses in the house? You should wear always in the house dark dresses to save washing!" And so on—endlessly. Nothing—absolutely nothing escaped her eye. And nothing suited.

Her pet aversion was the cat. She detested cats. Whenever she came she insisted that Rachel put hers down in the basement. One day she noticed Rachel pouring a jug of cream into the cat's saucer. This was more than she could stand. "Rakkel Kalinsky!" she demanded, "vot vas you gifting to that cat? . . . Krim! You gif to a cat krim! To a cat! Und I can't afford to buy krim for meinsel. Nefer let me see you doing such a things again! Always you must feed cats only mit skim-milk."

Next to the cat, Mrs. Kalinsky's chief displeasure was the inglenook. Each time she tried to squeeze her portly bulk into it, behind the table, her ire was roused. More than once she had angrily jerked the table out of the nook into the center of the floor and placed the Windsor chairs around it before she would sit down.

And still another source of irritation were the glazed chintz curtains. "Such foolishness," was her comment upon these. "Vy you haf in your kitchen curtains which it iss so silly? These ain't no kind of curtains for a kitchen. They iss for a parlor. Vot they kostet you?" she suddenly demanded.

Rachel met the issue squarely: "Seven dollars!"

Mrs. Kalinsky's wrath exploded. "Vot! Sef-en dol-lars! Rakkel Mendelssohn Kalinsky! You pay sefen dollars for curtains for a kitchen!" Her voice rose to a shrill crescendo.

"You dare to told me you spend it sefen dollars of mein poor sohn's money which he haf to work so hard for, to buy curtains for a kitchen! Oi, oi, you will make him to be ruined yet—mein poor dear boy, mein Maxiel!"

Mrs. Kalinsky seemed possessed with the very spirit of contradiction. Usually Rachel could throw off the weight of her visits as soon as she had gone. Her cutting thrusts had fortunately no lasting effect upon her young daughter-in-law. Once

the door was closed upon her, Rachel would feel a keen elation in the thought that now, for a little while at least, she could again be mistress in her own home. But one act of Mrs. Kalinsky's there was—her master-stroke of domination—of such cruel consequence that it was impossible for Rachel to throw off the depression it created. It left in its train an abiding and an irreparable sorrow.

The occasion was Mrs. Kalinsky's second visit in the little flat. On her first visit with Max and Rachel the evening had passed without mishap. But the second time she dined with them she had said suddenly, just as they were finishing dessert: "Vot time do you go back to the shop, Max?"

"Go back—to the shop?" Max repeated blankly.

"Yes, after supper. Vot time do you go back to vork?"

"—I don't work evenings, Mamma," faltered Max. "I always close the shop at half-past six." Instantly the red lights blazed. Mrs. Kalinsky turned upon him in shocked displeasure.

"Vot?" she demanded violently. "You don't vork efenings? Und a cigar und newspaper shop, which it iss eferybody vants efenings? Vot you mean by such a things, mein sohn? How you expect you will get rich qvick like vot ve plan, ven you close your shop up efenings? Tonight it iss Friday, so you need not go tonight und you can vait also Saturday and Sunday. But Monday you will start. You must get a boy to mind the shop till you get back from supper, and then you will vork efery night till ten o'clock und Saturdays elefen!"

Thus the maternal mandate went forth. And there was no appeal. Forthwith, on the following Monday evening the little shop on Second Avenue remained open for business until ten—and on every evening thereafter. In consequence Rachel at home was lonely and sad.

She seldom went out now after supper. She would not go to the homes of their married friends without Max; and gradually these friends no longer came, with the old happy informality and frequency, to their home. Even Ben and Esther, after two or three very unsatisfactory suppers when Max had to rush off and leave them, finally found difficulty in getting down to Second Street; while Rachel of course could not go alone away up the Bronx to their home. She and Esther still enjoyed many happy visits together over their tea in the afternoon; but the jolly little suppers with the boys gradually diminished. Mrs. Kalinsky kept urging Rachel to stay at the big house every evening until Max called for her, but this she always avoided doing whenever it was diplomatically possible. She chose the lesser evil of staying home alone.

She whiled away the long hours reading

or sewing or busying herself with various household tasks. She would play with the cat. She would try to sing. She would make a special treat for Max. At ten o'clock she would start the water boiling in the samovar. Sometimes it was eleven before Max reached the flat—so often it was that his mother wanted to talk over the day's business with him after the shop was closed at ten, and he would have to go away up to Eleventh Street before coming home. More than once it was nearly twelve o'clock before Rachel, tense and unstrung, at last would hear his steps upon the stairs. But whatever time it was, she invariably met him with a smile. He never suspected her displeasure. But though she succeeded so unselfishly and admirably in concealing from her husband her unhappiness, Rachel could not conceal it from herself. She was thoroughly unhappy and she knew it.

(To be continued)

TWO GREAT STATESMEN

(Continued from page 8)

the gift and to offer no stimulants to his guests, as many would be present besides the committee. Thus relieved, he made ready for the reception of the company according to his own ideas of hospitality."

When the committee finally arrived, Mr. Lincoln greeted them in these words: "Gentlemen, we must pledge our mutual healths in the most healthy beverage which God has given to man. It is the only beverage I have ever used or allowed in my family, and I cannot consistently depart from it on the present occasion. It is pure Adam's ale from the spring." He touched a tumbler to his lips and pledged them his highest respects in a cup of cold water. Of course, all his guests were constrained to admire his consistency and to follow his example.

The many other acts and utterances of Mr. Lincoln which confirmed this belief in his loyalty to the temperance cause are widely known, from his famous address on the temperance question delivered February 22, 1842, to his signing the historic presidential declaration of Edward C. Dellavan, and his final words to Major J. B. Merwin, spoken on the very day of his assassination, that "the next great question after reconstruction will be the overflow of the liquor traffic."—*The National Advocate*.

Encouragement

It is hard to believe long together that anything is "worth while" unless there is some eye to kindle in common with our own, some brief word uttered now and then to imply that what is infinitely precious to us is precious alike to another mind.—*George Eliot*.



The Power of Prayer

(Continued from page 27)

suddenly pulled his hand out of his bosom, laid it on my knees, and said: 'Brother Riley, mark what I am about to say! You are not to go to Spain. Remember I tell you, you are not; for I have been wrestling with God on your behalf, and when my heavenly Father condescends in mercy to bless me with power to lay hold on Himself, I do not easily let Him go; no, not until I am favored with an answer. Therefore you may depend upon it that the next time I hear from you, you will be settled in quarters.' This came to pass exactly as he said. The next day the order for going to Spain was countermanded."

These men prayed with a purpose. To them, God was not far away in some inaccessible region, but near at hand, ever ready to listen to the call of His children. There was no barrier between. They were on terms of perfect intimacy, if one may use such a phrase in relation to man and his Maker. No cloud obscured the face of the Father from His trusting child, who could look up into the Divine countenance and pour out the longings of his heart. That is the type of prayer which God never fails to hear. He knows that it comes from a heart at one with His own, from one who is entirely yielded to the heavenly plan, and so He bends His ear and gives to the pleading child the assurance that his petition has been heard and answered.

Have we not all had some such experience, when, with set and undeviating purpose, we have approached the face of our Father? In an agony of soul we have sought refuge from the oppression of the world in the anteroom of heaven; the waves of despair seemed to threaten destruction, and as no way of escape was visible anywhere, we fell back, like the disciples of old, upon the power of our Lord, crying to Him to save us lest we perish. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, the thing was done. The billows sank into calm; the howling wind died down at the Divine command; the agony of the soul passed into the restful peace as over the whole being there crept the consciousness of the Divine Presence, bringing with it the assurance of answered prayer and sweet deliverance. — *From Purpose in Prayer.*

The Bible House

(Continued from page 28)

Home prepared for those who love the One about whom each room in this Bible house speaks. It tells of His final triumph over all His foes, and of the terrible fate awaiting those who refuse to acknowledge Him as Lord and Savior.

Our journey through this wonderful Bible house has been quick and hurried.

Will you, dear reader, go over it again, in company with the Guide, whose name is the Comforter, the Holy Spirit sent from above; lingering a while in each room? The dear Owner sends you this invitation through me, and gently He adds, "Blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of * * this Book," (Rev. 22:7). — *Gospel Herald.*

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ARIZONA: W. H. Ward, 322 Petrie St., Phoenix, Ariz.
ARKANSAS: Oscar L. May, 4618 W. 29th, Little Rock, Ark.
CALIFORNIA: Vernon Sechler, Rt. 9, Box 246, Fresno, Calif.
DELAWARE: J. R. Brewer, Box 293, Seaford, Del.
FLORIDA: H. B. Ramsey, 825 Pinellas St., Clearwater, Fla.
GEORGIA: Joe R. Little, 898 Hemphill Ave., N. W., Atlanta, Ga.
IDAHO: Io Garlet, Box 1513, Yakima, Wash.
ILLINOIS: Raymond Morse, 138 W. Webster, Benton, Ill.
INDIANA: Paul Norris, 1610 N. 13th St., Terre Haute, Ind.
KANSAS: M. O. Smith, 301 St. Earl St., Independence, Kans.
KENTUCKY: J. T. Pitts, Box 240, Somerset, Ky.
LOUISIANA: W. C. Byrd, 4853 N. Highland Drive, Baton Rouge, La.
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MARYLAND: J. R. Brewer, Box 293, Seaford, Del.
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MISSISSIPPI: Clyde C. Cox, Box 387, 1108 River Ave., Hattiesburg, Miss.
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SOUTH DAKOTA: Vivian Becker, Lemmon, S. Dak.
SOUTH CAROLINA: H. F. Douglas, 217 Tremont Ave., Greenville, S. C.
TENNESSEE: George Brazell, Box 673, Cleveland, Tenn.
TEXAS: Glenn E. Weatherby, Box 213, Weatherford, Tex.

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Mrs. Burnice Heath, Tarboro, N. C.
Elvis Wilkes, Selma, N. C.
Mrs. Howland Fagues, Clemons, Ky.
Mrs. Genyth Rowe, Fork Ridge, Tenn.
Myrtle Sellers, E. Rockingham, N. C.
S. R. Williams, Bowling Green, Fla.
Mrs. Nola Ridgeway, Buford, Ga.
Jane Edkenrode, Olney, Ill.
Beatrice Dognan, Catlettsburg, Ky.
Zona Harrelson, Grayson, La.
Mrs. Leroy Imperio, Westernport, Md.
Lenore Shellenbarger, Lake Odessa, Mich.
R. H. Thomas, Detroit, Mich.
Helen Ellis, Moorhead, Miss.
Mrs. Effie Chase, Syracuse, N. Y.
Marvin Josephsen, Absecon, N. J.
Clarence Jump, Asheville, N. C.
Henrietta Withrow, Durham, N. C.
Elsie Williams, Laurel Hill, N. C.
Mrs. Alford Gardin, Youngstown, Pa.
W. M. Patterson, Uhrichsville, Ohio
J. H. Robbins, Chester, S. C.
Catherine Fox, Wichita Falls, Tex.
Fay Kinsley, Allen Junction, W. Va.
Betty Stephen, Tolstoy, S. Dak.
W. M. Fleeman, Naugatuck, W. Va.
Annie Bolton, Robinson, Ill.
Dorothy McNerlin, Williamsburg, Pa.
Mrs. L. E. Holdman, St. Louis, Mo.
Lois Talent, Wadesboro, N. C.
Venna Roy, Leona Mines, Va.
Mrs. Vergel A. Burgess, Mobeetie, Tex.
H. E. Hardin, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.
Jane Eckenrode, Olney, Ill.
H. E. Morris, Pavo, Ga.
Mrs. E. B. Eggleston, Keysville, Va.
L. H. Lawhon, Burkburnett, Tex.
Annie Barwick, Goldsboro, N. C.
Mrs. Mary Mitchem, DeFuniak Springs, Fla.
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Esther Isabell, Bowling Green, Ky.
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Mrs. R. L. Brasher, Pell City, Ala.
Vivian Horton, Fitzgerald, Ga.
Mrs. H. L. Kitchen, Birmingham, Ala.
Mrs. B. E. Barbee, Stanfield, N. C.
Mrs. Jince Young, Albertville, Ala.
Ira John Dockery, Townsend, Tenn.
V. E. Varner, Sparta, Tenn.
June Berry, Clinton, Ill.
Frances Foster, Harlowton, Mont.
Wiley W. Miller, Oxford, Ohio
Claude E. Yates, St. Louis, Mo.
W. L. Bloomfield, Lancaster, Ky.
Mrs. James E. Faile, Newry, S. C.
Sudie Thompson, Summit, Ga.
Faye Howell, Locust Grove, Okla.
Mrs. Etta Moore, Clayton, Ga.
Adene Long, Sallisburg, Md.
Mrs. Hudson Parker, Parma, Mo.

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WASHINGTON: Io Garlet, Box 1513, Yakima, Wash.
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NEW YORK: John Z. Finelli, 20 South Willow St., Gloversville, N. Y.
WASHINGTON, D. C.: Mrs. Blanch Austin, 1707 D. St., S. E., Washington, D. C.







Glints of Knowledge



Bud Robinson, whose death recently occurred, secured for the "Herald of Holiness," the official organ of the Nazarene church, 53,038 subscriptions. They will miss him in the field.—*The Gospel Minister*.

Girls Drive School Buses

North Carolina has 5,000 school buses, the world's largest school bus fleet, and is now using many women drivers. Girl bus drivers, most of them of high school age, operate vehicles at a high degree of efficiency.—*Protestant Voice*.

Drunkenness in women is increasing. The first half of 1941 showed a sharp increase over previous years. An analysis of 28,450 arrests of women in 410 cities of over 25,000 population showed, the FBI said, increases of 35.4% over 1940 for drunkenness, and 38.3% for driving while intoxicated. Arrests of women for all causes increased 16.8%.

Liberty Ship is Named for Colin P. Kelly, Jr. at Mobile, Ala.

One year and three days after Colin P. Kelly, Jr., sank a Japanese battleship, a 10,500-ton Liberty cargo ship bearing the American air hero's name was christened by the nation's scrap champions today.

Japan Dissolves Protestant Churches

The Tokyo radio has announced that all Protestant denominations in Japan have been dissolved and will henceforth be included in a single church—the Church of Christ in Japan. Heretofore the various denominations have functioned as blocs, consisting of denominational groupings, within a united church.

Commenting on the move, the Tokyo announcer said that "for the first time in the history of modern Christianity, a nation-wide unification of all Protestant denominations has been effected on a permanent basis."

Says Religious Education Is Key to Century

W. W. Whitehouse, dean of the Liberal Arts College of Wayne University, in a speech before the annual meeting of the Detroit Council of Religious Education, said: "Never were we under such an obligation to give our young people a philosophy of moorings, some valid ideals and purposes to which they might anchor their desires and needs. . . . Never did the church face a greater challenge in such

a malleable world. Much of the destiny of history for the next 100 years is linked to the contribution that religious education can make." To which let all the people say, "Amen!"

It is said on good authority that no other city in the land has so many flourishing "tabernacle churches" as Detroit. The most successful of this type of religious organization here is that of Miss Ethel R. Willitts. Her big "Everybody's Tabernacle" is filled to overflowing at the many services held there. During the week she is often on the radio. She has gathered about her a group of women evangelists. Just now one of her well publicized attractions is a young woman who used to do a strip tease act. She was converted as she was getting ready to do her turn on the stage, so the story goes, by hearing Miss Willitts from a nearby radio. Divine healing is part of the gospel preached by Miss Willitts and her staff, and it is likely that this feature is one of the most popular.—*Christian Century*.

In the brief period of less than two years the investment in American factory equipment has risen from something over \$1,000,000,000 to a little in excess of \$7,000,000,000. The whole industrial process of a nation of 133,000,000 people has been transformed into a vast war machine. On the day peace is declared this huge enterprise will have to be shifted again, and turned to peacetime enterprises. This is only one of a long series of readjustments which will have to be made, and any man who can blueprint tomorrow's life, even in some small detail, has rendered a public service of great significance.

The average American will have to stretch his mind to take in the fact of the vast amount of suffering going on all over the world. One does not need to be a seer to forecast the famine, disease, and pain that will appear everywhere the moment that hostilities cease. Whole nations have been reduced to starvation, their livestock killed off and their crops confiscated. The problem of public health will assume global proportions, and American generosity will be taxed to its last limit.

A Modern Elijah

The ravens are said to have fed Elijah at a time when he was badly rationed by circumstances.

Now comes from Murfreesboro, Tennessee, a modern version in which

the principal actor is W. E. McCord, who owns a well which gives off a gasoline-like substance which works like gasoline when put into an automobile tank.

Envious skeptics advance the theory that the well, long since abandoned as a source of water, derives its supply of queer fuel by seepage from a near-by filling station.

But Mr. McCord, the owner, continues to enjoy his seat on top of the world while lesser gentry go slowly mad over gasoline ration cards. Unless the OPA comes up with a special regulation governing gasoline from wells he's in clover for the duration. In fact, he says: "We're tickled to death with it."

Who wouldn't be? — *Chattanooga Times*.

Half Whiskey—Half War Material

(An editorial borrowed from *Zions Herald*)

Harry Bridges, Pacific Coast leader of the Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union of the C.I.O., whom the Government is trying to deport for alleged "subversive activities," startled his hearers when, during the annual convention of the C.I.O. meeting last week in Boston, he made charges of bungling the shipping situation. Among other things he said:

"I don't know right now why some of our ships are leaving our ports half loaded with war materials and half loaded with whiskeys and other kinds of liquor. I am sure the Army is not getting a chance to drink the liquor, but that is a fact.

"The whole policy has come to be known among our people as the 'booze and bananas' policies of the shipping agencies that represent the Government.

"Just two weeks ago in the Port of San Francisco, C.I.O. waterfront and warehouse workers had to unload and help store a large cargo of Australian wines, champagnes, and brandies that had just come in from Australia. Right across the dock, at the same docks, our men—and we are short of men—were engaged in loading practically a full load on another ship of California wines, champagnes, and brandies, to go down to Australia.

"At the same time other ships waiting to load and transport weapons and materials to the United States Army were being delayed because there was not sufficient manpower to do the job." —*Christian Advance*.

South Carolina Y.P.E. and Sunday School News

Published in the interest of the Sunday Schools and Y.P.E.'s in South Carolina

H. F. Douglas, State Superintendent, 217 Tremont St., Greenville, S. C.

THE "CEEDERS" COLUMN *

(Only reports mailed by the 1st get in this column.)

SUNDAY SCHOOL ATTENDANCE

(Total for month)

Greenville 1,718, Belton 768, Columbia 680, Honea Path 550, Union 527, Rock Hill 500, Greenwood 488.

S. S. ORPHANAGE OFFERING

(Birthday and penny march)

Greenville \$19.51, Belton \$11.98, Charleston \$10.48, Columbia \$8.57, Ft. Mill \$6.69, Union \$6.40, Ninety Six, \$6.34.

Y.P.E. ATTENDANCE

(Total for month)

Columbia 543, Greenville 532, Dillon 466, Orangeburg 432, Seneca 352, McColl 272, Marion 239.

Y.P.E. TOTAL OFFERINGS

Blacksburg \$170.39, Ft. Mill \$73.60, Greenville \$53.44, Iva \$51.46, Orangeburg \$33.50, Columbia \$21.34, Greer \$20.00.

LIGHTED PATHWAY SALES

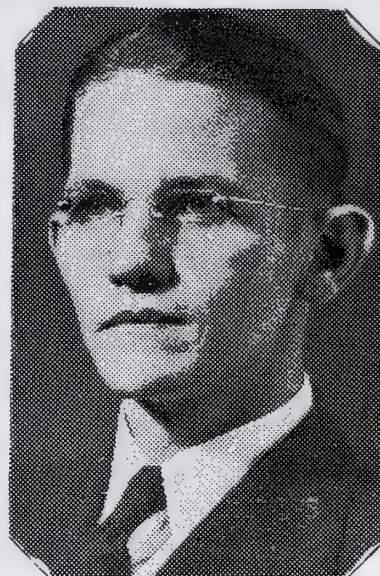
Greenville 1,001, Columbia 505, N. Charleston 504, Greenwood 364, Ft. Mill 308, Anderson 300, Ninety Six 266,

*—"Ceeder" are those who are *succeeding* and *exceeding* their own record. Sunday School superintendents and Y.P.E. presidents, examine this column closely—select one of these groups you are most likely to succeed in, then call your teachers and workers together and discuss ways which you feel will help you to get one of the places—make it the *first* one of each group if you can. Encourage yourself with *faith*, then encourage and *work* with your workers—*You'll be sure to win!*

B.T.S. Silver Anniversary

FORT MILL is the first church to send in the quilt plan, with \$4.00 for B.T.S. cafeteria equipment.

Those whose greatest soul passion is to be in harmony with God and the teaching of the Scriptures will have no trouble keeping in harmony with their brethren and finding their place among them.



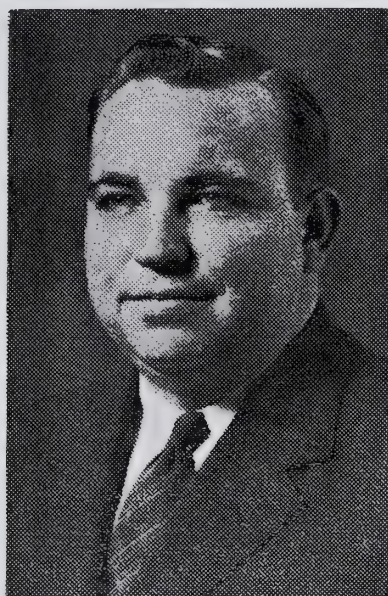
Above is the picture of Rev. Houston R. Morehead, pastor of the Greenville church. Brother Morehead and Brother Ellis, assistant pastor, get their pictures on this page for reporting the largest offering for the orphans by December 31, past. The state superintendent has already received and deposited in the bank the splendid amount of \$500.00. Surely the Lord will bless these brothers and their faithful members. The amount of \$300.00 was received from Rev. H. L. Whittington, pastor of the Greer church, also Rev. Frank L. Muller sent \$300.00 from his church at Greenwood. Citation of other fine offerings will appear in the next issue of the Lighted Pathway. *May we all feel that God has been glorified in the liberality of His people.*

Coupon Contest Winner

Westminster wins the national Sunday School banner for sending in the most coupons according to church membership. With 19 members on record and sending 1,300 coupons, Brother W. F. Patterson, pastor, will hold this banner for the next three months. *"Those who strive for merit shall attain success."*

Late Reports

The Publishing House has requested that all material for this page reach them by the 5th of each month. Pastors and secretaries, if your Sunday School or Y.P.E. report reaches the state superintendent later than the 3rd of the month they will not get on this page.



Above is the picture of Rev. Vep B. Ellis, assistant pastor and president of the Y.P.E. of the Greenville church. Brother Ellis is one of our best song writers. His songs have been a blessing to thousands of people. His new song book, "Ellis Specials," contains the song, "Heaven's Joy Awaits," with a new arrangement of the chorus, also many new ones as "I Know He Heard My Prayer." This special book, for special and choir singing, can be had by writing Brother Ellis.

N. Charleston, Clinton, Orangeburg

These are banner winners! The national Y.P.E. banner goes to N. Charleston for the largest increase in Lighted Pathway sales over the average per month last year. The Sunday School state banner stays in Clinton another month for the largest increase over the average per month last year. The Y.P.E. state banner is being sent to Orangeburg for the largest increase over the average per month last year. *Have the state Sunday School or Y.P.E. banners ever hung in your church? By putting your shoulder to the wheel of invitation and being at the services yourself, your desire for the banners will soon be fulfilled. These banners are not staying at one place, as you will notice that they go to another church each month. Your time can be next—Win it this month!*



The Lighted Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

Vol. 14 MARCH, 1943 No. 3



"Thy
Word
is
a
Light
Unto
My
Path"



The Editor's Message



Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

So many letters come to us expressing appreciation for our message to the boys and girls. One came recently saying, "How do you know so well just what we need?" And then she said, "Of course, we know it is just God." Yes, I believe it is and so today as I write, I am asking Him with Frances Ridley Havergal,

*Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.*



Why waste time if God is not leading? Our own efforts will avail nothing.

Did you ever go to church and hear a very great sermon, one which inspired you to do something and you just grew and grew till you were really a giant and you felt like one of old, that you could leap over a wall? "For by thee I have run through a troop;

and by my God have I leaped over a wall." Ps. 18:29. You would feel that you would burst with enthusiasm and you would go home and sit down and begin to think things out and old Satan would slip in and pull his chair up by you and enter into the conversation. Here is what he would say: "Now look here, my boy, (or girl whichever it might be) there is no use for you to have such visions. You are only a poor boy with everything against you. You have no standing in your community. Why, people will only laugh at you. You have no talents." And as he talks to you, you'll straighten yourself up and listen to him and you will say, "Yes, I know that is all true." Well, you do not know that it is Satan whispering to you, but finally the Holy Spirit comes to your rescue and speaks, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

I well remember when the Lord came with such inspiration to me in the beginning of the young people's work in the Church of God and burdened my soul as the need came so forcibly before me. Oh yes, the enemy would make me think it was impossible to publish a paper. It was during the last depression and everything did seem against me, with not a cent to pay to the publisher. But there was a need and God is always ready to meet every need, when we trust Him. Remember, after every mountain top experience there is a valley to go through and the mountain top experience should be a preparation for the valley. To prove to you what God can do when we put ourselves in His hands, I want to give you some stories that will show what God can and will do with little instruments whose lives seem so empty of possibilities. We trust that these characters may cause you to take new courage and do your best to overcome every handicap that Satan may hold up to you in these hours after the mountain top experience when God spoke to your heart, calling you into some kind of service for Him.

Stephen A. Paxson grew to manhood without any schooling. In boyhood he worked for a farmer, with the agreement that he would attend three months of school during the winter months.

Stephen waited impatiently for the winter months to arrive.

Then, when he finally did go to school, the teacher called on him to recite. He became so confused that he stuttered and stammered. The children laughed and even the teacher's face showed amusement. It hurt Stephen so much that he never returned.

He grew to manhood and married. Then disease attacked him and left him lame. Laboring under great handicaps he managed to eke out a bare existence by his knowledge of tinkering.

Some missionaries organized a Sunday School in the neighborhood. Little Mary Paxson, daughter of Stephen Paxson, attended. Stephen himself rarely went to church. He was too busy trying to feed his family.

However, the time came when all this changed. One Sunday the superintendent asked each child to bring another member to school the following week. Mary could find no one else, so she brought her father!

Stephen enjoyed the first meeting. Surprised, he went again and still again. Soon he became a regular member and a thoroughly converted man. He dropped his rough ways and talk. Moreover, he became eager to organize other Sunday Schools. Here he had found work worth doing.

Stephen now could read. He could sing well. But he still stuttered and so talked with great difficulty. He prayed that God would show him how to use his tongue to better advantage. Then, as though in answer to his prayers, he found that if he took a deep breath before speaking, his tongue would not get twisted.

So began his lifework—the organizer of Sunday Schools. Starting with settlements near his home, he soon spread his work throughout the neighboring states. On horseback and on foot he covered the countryside, distributing Bibles and organizing classes.

Thousands of persons came to know him and to look forward to his coming. Large groups of persons became devout Christians because of his example and influence.

In those forty years, he organized 1,314 Sunday Schools. In them he gathered together 83,405 students and teachers.

Of him, Dwight Moody said: "He was the greatest home missionary America ever produced."

And of himself, Stephen Paxson said: "I would rather have a little Sunday School child drop a tear of regret and gratitude upon my grave than to have the proudest monument that it is in the power of man to raise."

Stephen A. Paxson rose above his misfortune and handicaps and illiteracy to a life of value and real service to humanity. As the "Sunday School Apostle," his memory will live on as long as Sunday meetings continue.

The father of Charles Dickens had been thrown in prison for debt and the son at nine years old, was a sickly little fellow, one of the poorest of the poor in great London, trying to support the family. The few books his father had owned were taken to the pawnbroker one by one and other articles, until now only a few chairs, a table and a bed remained

(Continued to page 25)

MY HIGH RESOLVE

I resolve to rise to greatness by rugged climbs up the steepes of PERFECT OBEDIENCE. I will perform every known duty no matter what the cost of pain or anguish. The great are rugged and strong. I resolve to be like them. I am Thy hero. I welcome whatever of struggle or test may build my life into the rugged and heroic. I shall feel honored to travel in the company of the Great. All great traveled the way of the Cross. Rugged greatness is mine. I am resolved. Lead Thou me on.

O Father, Thy guidance, Thy love, Thy powers are all so great, I falter not. In Thee I shall be brave and strong. I shall not fail. I scale the heights of Greatness in Thy name.

Give me strength to help others climb. They, too, are struggling up the heights and need my love and lift. Others, ever others is my prayer.

(Life is not easy. If it were and we had to pay no price for greatness we would not realize its value. To be good, pure and true is a struggle and a sacrifice. Life's storms are often biting and fierce. But herein lie opportunities for the heroic life. Life would be insipid without the heroic. Blessed be struggle.)

—Dr. Dean C. Dutton, in *Quests and Conquests*.

Rachel

By Agnes Scott Kent

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Evangelical Publishers)

(Continued from last issue)

Eden Disquieted

"For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to . . . dividing asunder."—Hebrews 4:12.

In her strange new loneliness Rachel's heart turned instinctively towards two of her dearest friends—an elderly Russian Jewish couple whose humble dwelling was in a basement tenement in Rivington Street. All who live in Rivington Street are not of Rivington Street. Full many a noble son and daughter of Abraham, many a true prince or princess of Israel is hidden, by force of cruel circumstance, in some drear and dismal corner of the Ghetto.

Such was the case with Mr. and Mrs. Saramoff. Like many another elderly man and wife, they had come to America to spend their sunset years with a dear son who had preceded them to the New World and its opportunity and had prospered. For two years they had been cherished tenderly and their every need had been abundantly supplied. Then suddenly—with terrific shock to the poor old father and mother—both the son and his wife were taken from them by accidental drowning, leaving but a slender fund of savings, and the care of their only child—a little girl three years old and crippled. The savings dwindled, and Mr. and Mrs. Saramoff thus were forced at seventy years of age to fight life's battle alone in a strange new land. The result, after seven cruel years, was—in self-respecting preference to charity—a pushcart as their sole means of livelihood and, as their sole abode, the wretched tenement in the basement rear on Rivington Street.

But miserable as it was, it yet bore evidence that gentlefolk were dwelling there. The pitiful furnishings could not conceal their true nobility and character. And Rachel loved to visit them. Just to be with them was a benediction.

She had first met the Saramoffs as she had made purchases at their pushcart. At first there were exchanges of friendly words between them, then gradually a warmth of sympathy, as Rachel instinctively was attracted to them and they to her. It was not long before she

was invited into their poor little home, where she was cheered by many a chat with Mrs. Saramoff and refreshed by her fragrant Russian tea. As Rachel sipped it happily, Little Jessie, the crippled grandchild, would always lean her tiny crutch in the corner and curl up close beside her.

One evening late in October, when Max was at the shop, and Rachel at home was feeling particularly lonely, a great longing to see the Saramoffs came over her. Something in their presence there was—she could not define just what—that was peculiarly soothing to her. She knew that Max did not approve of her going out alone at night, but the mood was strong upon her and she went.

As she entered the basement kitchen in response to Mrs. Saramoff's cheery "come in" she perceived that another guest was present—a young woman of exceptional attractiveness—a Gentile—in her early thirties probably. Her face had a peculiar charm and winsomeness and her bearing clearly bespoke distinction. She and Mr. and Mrs. Saramoff and Little Jessie were all seated around the table. In front of them lay open books, the pages illumined by the light of two tall candles.

As Rachel advanced toward the table, Little Jessie, screaming in delighted welcome, slid from her chair and hobbled to Rachel on her one small crutch. She flung her free arm around Rachel's neck joyfully while Rachel enfolded her in a fond embrace. Mr. and Mrs. Saramoff both rose also, and their genuinely cordial reception went straight to Rachel's heart. Already she felt warmed and cheered and strengthened.

Mrs. Saramoff then presented Rachel to their guest: "Miss Hamilton, this is my dear little friend, Mrs. Rachel Kalinsky, I was telling you of. And Mrs. Kalinsky,

Miss Violet Hamilton is one of my very dear Gentile friends. I want you two girls to know and to love each other."

The attraction between them—the older Gentile girl and the younger Jewish one—was mutually instinctive and instantaneous. Violet Hamilton's warm, sympathetic handclasp, her radiant smile, her winsome personality, captivated Rachel at once. She felt a glowing warmth—a sense of restfulness and peace. She was glad that she had come.

And then instantly, Rachel suffered a dreadful shock—a sudden, terrible, revulsion of feeling. She was stunned, bewildered, grieved, for her eyes, always keen for the printed page, had glanced down at the book lying open on the table before her. To her horror she had noted what it was—the New Testament. She was struck dumb. She could not believe it possible. What on earth was that Book doing here in the Saramoff home?—a New Testament on a Jewish table! She looked first at Mr. Saramoff and then at his gentle wife. In her eyes were mingled questioning, amazement and reproach. Both of her friends met her gaze squarely, unflinchingly. Violet Hamilton, skilled missionary to the Jews that she was, was quick to discern the dramatic tenseness of the situation. She relieved it with charming tact. Offering her chair to Rachel, with her engaging smile, she handed her the Testament. "Mrs. Kalinsky," she said, in the rich, sweet voice that had won its way to many a Jewish heart, "would you not like to join us in our reading? We were just enjoying together such a wonderful story about a Jewish young man and his two sisters in the little town of Bethany."

Rachel was overwhelmed with confusion. She could not show discourtesy to so charming a young woman nor to her

(Continued on page 31)



OMNISCIENT GOD

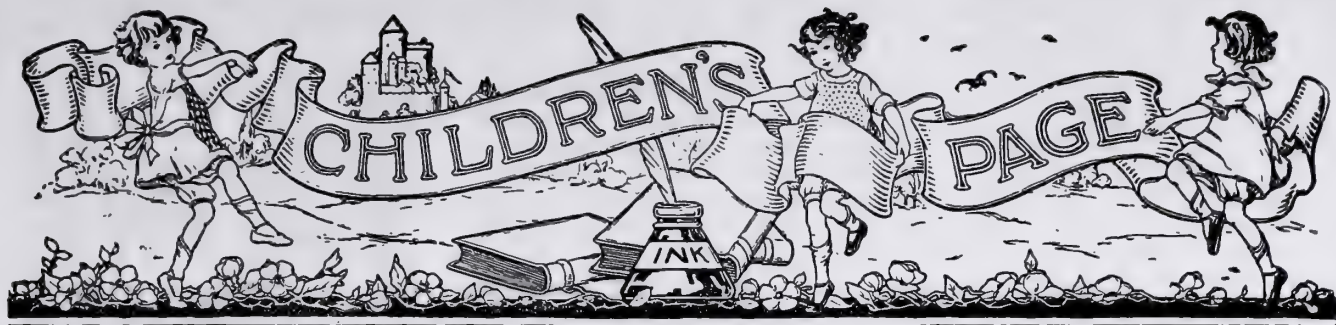
BLANCHE R. STEWART

*God is portrayed as many things:
A perfect bloom, a bird that sings,
Ofttimes as mountains, forests, seas,
The very essence of the trees.*

*It matters not what He might be,
When in His great infinity
He hears when His least creature calls,
And understands each tear that falls.*

*I could not fancy God confined
Within the limits of man's mind,
Nor in the substance of the sod.
He is a Spirit; He is God!*





THE ABSENT GUEST

One lovely day in summer two very chummy girls played under a big, old apple tree. It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing and it was Peggy's turn to hide, while it was Margaret's turn to try to find her.

"I spy you—one—two—three for Peggy," called Margaret gayly.

"You peeked," cried her companion hotly.

"Why, Peggy Perry," said Margaret, her cheeks getting red all over, "how dare you say I peeked?"

"Well, it's funny how you thought of looking in the barn for me," remarked Peggy doubtfully.

"Do you still think I peeked?" demanded the other little girl.

Peggy just stood there and never said a word, so Margaret turned and slowly walked out of the gate and down the road to her own home. The next time Margaret met Peggy she turned her head away. Peggy was disappointed because she wanted to go up and tell Margaret that she didn't think she peeked, because she knew she wouldn't do such a thing, and ask her to please forgive her.

But Margaret was still very hurt at the thought of her very best friend accusing her of such a thing as peeking, and gave Peggy no chance to speak to her.

And so the weeks went by until it came close to the day when Peggy would be nine years old. Her mother had said she could have a little gathering, and on a certain afternoon she sat down to write out the invitations.

"You know, Mother," she said looking up, "I just can't seem to take as much interest in my gathering this year."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Peggy, giving her young daughter a quick glance.

"Because Margaret isn't coming," she answered rather mournfully.

"Why don't you ask her?" put in her mother quietly.

"Do you suppose she would come, mother?" asked the little girl eagerly.

"Something seems to tell me she would just be delighted to get an invitation," returned Mrs. Perry. "You just wait and see," she added with a twinkle in her eye.

So Peggy sat right down and wrote an invitation to Margaret, and as her little brother Jack entered the room, she said quickly, "Say, Jack, would you mind taking this over to Margaret Lee's for me?"

"Sure, I'll take it over, Peg; just toss it to me," agreed her young brother readily.

At the supper table that night his sister said, "Did you deliver the note to Margaret's all right, Jack?"

"Yes, Peggy," her little brother answered with a far-away look in his eyes.

"What did she say?" questioned his sister eagerly.

"Who—Margaret?" said Jack carelessly. "Why, she didn't say anything."

Peggy's face fell as she heard this and she was very quiet for the rest of the meal.

"It is funny Margaret didn't say anything at all, don't you think so, moth-

(Continued on page 31)



It is springtime and Johnie goes fishing.

Father's and Mother's Page



JUVENILE GARDENING

Alice Crowell Hoffman

Children and gardens are two of the finest things of life. Every home should have one of the latter and plenty of the former. Having these two prize possessions of life, it behooves us to see to it that they are brought into harmonious relationship. Every child should go to school to a garden, and no garden should be too fine, or too well kept, to take a child in its arms. The flagstones of the garden path should be steppingstones to higher things for children as well as for adults.

One of the best ways to interest children permanently in the everchanging pageantry of gardening is to give them a little plot or corner all their own. Provide simple, yet efficient tools, suited to the size of the young gardeners. Show them how to prepare the soil and encourage the planting of seeds which are not too difficult to handle and which give a comparatively quick or generous return for the youthful efforts. Pumpkin and squash seeds are easy to handle and stage a showy performance in the juvenile garden, much to the joy of the gardner. Peas and beans are large enough to be easily planted even by inexperienced young fingers and yield a pleasing harvest. Onion sets do not tax the young planter's patience and grow quickly and easily. Radish seeds are a bit harder to manage but give such pleasing results that they are well worth a place in the little gardner's plot.

Encourage the children to enhance the beauty of their vegetable garden plots with flower borders, suggesting such easily grown and satisfactory as nasturtiums, pansies, and the like. Zinnias are fine flowers for the young gardner to raise, although, of course, not suitable for a border unless they are of the dwarf variety. Their gay flowers delight children. Petunias are fine for the young gardner since they are long and prolific bloomers.

Children should be encouraged a great deal in their gardening projects, advised when necessary, but never nagged. They should be given the idea from the be-

ginning that the garden is a great privilege, not a dreadful task. If there are several children in the family, and each has his own plot a little rivalry helps to keep up sustained interest. There may be a small prize for the one who raises the biggest pumpkin or the finest flowers. While there will be work a-plenty in the juvenile garden patch, just as there always is in a garden, the keynote of juvenile gardening should be joy. If this keynote is properly sounded and emphasized it will impart its tone to the whole project.

Even if the children's separate garden plot is not used the youngsters can come into close personal relation with the miracles which daily take place in the family garden. Children of very tender years like to water posies with gay sprinkling cans all their own. They should be taught, too, how to gather posies for bouquets in a real basket like mother uses. The unfolding bud, if sympathetically brought to their attention, will interest them greatly. Their eyes, if garden trained, will have ever keener vision than those of grownups, for, as Edgar Guest says,

*Old folks see the tulips red
Growing in my garden bed.
Children with a clearer sight
Peep into the blossoms bright
And upon a silver chair
See a fairy sitting there.*

Just as a garden, in some miraculous way, transforms dry little seeds into luscious vegetables and beautiful flowers, even so can it transform the health and behavior of the family. Plenty of sunlight and fresh air make for the health of the young gardner. Children who have an absorbing interest in growing things have no time or inclination to be peevish or fretful.

By all means have a garden and see to it that your children have a real first-hand acquaintance with it.—*Mother's Golden Now.*

A MANIFEST GOD

Margaret Conn Rhoads

"Come quick, Mother, come quick and see what God has helped to do in the night," called Betty happily as her mother and I watched the excited child. "My radishes are up through the ground and so is my lettuce. Now I am sure we will have a nice garden."

While so many mothers were puzzling their brains to find some special method of teaching their children the meaning of a Creator and fearing they could not

implant the right ideas, here was one mother taking the simplest and surest way of guiding her child's mind in things eternal.

"I never could see why it was not an easy matter to teach small children with their ready desire for knowledge the truths of a real God," explained this mother to me. "Everything in nature proves there must be a power greater than man to make the things about us. To teach many subjects to children we must have equipment and sometimes rules. To teach the overruling power of a Creator we have only to let the child look at the stars, feel the wind on its face, see birds in flight or, as Betty has just now experienced, find that the tiny seeds she planted have come to life in a two-leaved radish plant.

"Appreciation of the smallest happening in nature's daily routine convinces the child at a very early age that something bigger than he or she can understand is at work every minute of the day and night. They love whatever seems mysterious about it all. Instead of debating about why the wind blows they know that it does blow. Without figuring out the way a seed can change from a tiny unattractive little speck they can experience the thrill of planting it and observing the miraculous results.

"Nature teaches the easy way. It demonstrates clearly without any knowledge needed to back up its claims," went on this neighbor. "God is simply made manifest without any doubt to the child when the birds return, when the trees leaf out again, when flowers blossom on the plant stem and when rain and sun make gardens grow.

"What a blessing that the uneducated mother, the mother who resides anywhere, the mother lacking all educational facilities can still, with this realistic help of nature, teach the presence of an all-powerful Creator."—*Mother's Golden Now.*

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THE INNER CIRCLE PAGE

THE FATHER'S HOUSE

JAMES H. McCONKEY

"In my Father's house are many mansions," Jno. 14:2.

Our Lord gives us much beautiful teaching about the Father's house. Note His first thought here; namely, that—

The Father's House Is the Cure for the Troubled Heart

*"Let not your heart be troubled * * * in my Father's house are many mansions,"* John 14:2.

A fierce storm was sweeping the Great Lakes. A steam tug towing a barge began to founder. The captain and his mates took to a small boat. All night long they tossed to and fro, every instant in jeopardy of their lives. In the morning they were rescued by a passing ship. The captain afterward testified that all the long night as they were beaten and tossed by the tempest there was one thing which nerved their arms and kept their hearts from sinking in despair. It was this—shining through the darkness and the storm they saw the lights of home.

We are sailing on a stormy sea. Often our frail boat is tossed and beaten with the tempest. Sometimes the gales seem too fierce for us to weather, and we are sorely tempted to give way to the troubled heart that so easily besets us in such an hour. But the Captain of our salvation knows the sore and frequent temptation to be troubled in heart. His remedy is simple, "Let not your heart be troubled." Think about the Father's house! Think of its peace, its joy, its glory, its reunions and fellowship, its sureness, its eternalness, and as you think the troubled heart will vanish. You will be like the tempest-tossed sea captain. *You see the lights of home.*

The Father's House Is Where the Father Is

"I go to my Father," John 16:10.

A devoted missionary was called to see a dying Brahmin. He began to tell him of Jesus Christ; of the glory-land beyond; of the blessedness of those who believed in the Son of God as their Savior. Suddenly the Brahmin broke in upon him with the words—"What do you know about the future! What do you know of heaven? How do you know what is there beyond the skies?" Without a word the missionary walked across the room, laid his hand upon the door-knob and flung the door wide open. Into the room through the doorway leaped his dog who had been lying in the darkness outside awaiting his master. "Do you see that dog?" said the missionary. "All the time I have been here he has been lying outside in the darkness and storm. He

did not know the surroundings nor what sort of a place this was behind the door which shut him out. But one thing even his dog instinct did know, and that was that beyond that door was the master whom he loved and that all he needed was to be inside where his master was, in the light and the warmth instead of the cold and gloom without. Just so, Brahmin, I may not know about heaven, but one thing I do know, and that is that my blessed Lord and Master is there; that He says, 'Where I am there shall ye be also'; and that is enough for me."

Heaven is a place. The Word of God is too clear to leave any doubt as to that. Why then did Christ in answering Thomas' question as to whither He was going—suddenly change his phrasing from "The Father's house" in the second verse, to "No man cometh unto the Father but by me" in the sixth? Why, when showing Thomas the way to heaven, did He point him the way to the Father? Clearly because to our Lord Jesus the great thought of the Father's house is that it is where the Father is. Beyond our dreams are its splendor and glory, yet all of it but reflects the glory of the Father who is "all and in all."

The Father's House Is the Believer's Homeland

I had dropped in upon an old friend of my boyhood days. She was one of God's own saints. Rich in experience, she was ripe for the coming glory. She had gone so far in life's pilgrimage that her mind was slightly beclouded, and her memory affected. As I rose to go home she arose also and said, "I want to go home." "But mother," said her daughter, "you are home now." At that she looked a bit dazed. Then looking at me with a tender smile she said with a profound touch of pathos in her voice—"I want to go home before it gets dark."

I opened the door and started homeward. The twilight sky was still aglow with the vanishing glory of the sunset. Beyond it lay the glory of the Father's house. My soul was tingling with the spiritual message my dear friend's words had brought me. What an unspeakable blessing for God's children to reach home before it gets dark! Before the darkness of broken body and failing health; of dimmed senses and clouded faculties; of physical suffering and infirmities; of vanished faces, voices, and fellowships—before all these come, how blessed it is to reach home before it gets dark.

Sometimes we deplore the passing of those of God's own who die young. The young girl in the bloom of her sweet maidenhood; the lad in the flush of his

strong youth;—how premature it seems, and what a grievous mistake. But, is it not we who are mistaken in this? They have only reached home before it got dark. They have entered the Homeland; they have found "a place to stay"; they are "forever with the Lord"; they see His face and walk in the unfailing splendor of His glory. It is only because we look through tear-blinded eyes, "see through a glass darkly," and so fail to measure eternal values as God measures them, that we ever lament as premature the passing of the young into the Homeland. The Father's house is thronged with children, and we may be sure He made no mistake in taking them there. After all, when we enter into a Homeland whose time-units are centuries and ages, instead of seconds and minutes, then the mere human distinctions of age and years shall count as nought.

The Father's House Is a Sure House

"If it were not so I would have told you," John 14:2.

These are days of doubt. Men are doubting the Godhood of our Lord; doubting His atonement; His resurrection; His glorious return; doubting hell; doubting heaven. Naturally the thought arises—Can we possibly be deceived? Is it all true? Is it true that He shall change the body of our humiliation and fashion it like unto the body of His glory; that His servants shall serve Him in a service that sweeps the universe; that they shall forever live in the glory of His face to face presence; that they shall "stand in their lot" through all the ages; that they shall share His kingship and follow Him whithersoever He goeth; that their tears shall be wiped away, their sufferings forgotten, their separations ended? It is surely, unshakably, and eternally true, for He who never deceived a soul in earth or heaven; He who is "full of grace and truth"; He who is the truth Himself, has said with a voice of assurance which rings out from the heart of this fourteenth of John from two thousand years ago—

"If it were not so I would have told you!"

Yes, and the Father's house is made sure to us not only by His word but by His will. Listen to this—

"Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am that they may behold my glory."

"All things were made by him," He said "I will," and the planets began their stately march in the celestial void; He said "I will," and the earth was hurled from His omnipotent hand like a giant projectile whizzing through space

(Continued on page 29)

Helps for Tempted and Tried

HEAVINESS THROUGH TEMPTATION

"In heaviness through manifold temptations," are words that have been spoken by the Apostle Peter. There are times when believers may be and are in "heaviness" because of extreme temptations. The word "temptations" in this case is equivalent to "trials." In days gone by the word "temptations" was used indiscriminately of the *testings* of the saints. All that befell them was placed under this catalogue. The testings which came to them had their share in molding and fashioning their lives. They served as a means of making manifest the evil which is in them. Dr. F. B. Meyer says, "The motive of God's testings is benevolence, that we may be nobler, sweeter, riper. The motive of Satan's is malignity, that we may be hastened down the sliding-scale of sin. Thus God is said in the Scriptures to tempt men, and yet not to tempt them (Gen. 22:1; James 1:13). He tests and tries them, but never allures them into evil."

Take time to reflect over the Epistle of Peter and notice the dark shadows that were gathering over the saints, scattered as they were. Already the scattering of them was sufficient to cause them to become at least weary of being thus tested, but that was not all, by any means. They were in "heaviness through manifold temptations" in the first chapter. In the second chapter they were buffeted for well-doing; they were reviled and suffering; they were exposed to railing and terror; they were evil spoken of; they were tried by "fiery trials"; they were partakers of Christ's sufferings; they were reproached for the name of Christ. Such are some of the hints given us throughout the Epistle of Peter concerning the sources of the "manifold temptations" which came to the saints at that time. Think you, dear Christian, that the testings of God's true people are any the less in the days in which we are at present living than they were at that time? Hardly so! We think that, if anything, they are even still more "fiery" in some certain places than they were at that time, perhaps.

Listen to the tenderness manifested by Peter when he writes to the saints, as he tells them: "Beloved, think it

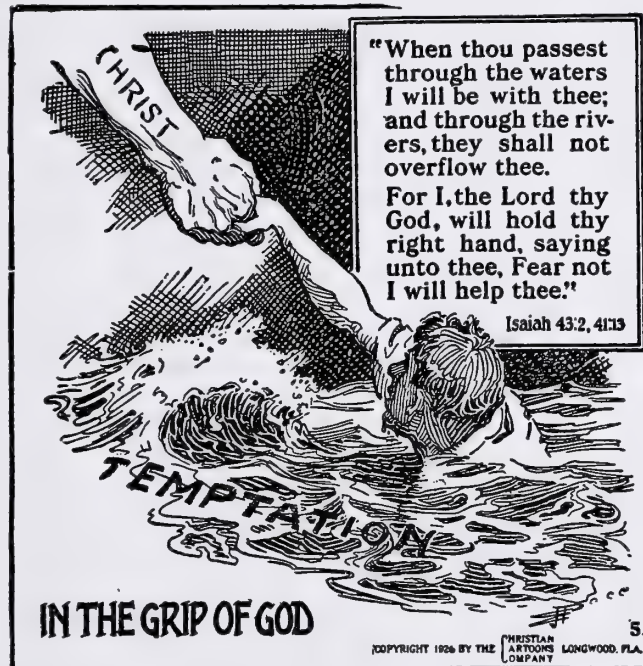
not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you." The trial usually, yea, always, comes to *try* the saints. They need trying in some form or other, and the trying very often comes through the "fiery trial." What the "fiery trial" may be that will come to you we do not know, nor can we tell; but Father knows what will best serve its purpose in your life, and will permit the very thing to come which will do the best and the most thorough work. You may not need what I need, and I may not need what you need, but Father knows what is best for both of us. No matter what the trial may be that Father permits to come, it is possible in the darkest hour to look right up into Father's face and thank Him for the lesson you may be called upon to learn.

Have you learned the lesson of smiling through your bitter tears? Have you learned the lesson of thanking Father for the bitter dose? Have you learned, not simply to endure what comes, but to really rejoice in the very midst of the trial? Have you learned, not only to rejoice merely, but to rejoice with *joy unspeakable and full of glory*? For two reasons you should rejoice in the trial: first, because you understand the nature and the meaning of the trial; second, because of the soul's love and faith in the unseen Lord. A perfect understanding of these two things should be sufficient reason for a *joy* that is unspeakable and *full of glory*.

Some things may come to you in the form of "fiery trials" which look to you more like devil torment, but this does not change the fact that they are from the hand of the Lord. Things that originate in the malignity of a Judas are from the hand of God by the time they reach you. It is then the "cup" which the Father has given you to drink. Refuse not the "cup" or you may lose the greatest and the most important lesson of your life. The benefits derived from such "strange things" are very often the most practical and the most beneficial. Satan himself had to ask permission of God before he could touch the dear old patriarch Job. Consummate Wisdom fixes the point to which we may be tested. Let us remember that when the test comes and we are called upon to pass through it.

While you are passing through your "furnace" you may be banished from everyone and it may feel to you that you are perfectly alone, without a friend

being near. Remember that the "fourth One" was present with the Hebrew lads in the furnace. His presence was visible to those who looked into the furnace. Be sure that those who look on as you pass through the furnace will also be able to see the "fourth One" by your side. This will be the point of conviction and convincing them that your presence in the furnace is more than a mere ordinary coincidence. We will never be the sport of blind fate because we will still be in the hands of our ever-present Lord and Redeemer. He will watch over you with a jealous eye and will keep you from all harm.—R.



GUIDE ME, SHEPHERD

Rev. E. E. Malone

While the world in darkness merges,
Sin is coming to its full,
Toward that homeland still we travel,
The sin hills are hard to pull.

Hold my hand, O Shepherd great!
Let me not stray
From the little wicket gate
On the narrow way.

Keep my head above the waves,
Master of the sea,
Thou art strong and I am weak,
Yet Thine I'd ever be.

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Mission Page



LET'S TRAVEL IN MEXICO

By J. W. ARCHER

(A trip into the tropical wilds of Southern Mexico.)

All right, young folks, pack your suitcases, for we are leaving Mexico City this time for a two weeks' trip, to visit our churches in the far south of Mexico. You may wear your good clothes to start with, for we will travel the first five hundred kilometers (300 miles) by bus and train. We will pass through some nice cities and stop at a good hotel for the first night. You may pack your older clothes, however, for it is the "tiempo de agua" (time of water) or in plain English—the rainy season. We will be walking a great deal in the mud, riding horseback, traveling in ox carts, and up the river far into the mountains on a flat bottom river boat, and much of the time it will be raining. Put in an extra pair of shoes, for the pair you wear are certain to get wet and loggy. For my part I will wear my khaki uniforms, like army suits, which I bought in the states for just this purpose.

The bus or streetcar will take us to the Zocal (large park center around which all cities, large and small, in Mexico are built) for ten centavos each—(two cents American)—but we will still be four or five blocks from the bus station. We could take a libre (taxi-libre, means at liberty—ready to serve you). He would take one or ten of us—all who wished to pile in for one peso (about twenty-six cents), but we will enjoy walking. Travel is one of the few things which is really cheap in Mexico.

Yes, the bus is full, isn't it? But did you ever see a bus in Mexico that wasn't full? No, neither have I. I often wonder where all these poor people get the money to travel on. When one realizes that this is the only highway southeastward from a city of two million people to all the thousands of villages and larger cities south and east from Mexico City, it is no marvel they are loaded, but you haven't seen anything yet. Before we will have passed many pueblas (villages) the aisles will be crowded full of peons, poor country folk, with their baskets and colorful bags filled with fruit, household belongings, and all imaginable possessions. Someone will be sitting on the edge of your seat and almost setting their chickens in your lap, but they will laugh about it all with the patience of centuries of suffering and you must laugh too. You dare not lose your patience with the customs of this country. I must often tell myself, especially in their terrible traffic system in Mexico City, "Now, Mr. Archer, this is their country, not yours; you can't change their country's old customs, so if you don't like them just go back to America." Of course, we could have paid more and taken their Pullman bus. They allow only as many passengers as they have seats and there is actually room for your knees between seats, on the Pullman, and they get there quicker; but this is more fun and we will see Mexico as it actually lives.

Did you notice how quickly we have left Mexico City behind? It is a large city, of some two million population, but on this side it is only ten or twelve blocks from the business district to the edge of the city. The reason for this is that the army and city air fields take up the space which otherwise would have been used for the rapidly expanding city. If you want to get homesick, just take a run over there some day and watch the big silver airliners coming in from the United States. Anyway, it always affects me that way. On the other hand, in a time of world unrest, it is a comfort to know that you are always within a few short hours by airplane from your own homeland.

Look out ahead of us. We are going directly toward those twin, snow-covered, volcanic peaks. Mexico City is on a high plateau, between eight and nine thousand feet high, and, as you can see now by looking in every direction, is completely surrounded by mountains, the highest of which are these snow-cov-

ered volcanoes which you see. They range to over 18,000 feet, and are always deeply buried in snow. It is possible to scale them in the summer and look down into the volcanic crater, but many have lost their lives in the attempt, for your trail leads up steep, hard-crusted snow slopes and once you slip, it is a long, icy slide into eternity. No, I have never been to the top and that is only half of it, I never intend to. I want to finish my call to Mexico before I travel on. Yes, you can go if you wish; when we get back to Mexico City a guide will take you. But the most have the experience of my friend Sidney Correll, who traveled up the icy slopes with his spiked shoes and stick, which the guides furnish, and took some excellent pictures, but was requested by his guide to turn back because the icy wind was blowing so hard as to make further ascent positively dangerous.

We are now swinging to the left of the volcanoes to pass over the lowest point in the mountains. It is supposed to be the highest mountain pass in the North American continent but does not seem so high because we were already close to 9,000 feet height before we started this winding climb. Look back below you! There lies Mexico City, twenty miles away, the corn fields and farms look like a huge patchwork quilt. That long green line you see is the tree-lined highway we followed. It is only an hour's ride over the pass, and the highway is very well built by American engineers. The other paved road you noticed bearing off to our right, just before we started up the mountain, is the proposed Pan-American highway from Alaska to Panama. It ends at Cuautla, about forty miles further beyond the mountains, but they are pressing the construction now. This bus will take us 344 kilometers, a little over 200 miles. From there south to the border at Guatemala there are no roads. This Pan-American highway will be the first passable road built into this vast tropical gold mine of coffee, bananas, pineapples, oranges, monkeys, and whatever else you want to raise.

Huh! how will we go on beyond Cordoba? Oh, we take the slow train through Arkansas. It is the only means of transportation, besides coast wise and river boats, to all of rich southern Mexico and is the only line leading southward to Guatemala and all of Central America.

Notice the white streaks from the cloud to the snow-covered peaks, off there to our right. That is snow falling. Snow never or rarely falls in Mexico City but it does up here. We are not the closest we will be to the volcanoes, and

(Continued on page 28)



Treasured Gleanings

FOR MINISTERS AND CHRISTIAN WORKERS

How Moody Reached the Masses

Mr. Moody was fully convinced that any Sunday School could be built up. He believed that the Church should reach the masses.

Often when the question was asked, "How shall we reach the masses?" his simple answer was, "Go for them."

The second question that invariably followed the first was, "How can we build a Sunday School?" and it likewise received a simple answer, "Get the material."

"And how shall we get the material?"

"Not by sitting down, spending vain hours reading books on the subject, when prayerful, concerted action affords the answer."

That Mr. Moody put personal action into the building up of his big Sunday School is attested by a writer of reminiscences:

"Dwight L. Moody made the acquaintance of my father shortly after we moved to Chicago in 1863. Mr. Moody came to our home and said, 'I say, have you some boys here?'"

"Well, my good friend, I'd like very much to have you send them to my Sunday School."

"But father feared for the three boys, lest they should get lost in the big city. So Mr. Moody promised to call for them and 'show them all the way there and back again.' Mr. Moody kept his promise and called for us Sunday after Sunday."

This was Mr. Moody's method of laying the foundation of what is now the largest Sunday School and church in Chicago.—*From D. L. Moody and the Sunday School.*

The Forgotten Man

The "forgotten man" in our great denomination is not the great preacher who has gone to his reward, or the generous layman whose praises are yet unsung. Our forgotten man is the man who is to be.

That little freckle-faced fellow on the vacant lot next door may be the future president, yes, and if given an opportunity he will be a valiant soldier of the Cross. But next Sunday or some time soon he may decide to go down across the tracks with the "gang," instead of going to Sunday School. To his associates the term "Sunday School boy" means "sissy." He slips rapidly and painlessly from the influence of the church.

Mussolini, Hitler, governments and

heads of governments the world around are recognizing the value of training young boys for future military service; and that training is being provided. Little feet are learning to march, preparing to destroy other little marchers!

But what of the soldiers of the Cross? We are spending large sums of money attempting to get the middle-aged man in step with the Leader. We are attempting to enlist his support in the great missionary enterprise. We must have his support, true. But suppose, for a moment, that as a freckle-faced, tow-head like that one on the corner, he had been reached with the challenge of the Captain's call. Suppose he had become an ambassador for Christ, then how different the present picture would be!

God needs men who love boys! God needs men who can vision the man a boy may be.—Rev. H. E. Coulter, in *The Watchman Examiner*.

Spurgeon's Experience

The other evening I was riding home after a heavy day's work; I felt weary and sore depressed, when swiftly, suddenly, as a lightning flash, came: "My grace is sufficient for thee," and I said, "I should think it is, Lord," and burst out laughing. I never fully understood what the holy laughter of Abraham was until then.

It was as if some little fish, being very thirsty, was troubled about drinking the river dry; and Father Thames said, "Drink away, little fish, my stream is sufficient for thee." Or it seemed like a little mouse in the granaries of Egypt after seven years of plenty, fearing it might die of famine, and Jacob might say, "Cheer up, little mouse, my granaries are sufficient for thee." Again I imagine a man away up on yonder mountain saying to himself, "I fear I shall exhaust all the oxygen in the atmosphere." But the earth might say, "Breathe away, O man, and fill thy lungs ever, my atmosphere is sufficient for thee."

O brethren, be great believers! Little faith will bring your soul to heaven, but great faith will bring heaven to you.—C. H. Spurgeon.

All Our Needs Supplied

When James Gordon Bennett sent Henry M. Stanley to search for Livingstone he said, "Draw on me for a thousand pounds today to provide your equipment, and when that is exhausted

draw on me for another thousand, and when that is done, draw another thousand, and when that is done draw another; but find Livingstone." God asked him to glorify Him by a life devoted to Him every day, and He authorizes us to draw on Him for the wisdom, grace, and strength needed to enable us to reach this end. When one day's supply is exhausted, we are to draw another, and then another, and then another, until the complement of our days is filled up.—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Omnipresent Helper

An observer of the habits of eagles has described how, one day, the young eagle stood on the edge of his nest looking down at the plunge he dared not take. The mother eagle had been tempting her offspring, but had failed. Then she rose above him and swooped down, striking the nest at his feet and sending his support of twigs and himself with them out into the air together. He was afloat now, but over him, under him, beside him hovered the mother on tireless wings, calling softly that she was there. Suddenly the young eagle lost his balance and tipped head downward in the air. Then, like a flash, the mother eagle shot under him and when he righted himself she dropped like a shot from under him, leaving him to come down on his own wings. "So the Lord alone did lead him," which is a wonderful image of the divine power absorbed in the calling out and the care of the activities of the soul.—James Robertson Cameron, in *God, the Christlike.*

"In God We Trust"

A nose and throat specialist had to operate on a poor little girl who was unable to take an anesthetic. He took a fifty-cent piece out of his pocket, and said: "That's for you to spend exactly as you wish. I'm going to hurt you a little but take a good look at the fifty cents before I begin, and then hold it tight in your hand, and remember what you saw while I'm at work—it won't hurt nearly so much."

When it was over, the doctor patted her on the head and said: "You're a brave little girl. Now tell me what you thought about while I was at work."

"I thought of the words," she replied.

"The words?" said the physician, "the date, you mean," for he had hardly remembered that the coin had any words on it.

"No, I mean the words at the top, 'In God we trust,'" she said quite simply. "It was the first half dollar I ever saw, so I didn't know they were there; but it's lovely to have them, so the folks who have half dollars can think about them all the time."—*Publisher Unknown.*



Something Sings

Mattie F. Simmonds

Shirin was sitting on the floor, studying. She was in a great, airy room, with a deep-piled rug from Kashmir for a covering, and no furniture but cushions, many of them, of all kinds, and a water-pot on the mantel. A tall silver lamp stood by the door, and a silver vase filled with tall spikes of the wild thorn-plant, bearing the silver blue round pods Shirin loved, of rich heavy silk, but Shirin sat on the floor near a window where she could look out.

She was a lovely girl, with dark olive skin and eyes as brown as brown autumn leaves at the bottom of a crystal-clear pool. Her father did not understand why her sweet mouth was wistful, for was she not his favorite daughter and did she not have all the luxury that his wealth could give?

Her room was richly furnished. Her rugs were thicker and warmer than those in the room of any other woman except her mother. And for herself, she had all that was beautiful. The trousers and coat and closely-gathered, deeply-smocked little skirt today were of soft lavender satin brocaded in silver—a costume fit for a bride.

Her head-veil was of softest, purest lace and held on by a rope of perfectly-matched, faintly yellow, gleaming pearls. Her small feet were in satin-soft, silvered slippers, and her beautiful little hands were decked in rings—an amethyst, deep and glowing with purple mystery, set in heavy silver; a great pearl that had faint color-back in its shining white. And on the other hand a piece of pale green jade, set in silver. Silver is precious in Persia. It has rare magic. Amethysts are highly prized, and jade is protection against evil!

Beside her on the floor lay her chaddar—the shapeless outer garment which would cover her completely from the sight of all men. And it was of native silk, a soft silvery background with lavender flowers climbing over it. And yet Shirin's mouth was wistful!

There came a quick knock at her door, to which she responded without turning her head, but as the door opened quickly and she heard the step on the floor, she turned. In an instant she was on her feet.

"Oh, Lady Mother!"

The door was closed, and just inside stood one who came hurriedly across to meet her. The troubled face was like Shirin's own, only older, and small hands, still lovely and delicate, and the figure itself lithe and slender as it crossed the room, the dark blue chaddar floating

around and behind it.

Shirin met her mother tenderly, removed her chaddar, and seated her in a nest of soft cushions. Aktar means star in Persian, and that was the name of Shirin's mother. What wonder that the daughter of a star could be so lovely, so sweet, worthy the name Shirin—beloved—name of a princess!—and only given to most precious ones.

"I am honored, Lady Mother," Shirin spoke softly, happily.

The mother's face was anxious. She folded her hands on the billowy ruffles of her short, old-gold skirts.

"Shirin, little one, my lord your father is anxious about you and has sent me to talk to you."

"But, Lady Mother, why should he

be anxious? All is well."

A little of the shadow lifted from the mother's face.

"I am not sure, my daughter. It is a look from out your face—a look in your eyes—something unsatisfied, and unhappy. My lord your father would still that look."

Shirin kept silent, sorrowfully.

"Do you desire anything, Shirin—clothes, a jewel, a journey?"

"Nothing, dear Mother—nothing at all."

"Are you not happy at school?"

A great radiance came into the dark, lovely face.

"So happy, Lady Mother! I have learned so much—and so quickly. I can not tell what the mission school means to me!"

"The teachers are good to you?"

"Very good—best of all, one Khanum, Miss Thomas. She is a real lady with a low, sweet voice and a pleasant smile,

(Continued on page 29)



A Victory Garden.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that this is crucial for ensuring transparency and accountability in the organization's operations.

2. The second part outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. This includes both traditional manual methods and modern digital technologies, highlighting the benefits of each approach.

3. The third part focuses on the role of human resources in the data collection process. It discusses how training and support for staff can improve the quality and reliability of the data collected.

4. The fourth part addresses the challenges and limitations of data collection. It identifies common issues such as data quality, access, and security, and provides strategies to mitigate these risks.

5. The fifth part discusses the importance of data security and privacy. It outlines the necessary measures to protect sensitive information from unauthorized access and ensure compliance with relevant regulations.

6. The sixth part explores the use of data in decision-making and strategic planning. It shows how data can provide valuable insights into organizational performance and help leaders make informed choices.

7. The seventh part discusses the future of data collection and analysis. It looks at emerging trends and technologies that will shape the way data is handled in the coming years.

8. The eighth part provides a summary of the key points discussed in the document. It reiterates the importance of a robust data collection system and the need for continuous improvement.

9. The final part includes a list of references and a glossary of terms. This helps readers understand the context and terminology used throughout the document.

Heart Throbs from Distant Lands

By ANNIE LAURIE GREINER, Methodist Missionary-Evangelist

It is one thing to go around the world but quite another thing to be called around the world. I was called around the world. By faith in Him and His Word I circled the globe with the message of saving grace. Truly His promises DO end in YEA and AMEN to them that believe.

God has privileged me to do evangelistic work on all the major mission fields of the world and in many islands of the seas. Our days were made up of hard work and long hours of prayer, for there seemed ever to ring in our ears from somewhere the plea, "Come over into Macedonia and help US." The call of the millions, starving in both body and soul, seemed ever to grow louder and more distinct. It still rings. I shall always hear it. Something has gone out of me. Something has come into me. I am not the same. I do not want ever to be the same again. I dare not seek to be the same, for with the privilege of seeing and knowing has come responsibility and I must live accordingly.

This is a beautiful world. Could I have kept my mind stayed on the beauties of nature as I moved about in Africa, India, China, Japan, The Philippines and other isles, my heart would have fairly danced with delight at the scenic magnificence of this old earth, for surely God has done His part. But this I could not do, for ever into the landscape came men and women and boys and girls for whom Christ died but who had never heard the story of His redeeming love.

Today this poor old sin-cursed, broken, bleeding, desperate, despairing and dying world has become one great battlefield. We call this struggle the "greatest of all wars." Yet, this is not true. The greatest of all wars has been in progress from the beginning. It is the conflict between good and evil and is fought in the hearts of men. The heart of the WORLD is crying for PEACE; not a treaty written on parchment and signed by fallible man, but a peace written into the warp and woof of its being and signed with the precious blood of the INFALLIBLE PRINCE OF PEACE.

Strange and weird powers have bewitched and controlled the heathen world, for there is no taskmaster so cruel as Satan. He will drive any man who follows him into defeat and eternal

death. Yet, in the face of all that seems contradictory I write this article to say that THE DAY OF MIRACLES IS NOT PAST. God is still saving from the uttermost to the uttermost when He can find honest hearts with which to deal. People frequently say to me, "We do not hear of such marvelous transformations by grace as you tell of in other lands. Why?" The answer is probably found in the fact that in so-called heathen lands, largely so, they run TOWARD the light and welcome divine TRUTH, while in so-called Christian America, all too often, we run FROM the light and disregard or neglect divine TRUTH.

"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Jesus Christ, for it is the power of God UNTO SALVATION to EVERYONE that BELIEVETH." Isms and creeds do not meet the needs of man. Jesus Christ alone satisfies the human heart and fills the longing soul. If, as Ghandi declares, "the great faiths of India meet the need of India's souls," why did a group of caste men walk ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINE MILES to an English missionary to beg him earnestly for a teacher to be sent to their village who would "show them the way to the Christian's God"? This is a hungry world, physically and spiritually. The former is sad, the latter is tragic. Thank God for the BREAD of LIFE, Christ Jesus our Lord!

Shall I give to you a few examples of the saving grace from various parts of the world, as I emphasize scriptural steps essential in any and all lands, if one would find and know God.

1. *God is convicting of sin.* There was the little Indian girl of seven years who hated the ugly gods she was forced to worship. One day, when certain that she was unobserved, she slapped the god from the family god-shelf as she cried out, "I hate you. I hate you. You are so ugly. I have never believed you have power, but if you have, get up off of the floor and get back upon the shelf." Of course, the image of brass did not move. The little girl fell on her face in despair and from a broken heart, through blinding tears she sobbed, "Surely, SOMEWHERE there is a God who is not so ugly, a God who has some power." And then she added, "I am such a bad, bad girl but I cannot seem to help it. But I do want to be good."

The Holy Spirit is faithful to convict even the children of the world that they are bad and should be good.

Then there was the Hindu mail carrier who came to the Methodist Mission Compound each day to bring the mail. One morning he seemed greatly agitated. He did not deposit the mail in the box, as usual, and depart. He paced the porch, talking loudly. On being asked what the trouble was and if we could be of any assistance, he replied, "It's these singing Christians, these singing Christians." Asked to explain further, he burst into a tirade which showed too plainly that the faithful Holy Spirit had been working through these singing Christians on his own hungry heart. "Everywhere I go," he said, "I meet them—in the fields, on the streets, in the shops. And when I leave mail at their homes I hear them singing, singing, always singing." "And why is it that you object to their singing?" he was asked. "Oh, it is not merely that they sing, it is WHAT they sing that is so upsetting," he replied as he looked pathetically into our eyes. "They sing of PEACE and I am sad. They sing of HOPE and I have none. They sing of JESUS as the giver of both peace and hope and the one who saves from sin. They really have peace. They really have hope. They have really been saved from sin. I knew them when they were as other men. Now they are different, but I cannot afford to worship Jesus. I am a man of caste." We explained that there was no other way to find peace. I gladly relate that this dear man, after some weeks, was gloriously saved. Yes, he was both convicted and convinced of God's truth because of SINGING CHRISTIANS, who even in dark India had learned "Songs in the night." There would be more conviction were there more singing Christians.

2. Souls are being saved, in darkest lands, in the old-fashioned way. They are being saved so well that they gladly make confession and restitution.

An African boy with whom God was dealing walked twenty-two miles to render an apology, as one of the steps to setting his house in order before the Lord. I have known professing Christians in our land who would not walk twenty-two feet to render an apology that had been overdue for almost as many years. Yes, there are many reasons why such glowing experiences as we hear about from the Orient are not often duplicated in our America.

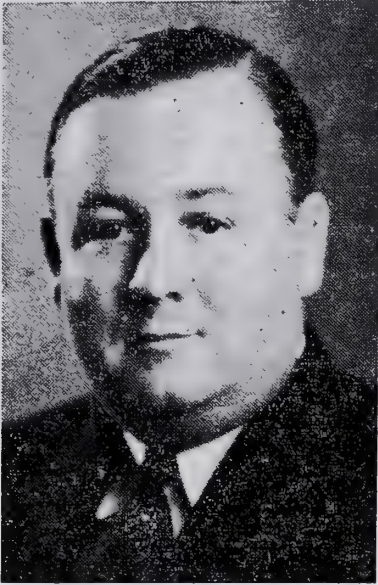
There was the man of China who had sold a sick cow to a poor widowed woman for more than it would have been worth if well. The cow died, as he knew it would, shortly after the sale.

(Continued on page 24)



Blessing Others With the Lighted Pathway

LIGHTED PATHWAY ROUTES



Ralph Campbell

For a number of years we have been praying that young people in the different localities would get interested in building up paper routes. There are thousands of people who would be blessed by reading the Lighted Pathway if we could get it into their hands. Well, at last, my prayer is answered here in Cleveland and Brother Ralph Campbell, whose picture you see on this page, has taken up this work and is being very successful. He is very happy in the work and his pleasing personality is winning its way into the hearts of the people.

If you are interested in this kind of work, write us and we will explain how you may get started.

Also on this page you will meet another young man, Andy McDonald, who lives in the country and belongs to the Mt. Olive Church of God, who rides through his community on horseback to deliver his Lighted Pathways. How would you like to try this? Thanks to these two young men.—Editor.

because the parties thought I was trying to fool them into taking something that might deceive them.

At one home a lady came to the door and after buying a Lighted Pathway, said she was a nurse at a local hospital. She asked me why I didn't go up to the hospital and leave some of my magazines for the patients to read, stating that many times ministers came there to pray for the patients but they seldom left any Christian literature for them to read. So I went at once to the hospital where the head nurse very graciously accepted the Lighted Pathways. On my second visit there another nurse said they appreciated them very much as the nurses themselves had read them.

I also visited the jail, bus station, barber shops, beauty shops, doctors' offices, hotel lobbies and the public library, leaving a few copies at each place.

Probably the most enjoyable part was at the railroad station, where I received permission from the ticket agent to give Lighted Pathways to the soldier boys on the trains passing through Cleveland. One night a man in civilian clothes came up and asked, "What kind of a magazine is that you are putting on that train?" He said he was a railroad man and that they had to be careful about the kind of literature given to the soldiers. I explained, and he asked for one to examine. I began to think he was going to stop me from distributing the Lighted Pathways there at the station. I saw him again a few days later, and



Andy McDonald and his pony

asked his permission to continue the work. He said he had read the Lighted Pathway and it was very good, even if the article on "My Master—a Cigarette," did hit him. He said he would be glad to cooperate in getting the magazines to the soldiers.

A business man here in Cleveland, after finding a sample at his door, was anxious to receive it regularly without any further soliciting. He said it was "the most interesting little paper he had ever seen."

The Lighted Pathway is a faithful little worker for the Lord. Its influence is backed by the prayers of Sister Harrison, the editor, who is giving her life for our young people. There are many who could use at least one roll each month in personal work. Think of the number of people we know, some our own relatives, who are unsaved and need help, and what are we doing about it?

Yes, the Lighted Pathway is a blessing to us, but we can get a greater joy out of it by placing it in homes where it can bless someone else.—Ralph Campbell.

GOOD NEWS

We have several thousand back numbers of the Lighted Pathway here at the Publishing House that we are offering to you free if you can qualify. The qualifications are as follows:

A good recommendation as to your reliability from your pastor.

A promise to put them in new neighborhoods.

You must be desirous of establishing routes.

These back numbers include the December and January issues of the paper.

If the young woman would appreciate one found in a garbage can, why not at their door? We do not want them sold, but they will be sent to you for free distribution if you will pay the postage.—Alda B. Harrison, Editor.

THERE are people who live near you who would enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway if they only knew how interesting it is. While some of us have been sleeping on the job, the enemy has filled many American homes with literature that is detrimental to the morals of our young people. False teachers have also been successful in getting their false doctrines into many homes. Why shouldn't we be just as eager to distribute good Christian literature?

Many people from all walks of life and from various denominations have said that the Lighted Pathway is the best young people's magazine they have ever seen. Each month it is a blessing to thousands of people and many look forward eagerly for each new issue.

During the past few weeks it has been my happy privilege to place this wonderful magazine in hundreds of homes here in Cleveland, Tennessee. Before trying to sell them, I visited each home and left a sample copy, knowing that if people could only get acquainted with it, the Lighted Pathway would be a blessing to them and they would want to continue receiving it. In this way I am securing regular customers who will buy it each month, and the profit is being used to place copies in public places, and samples in additional homes.

The friendly reception I am receiving is very encouraging. In some instances I had to explain that I had a wonderful little publication that is enjoyed by all, regardless of their church affiliations. Only in a very few instances was the door closed in my face, and then I was persuaded to believe it was



The Men of Tomorrow

DEAN C. DUTTON, in *Quests and Conquests*

(Continued from last issue)

The Preacher and the Pup

Men, just remember that you can't fool boys. If I were desiring to get the measure of the men of your town, I wouldn't go to the minister, or to the public school teacher, or even to business men, but I would go to the boys. They hear you when you do not think they do; they see you when you are not aware of it. They have you measured; they know all the men, the minister and school teacher. For instance: the minister went down to the river one day, and found a group of boys with a lubber of a pup, and the minister said, "Well, boys, why aren't you in school? what are you doing here?" And one boy spoke up and said, "We're lying for the pup." "What do you mean?" said the minister. "Why, the boy that tells the biggest lie is going to get the pup." The minister said, "Why, boys, don't you know that it is awful to lie?" One boy looked up and said, "Say, Mr. Preacher, didn't you ever lie?" and the minister, with a very sanctimonious face, said, "N-o," and then another little boy, with a mischievous eye, said, "What a whopper, give the preacher the pup." You can't fool boys. They know you.

The mother of the boy not only craves that the father shall be a model and a pattern for her boy, but also that the father shall be a clean man. The American woman's heart is peculiar. It is not satisfied to live a solitary life. She craves companionship, and must be fed. The pure, true heart of a woman feeds upon the wholesomeness of a clean man. I am sorry for any beautiful woman and sweet little children who have to take tobacco-soaked kisses.

"Go to Hell To Spit"

A man asked the question the other day, "Can a man use tobacco and go to heaven?" The answer was, "Maybe, but he will have to go to hell to spit." It is not every man that can be a handsome man, but a woman does not care so much about that. If she did, some of you men wouldn't be with the woman you are to-night. Not many men will ever become rich men; women don't care so much about that; not many of you will ever become famous men, but women don't care so much about that; but every man can be a gentleman, and women do care about that.

Not only does she feed upon the wholesomeness of a man's life, but she craves that a man shall be kind. It costs so little to be kind; but it is the greatest kind of an investment, and brings the largest possible returns. I could never under-

stand how any man could be unkind to his wife, the mother of his children. Suppose a stranger should come into the community looking for a wife. He looks for the very finest and prettiest girl he can find. He succeeds, and the girl, with a thousand roses in her cheeks, becomes his sweetheart. Finally she turns away from her father, who would spend thousands of dollars for the furtherance of her education should she desire to remain at home, but she leaves it all for this stranger that has come looking for a wife. She turns away from her mother, who loves her child so that she would lie down and die for her, and yet this girl breaks even this tie for this stranger. She becomes his wife, and as the years pass she makes the supreme sacrifice of motherhood, and presents to him his own offspring, and with the coming of motherhood, come cares, burdens and perplexities that only a mother understands; then for a man, after he has asked a beautiful girl to make all this sacrifice for him, to turn and treat



REDEEMING LOVE

Ernest Grant

I wandered out on the hills today
To walk alone one hour,
Where God was tinting fields of gray
With buds of leaf and flower.

The warm, blue sky was filled with sails
Of cloud-ships drifting by;
I looked and knew that love prevails
In earth and sea and sky.

He spoke to me from a breeze that came
Exultant from the sea,
Intoning a hymn of the Savior's name
From the ends of the earth to me.

I heard while walking there alone
The birds in happy song,
That sang an anthem to the throne
Of love redeeming wrong.

My spirit rose through the clouds above
With the breeze that came from the sea,
And sang a hymn to the Lord of love
Who died and arose for me.

—Herald of Holiness.

her unkindly, is an unspeakable shame. I say that for a man to turn against a woman, when the last flower has faded from her cheek, and neglects her and breathes the poison breath of unkindness into her life, until the last flower in the garden of her heart withers and dies—I say a man that will treat a woman like this, is unworthy of a wife and children. The man that will treat the mother of his children unkindly, ought to be banished to a wilderness where his only associates are wild beasts, only, ladies and gentlemen, I apologize to the wild beasts for having such a brute in their midst.

There is something so tender and so healing, something so precious, when great strong men are unfailingly kind, that a woman's heart grows strong even under a heavy burden, when she is fed by kindness.

*"If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day*

The words unkind

Would trouble my mind,

I said when you went away,

I had been more careful, darling,

Nor given you needless pain,

But we vex our own

With words and tone

We might never take back again.

*We have careful thoughts for the
stranger,*

And smiles for our sometime guest,

But oft for 'our own'

The bitter tone,

Though we love 'our own' the best."

The Boy of Twelve

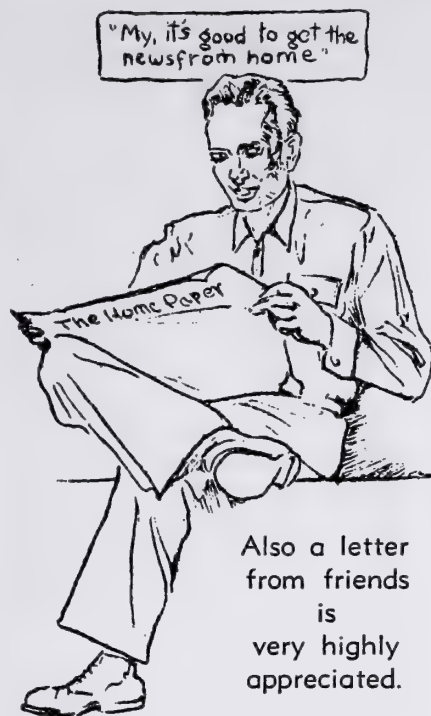
I want now to study with you for a few minutes the boy of twelve years. Perhaps the most interesting person in all the human life is the boy of twelve years. It seems to be a quiet time of meditation at which time he seems to be getting ready for the great storm that is about to break. The great decisions of life are upon him. He is to decide whether he is to be a slave or a master.

It is a great thing for a business man of power to find a boy at this period and walk by his side, calling his attention to the big things of life. He should talk to him thus: "Son, did you know that there is a great plan that has been worked out for your life? Did you know that the Author and Builder of great lives has planned that you should live a great life?" And the boy will answer, "What, a plan for my life?" "Yes, boy, a plan for your life, and this Author and Builder never fails to make life great for anyone who will follow the directions He gives. This Author of great lives, my boy, is Jesus, our Savior. He is the supremely interesting character of the whole universe. He is interested in boys because out of honest boys' lives He

(Continued on page 22)

The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study and the objectives of the research. It highlights the need for a comprehensive understanding of the subject matter and the role of the researcher in this process. The second part of the paper presents the methodology used in the study, including the selection of the sample and the data collection techniques. The third part of the paper discusses the results of the study and the conclusions drawn from the data. The fourth part of the paper discusses the implications of the study and the recommendations for future research. The fifth part of the paper discusses the limitations of the study and the areas for further research. The sixth part of the paper discusses the contributions of the study to the field of research. The seventh part of the paper discusses the acknowledgments of the researcher. The eighth part of the paper discusses the references used in the study. The ninth part of the paper discusses the appendices of the study. The tenth part of the paper discusses the index of the study. The eleventh part of the paper discusses the glossary of the study. The twelfth part of the paper discusses the bibliography of the study. The thirteenth part of the paper discusses the list of figures and tables of the study. The fourteenth part of the paper discusses the list of abbreviations of the study. The fifteenth part of the paper discusses the list of symbols of the study. The sixteenth part of the paper discusses the list of units of the study. The seventeenth part of the paper discusses the list of variables of the study. The eighteenth part of the paper discusses the list of parameters of the study. The nineteenth part of the paper discusses the list of constants of the study. The twentieth part of the paper discusses the list of formulas of the study. The twenty-first part of the paper discusses the list of equations of the study. 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Letters From Our Training Camps



GREETINGS to our *Lighted Pathway* readers everywhere:

Recently among the many letters received from our boys in the service of our country, I found a letter from Colonel Charles M. Myers, C. A. C., which I feel will be appreciated by all of you. We trust that you will accept this invitation to write to our boys in service, encouraging them during this great conflict. The letter is given below.—J. H. Walker, General Overseer.

Headquarters 82nd Coast Artillery (AA)
Office of the Regimental Commander
A.P.O. Number 836

By my direction, the Regimental Censor has inserted this memorandum without the knowledge of the writer of this letter.

It is to be hoped you will answer the enclosed letter as promptly as possible, for you cannot know how much it means to soldiers in the field to receive letters from friends and loved ones. The men of our armed forces eagerly await the arrival of each shipment of mail, and I have seen some of them made happy even by the receipt of an advertising circular, as long as it is from the home town.

We cannot tell you where we are or what we are doing, but you may rest assured this Regiment has a most important task to perform and the men are doing it in a splendid manner. The job of waiting and watching becomes a tedious one, and time often hangs on the

hands of men who have spent long hours preparing for that instant which will justify the work and training. Under such circumstances, a week may seem a month, and when letters fail to come for days at a time, you are not helping your soldier with his job. The chap to whom you are writing, and many another like him, needs you and more like you to write frequent, encouraging letters. These men have good food and plenty of it; good medical care and satisfactory sleeping accommodations are provided; chaplains, both Catholic and Protestant, are available for spiritual guidance and help; but you can help your soldier with his recreation and peace of mind. Write often and urge others of his friends to do so, making sure that your letters carry news of home and community which he will like to hear—you might even add newspaper clippings and snapshots—they are excellent morale boosters. In any case, be cheerful and make your letters as long as possible—remember, he cannot write much to you because of censorship restrictions. Someday, when the final “all

TO THE SOLDIER BOYS

Mrs. G. Lighty

Soldier Boy, you are taking a journey

Along the rough warfare of life;

On your pathway you may meet with trials,

Disappointments — with envy and strife;

Your heart, many times, may be heavy,

Your spirit be wounded or low—

Keep looking to Him who has promised

To keep you wherever you go.

You have answered the call of your country,

Giving all for the Flag you hold dear,
Let the thoughts of the past bring you comfort,

Your hope for the future—no fear.

When in danger, or front line of battle,

Though sadly oppressed by the foe,

Keep looking to Him who has promised

To keep you wherever you go.

For you many home fires are burning,

And fond hearts are lifted in prayer.

They are asking the Greater Commander,

“Dear Lord, keep my boy in your care.”

In His name, alone, you will conquer,

His grace is sufficient—and so

We commend you to Him who has promised

To keep you wherever you go.

clear” has sent us back to our homes, your soldier will have lots to tell you—but just now, you can tell him many things he wants to know. Incidentally, may I remind you that Air Mail is faster and costs only the regular rate of six cents per half ounce.

Frequently men have to be urged to write to their parents and others who are interested in them; but I am reversing the process this time to urge you to write oftener to your soldier who is in my command.

Sincerely,

Charles M. Myers, Colonel,
C. A. C., Commanding.

(NOTE: I am enclosing a letter from one of our young men in the service. His father read this letter at our district fellowship meeting. This young man was one of our licensed ministers before the war and planned to attend Bible Training School, but the war interfered with his plans.—James L. Slay.)

Dear Friends:

I received your encouraging letters yesterday. You will never know just how inspiring they were. It is indeed a comfort to me to know that my father, your pastor, has such willing and enthusiastic co-laborers. I have often felt that I may have left the church just when I was needed the most, but as I read your letters of testimony and encouragement I was convinced that what I had done was His will.

The army has little room for tenderheartedness, because of the nature of its work; so to hear from one's friends and family sort of reaches down and grips a man by his heartstrings. I can only say that I am extremely grateful for your kindness. If you continue to follow the path of love and truth, you will be successful in reaching others' hearts as you have mine.

The greatest help to anyone, no matter what his task may be, is the knowledge that someone, somewhere cares for him and is concerned about his personal welfare.

The world today is suffering like it is because of a lack of love that existed both in the world and in the Church. We would not be fighting a war now if we had been willing to pray, go and give more to the Lord's missionary work. How much better it would have been to send missionaries, who could have instilled the love of Christ into the hearts of the Japanese, than to now be spending over a hundred million dollars a day and sacrificing the lives of our best

(Continued on page 24)



Hymn Stories

"GOD BE WITH YOU TILL WE MEET AGAIN"

By Calvin W. Laufer

"In all parting," wrote Mark Rutherford, "there is something infinite." When hand clasps hand in farewell, all the past looks on and the future stands at attention. Whether friends shall meet again in greeting, and under what circumstance, is known to God alone. There is to the thoughtful, therefore, a world of pathos and longing in our good-bys. From all time mankind has felt this and made farewell expressions rich in prayerful hope and spiritual solicitude. Of all farewell epithets none is more beautiful than the Spanish, which means, "Go with God." The English good-by connects the parting of friends with God and is an abridged benediction—"God be with you."

Good-by, our familiar farewell greeting, is the germ thought of the well-known gospel song, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." It was written in Washington, D. C., where there are no more farewells spoken than elsewhere, but where ties are constantly determined and altered by executive appointment or popular vote. Friends are with us today, gone tomorrow. No person knows this so well, or feels it so deeply, as the successful Washington pastor, who receives into his church with every new Congress or administration people whom he would like to have with him always.

"God Be With You Till We Meet Again" was written by Jeremiah Eames Rankin, D.D., while pastor of the First Congregational Church in the capital city. Dr. Rankin was a popular preacher and reached many governmental officials from all parts of the country. He was a man of fine culture and characterized by deep feeling and evangelical zeal. As for the genesis of the hymn, he has made clear in private correspondence that "it was the product of a cool purpose, and not the result of any experience or feeling." He tried to make the good-by greeting Christian in act and content, and succeeded in doing this by calling attention to derivation of the words so used. The original meaning recurs repeatedly in the hymn, but always with cumulative effect.

The secret of the hymn's success is due to the fine wedding of words and music. How the tune came to be is interesting. The author states that when the first stanza was written he sent copies of it to two composers: the one well-known for his tune to "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," the other un-

known and still to be heard from. The latter's tune, which was by William G. Tomer, was accepted, and, needless to state, has as endearing qualities as that associated with the other great hymn.

The hymn and tune, as it is now known, were written in 1880, and made their first appearance in the popular song book, "Gospel Bells," published that year. Within a few years it was recognized by hymn book editors and incorporated in new publications. It was adopted by the Christian Endeavor movement, and is a favorite number in meetings of young people. The great gatherings of Christian people at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, for years have made use of the song. The author states that one day members of his family, attending the camp meeting there, heard it sung five times.

Both author and composer were men of ability. Dr. Rankin, born in Thornton, New Hampshire, in 1828, died at Cleveland, Ohio, November 28, 1904. In his life of seventy-six years, he was a pastor of Congregational churches for thirty years. For thirteen years he was president of Howard University in Washington, D. C., and supported the advancement of the Negro people.

Mr. Tomer, who was born in Finesville, Warren County, New Jersey, October 5, 1833, died at Phillipsburg, New Jersey, September 26, 1896. He was a man of the Beecher type and had a varied career. He taught school at seventeen years of age, loved music, and led the village choir. The Civil War had claims on him and in it he served as clerk under General O. O. Howard, whose wholesome Christian life made an indelible impression on him. After the war he was tendered a clerkship in Washington, in which he continued for seventeen years. In later years he edited the *Hunterdon Gazette*, published at High Bridge, New Jersey, 1896. The hymn which he helped to make famous was sung at his funeral by a large assembly of friends and neighbors.

"O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS"

By Calvin W. Laufer

The importance of Sunday to the religious world is only partly known. Too often, perhaps, it is only taken for granted. The day is neglected and proscribed to ends far removed from those for which it is intended. How indispensable it is to man, came to the writer late one Saturday evening while engaged in his private devotions. His prayer was going out in intercession for his comrades

in the ministry scattered all over the world, many of whom that very hour were bending over their desks, reviewing sermons and making final arrangements for the services of the morrow.

Suddenly in his prayer he paused; he could say no more, as the wonder, the glory, and the significance of the Sabbath Day were flashed upon his mind, and power was given him to see in a moment of time vast assemblages of men, women, and children at worship the next day. In the throngs that passed before his vision were all sorts and conditions of folk: the rich and the poor; the wise and the simple; lovers with their betrothed; the aged with their wedded comrades; people in bondage to sins, and others rejoicing in their freedom; and the sick and the well in every nook and corner of the world. All were at worship, raising a glad song of praise that penetrated to the writer's room. It seemed that the entire universe had become a vast cathedral and every part of it was vibrating spiritual power. The prayer closed with a new vision of the Lord's Day.

Whether Bishop Christopher Wordsworth had such an experience before he wrote "O Day of Rest and Gladness," biographers fail to state; but the character and contents of the hymn make one conclude that he had. That the author was in an exultant mood and urged by spiritual vision is betrayed in every stanza of the hymn. He had a glimpse of something about the Lord's Day very real and compelling, for the hymn is the most inspiring of all his verses.

That he was impressed by the hymn, which is based on Ps. 118:24, is indicated by the way he introduced it to a friend who later wrote about it. "I was with him in the library when he put his arm in mine, saying, 'Come upstairs with me; the ladies are going to sing a hymn to encourage your labors for God's holy day.' We all then sang from manuscript this hymn. I was in raptures with it. However, it was some days later before I knew that it was written by himself."

In 1862 Bishop Wordsworth published a hymn book of his own, entitled "The Holy Year." There were one hundred and seventeen hymns of his own in it, and the first as well as the best was "O Day of Rest and Gladness."

Christopher Wordsworth was born in an intellectual atmosphere at Lambeth, England, in 1807. Twenty years later the Duke of Wellington said of his father, then Master of Trinity, "I consider Dr. Wordsworth to be the happiest man in the kingdom"; and being asked why, he replied, "Because each of his three sons

(Continued on page 25)

Mathematics

Mathematics is the study of numbers, shapes, and patterns. It is a fundamental part of science and technology.

Mathematics is used in many fields, including physics, engineering, and economics.

Mathematics is a powerful tool for understanding the world around us.

Mathematics is a beautiful and challenging subject.

Mathematics is a language that describes the universe.

Mathematics is a way of thinking that is logical and precise.

Mathematics is a subject that is always changing and growing.

Mathematics is a subject that is full of discovery and wonder.

Mathematics is a subject that is essential for our lives.

Mathematics is a subject that is full of beauty and meaning.

Mathematics is a subject that is always with us.

Mathematics is a subject that is full of life and energy.

Mathematics is a subject that is full of hope and dreams.

Mathematics is a subject that is full of love and compassion.

Mathematics is a subject that is full of peace and harmony.

Mathematics is a subject that is full of joy and happiness.

Mathematics is a subject that is full of life and meaning.

Mathematics is a subject that is full of hope and dreams.

Reading Circle



Amount Sent from Each State to the Fund for Sending Lighted Pathways to Soldiers

South Carolina	\$18.80
Illinois	16.30
Georgia	14.00
Ohio	11.00
Virginia	10.90
Minnesota	7.00
Alabama	6.40
Washington, D. C.	6.10
North Carolina	5.00
Florida	4.00
Tennessee	3.00
Michigan	2.00
California	2.00
Kentucky	2.00
Delaware	1.00
North Dakota	1.00
Pennsylvania	1.00
Maryland	1.00

RECOMMENDED BOOKS FOR YOUR LIBRARY

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

- Ann H. Judson*, by E. R. Pitman. Price 75c.
Fanny Crosby, by J. Reginald Casswell. Price 75c.
John Bunyan, by J. J. Ellis. Price 75c.
The Modern Girl's Problems, by Mary S. Wood. Price 50c.

FICTION

- At the Crossroads*, by Minnie E. Ludwig. Price \$1.00.
Under Whose Wings, by Zenobia Bird. Price \$1.00.
The Vision, by Paul Hutchens. Price \$1.00.
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One More Year, by Bertha B. Moore. Price \$1.00.
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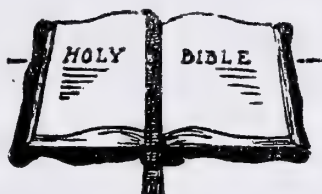
January Prize Winner

Mrs. Ollie Hill, Riverside, Ga., is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5.00

for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

Honor Roll

V. B. Ellis, Greenville, S. C.
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 Beatrice Carroll, Greenwood, S. C.
 Mae Couch, Fort Mill, S. C.
 Ralph Campbell, Cleveland, Tenn.
 Hazel Clark, Concord, N. C.



"This little Book I'd rather own,
 Than all the gold and gems
 That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone,
 Than all their diadems."

LIGHTED PATHWAY RATING

SOLD FOR FEBRUARY

	Sold for Feb.	Total
Alabama	2,252	11,738
Arizona	42	336
Arkansas	379	2,884
California	325	2,124
Canada	126	596
Colorado	14	51
Delaware	119	929
Foreign	174	1,105
Florida	2,365	12,665
Georgia	6,510	31,043
Idaho	87	668
Illinois	1,889	8,433
Indiana	253	1,211
Iowa	84	678
Kansas	298	1,296
Kentucky	2,432	9,869
Louisiana	379	2,801
Maine	84	608
Massachusetts	28	230
Maryland	726	3,335
Michigan	755	3,510
Mississippi	743	3,549
Minnesota	196	580
Missouri	495	2,712
Montana	140	784
New Jersey	154	644
New Mexico	56	490
Nebraska	28	112
New York	168	460
North Carolina	5,509	28,483
North Dakota	261	2,767

Ohio	1,391	6,524
Oklahoma	352	1,896
Oregon	112	926
Pennsylvania	672	4,011
South Carolina	9,876	51,218
South Dakota	126	586
Tennessee	2,877	14,258
Texas	1,365	12,233
Virginia	2,041	8,970
Washington	290	1,241
Washington, D. C.	178	808
West Virginia	1,725	9,996
Wyoming	28	140
	48,104	249,518

BIBLE READINGS FOR MARCH

March 1	Num. 1-2	Luke 16
March 2	Num. 3-4	Luke 17
March 3	Num. 5-6	Luke 18
March 4	Num. 7-8	Luke 19
March 5	Num. 9-10	Luke 20
March 6	Num. 11-12	Luke 21
March 7	Num. 13-14	Lk. 22:1-38
March 8	Num. 15-16	Lk. 22:39-71
March 9	Num. 17-18	Luke 23
March 10	Num. 19-20	Luke 24
March 11	Num. 21-22	John 2
March 12	Num. 23-24	John 3
March 13	Num. 25-26	John 4
March 14	Num. 27-28	John 5
March 15	Num. 29-30	John 6
March 16	Num. 31-32	John 7
March 17	Num. 33-34	John 8
March 18	Num. 35-36	John 9
March 19	Deut. 1-2	John 10
March 20	Deut. 3-4	John 11
March 21	Deut. 5-6	John 12
March 22	Deut. 7-8	John 13
March 23	Deut. 9-10	John 14
March 24	Deut. 11-12	John 15
March 25	Deut. 13-14	John 16
March 26	Deut. 15-16	John 17
March 27	Deut. 17-18	John 18
March 28	Deut. 19-20	John 19
March 29	Deut. 21-22	John 20
March 30	Deut. 23-24	John 21
March 31	Deut. 25-26	Acts 1

SPECIAL NOTICE

All business mail pertaining to orders for papers, requests for appointment or change of a Gideon and all cash on account, together with the invoice received with the papers, whether sent by the customer or some other person, should be addressed to the LIGHTED PATHWAY or CHURCH OF GOD PUBLISHING HOUSE. And all money orders and checks so sent for accounts should be made payable to the CHURCH OF GOD PUBLISHING HOUSE or LIGHTED PATHWAY and not to an individual.

All mail pertaining to articles for print in the Lighted Pathway or personal mail should be addressed to Mrs. Alda B. Harrison, 2905 Parker Street, Cleveland, Tennessee.—Alda B. Harrison, Editor.



A Page for the Old Folks

Growing Old Aright

William H. Bates, D.D.

Says a Scotch essayist: "To grow old wisely and genially is one of the most difficult tasks to which a human being can ever set himself."

The way in which the events of a life are met has all to do with the pleasure and profit of a life.

Consent to grow old. Some people struggle against advancing years. No man can succeed warring against the inevitable.

We should regard our true life as belonging to the spirit rather than to the body. The body is temporary. The spirit is immortal. Our true life is not in the decaying body, but in the immortal spirit. The comforts and the gratification of the desires of the body should not be the aim and end of life. He who elects to live in the pleasures of the body, elects, by the very necessities of the case, though unwillingly, to live in its pains.

Act upon right principles. Throughout all the universe there is a law of gravitation to which the elements yield obedience. So it is in the moral and spiritual realm. Right principles must be adopted and acted upon. What principles? Honesty, rectitude, helpfulness, faithfulness, conscientiousness; in a word, obedience to God.

Plant happy memories.
Cultivate younger friends.
Learn lasting pleasures.

Have a right purpose in life. This gives to the other points named their effectiveness. Oh, the power of a human will controlled and animated by an absorbing purpose! As a rule men accomplish their purpose if they work hard enough and sacrifice for it. But when the purpose is accomplished it makes a vast difference in the satisfaction enjoyed if we know it is a right one. One of our greatest statesmen once said: "To serve God and become like Him is the highest possible object of life."—*The Bible Champion*.

They Don't Think

A feeble old man with a sad face tottered up to a deaconess who was waiting on a street corner for a car. "Excuse me," he began, "but I've wanted to speak to you for several days. People say you're kind. I do not need money, but I need kindness. I live with my daughters. They—they—would you be willing to come and talk to them? Perhaps they would be—different."

The deaconess took the address of the old man and called a few days after. "It

is so tiresome to have father around," the daughters said, "he is so old and childish."

With an upward prayer to God for guidance, the deaconess tried to give the young women a new vision of duty. Father had cared for them tenderly, and now he was old and helpless, he was entitled to their care. After a moment of quiet prayer the deaconess rose to go. The older daughter, with tears in her eyes, thanked her for her words. "We'll treat father better from now on," she promised. "He shall have the sunny room."

A few days later, the old man, with an almost beaming face, said to the deaconess, "My daughters are so kind to me now. Everything is so different. Why, they are even planning a birthday gathering for me—you know that I am almost eighty years old." Then he added with enthusiasm, "You are to be invited to the gathering."

Not many months later, in a quiet evening service, the two daughters gave their hearts to Christ. Theirs is now a Christian home, father's sunny room the happiest of all. There he waits patiently the coming of the King.—*New England Deaconess*.

Be Kind To Older Folks

Don't forget the old folks,
Love them more and more
As they, with unshrinking feet
Near the shining shore.
Let your words be gentle,
Loving, soft and low;
Let their last days be the best
They have known below.

Don't forget thy father
With his failing sight,
With his locks, once thick and brown,
Scanty now, and white,
Though he may be childish,
Still do thou be kind;
Think of him as years ago
With his master mind.

Don't forget dear mother,
With her furrowed brow,
Once as fair and smooth and white
As the pure, clean snow.
Are her steps uncertain?
Is her hearing poor?
Guide her gently till she stands
Safe at heaven's door.

—S. G. H.

Life is never so sweet as when all bitterness has been taken out of our hearts and all guile taken out of our mouths.

The Job of Not Growing Old

"They say I am too old to work."

These were the words of a man who told his story recently in a newspaper office. It was a story of slipping backward, through the years, until he became a messenger boy. And then, nothing. He wanted but seven dollars a week; he could live on that.

And this man was but fifty-seven.

In a hospital, about the same time, doctors and nurses gave a birthday party. There were flowers and books and fruit and candy; and a cake that was topped by twenty-five candles. Everybody at the party joked about that. It was all the candles the cake would hold.

The number was an odd circumstance, coupled with the case of the man mentioned above. When the birthday guest of honor was twenty-five the other man had not yet been born.

The smiling man on the cot was eighty-four. Weeks before he had arrived, alone, from his home, six hundred miles away. With an interval of rest he had had two operations, the second rather serious; and here he was, chipper and contented, reading voraciously and writing several letters a day to his wife, children and grandchildren.

After awhile he got up out of bed, jollied his nurses, and strolled off home.

And there you have one of the big jobs the human race has set itself.

It is the job of not growing old.

We have come a long way already, and not all our progress has been due merely to this cold science of diet, exercise, ventilation and sanitation.

In the two cases mentioned above the difference was very largely a state of mind; the faces of the two men showed it, as well as their histories.—*The Dear-born Independent*.

CLIMAX OR ANTICLIMAX

Bill Roper, Princeton football coach, used to say that at forty-five, just when men should be in their prime, many of them prove to have gone to seed. Carnegie Simpson once remarked on the strange insistence by ministers that youth is the dangerous time of life, whereas there is a saving idealism about youth which keeps it from the intellectual and spiritual slump that imperils the forties and fifties and sometimes even the thirties. "Life Begins at Forty," runs the brave title of a recent book. The trouble is that it is too often "all over" then.

Anatole France said that if he had created men and women, he would have made them to resemble those forms of insect life which begin as caterpillars and change into butterflies, to spend their brief, final term of existence with no thought but to love and be lovely. "I

(Continued on page 25)



Our Y. P. E. Poets

SPRINGTIME

Clara M. Shively

I love to sing of springtime's joy,
The true awakening days;
The grand array of nature coy
Which bud and leaf display.
Spring brings us an awakening—
Of buds, new life, new hope!
With flowers and buds, and trailing vines
We know they've all awoke.

Then Summer comes with roses sweet—
Their fragrance, oh, so pure!
With petals delicate and soft
Which always do allure.
Next Autumn comes in colors gay
All shades and every hue—
Which fade and pass in Nature's way,
God's handiwork so true.

And then King Winter comes along
With steel-gray skies and chill—
Soon flakes so downy, white and soft
Fall o'er the earth so still.
At last the cold days disappear,
Fresh sunshine comes along—
While petals bright and flowery buds
With fragrance fill the air—
Exclaim and dance with joyful glee
That springtime days are here!

WAITING FOR SPRING

Edith Dunn Bolar, Tarentum, Pa.

Swaying, creaking, barren, dreary,
All but dead the trees are waiting
Through the freezing winter weather;
Dull and ugly, surely hating
Such a stark unlovely living,
While their frost-bound hearts are
holding
Promise of such lavish beauty
As will come with spring's unfolding.
Seemingly my soul is fettered,
Barren, like the trees, and dying,
Bound by ugly commonplaces.
Oh, let me not cease from trying
To escape life's chilling drabness—
Burst into a warmth of living!
God, grant me a quickening springtime
That shall new soul-growth be given.
—Moody Monthly.

MY HEART'S PRAYER

Armina Fandrich, Billings, Mont.

Dear God, please hold my future
In those kind hands of Thine;
Help me to follow Thy will,
Not this weak mind of mine.
Keep me, and make me lovely.

With the beauty from Thy face;
Give me the kind of sweetness
That time cannot erase.
Endow me with Thy riches—
The kind that earth can't give;
Give me those pearls of blessings,
That I may better live.

Fill me with love unending
For people of this world;
Help me to tell them truly
Of Thy flag of love unfurled.
Lord, I will love and trust Thee,
And thank Thee for all things;
To Thee, I give my life, Lord,
From which my joy bell rings.

THE SAVIOR DIED

Mark Miller, Cairo, Ga.

The Savior died on Calvary's tree
To save the wretch like you and me.
They pierced His sides, His hands and
feet,

That we might have salvation sweet.

A crown of thorns upon His head,
Though hard the pain, He did not dread.
He died to save men from their sin,
That a crown of life we all might win.

The Savior bore the old rugged cross,
To save men from sin and dross,
That we might have eternal life,
Be free from all pain and strife.

But now He is risen as He said,
From the grave of the dead.
He is living now as we know,
His kindness and grace to everyone
show.

BIBLICAL EYE-OPENERS

By C.M. TRUESDELL & DANA NORTH

THE MOTHER OF MOSES, AARON and MIRIAM WAS ALSO...

**THEIR GREAT AUNT, and
THEIR SECOND COUSIN.**

A LEVITE NAMED AMRAM MARRIED HIS FATHER'S
SISTER, JOCHEBED, AND TO THEM WERE BORN THESE
THREE CHILDREN. (EXODUS 6:20; 24:7; 15:20)

ALTHOUGH
... GOD DID NOT
WANT ISRAEL TO
SELECT A KING... AND
THE NATION CHOSE ITS
FIRST ONE IN OPEN
REBELLION TO HIS
COUNSEL... HE
HAD ALREADY LEFT
DIRECTIONS FOR
THE INAUGURATION
AND CONDUCT OF THAT
INDIVIDUAL. (1 SAM. 8:6-22) (DEUT. 17:14-20)



HOURS MADE A DIFFERENCE!



— IT WAS THE DEATH PENALTY
FOR A SLAVE-OWNER IF HE BEAT
A MALE OR FEMALE SLAVE
TO DEATH WHILE PUNISHING
THEM. **HOWEVER,** IF THE SLAVE
LINGERED AFTER THE BEATING—
FOR A DAY OR TWO BEFORE
DYING, THE OWNER WAS NOT
PUNISHED.

(EXODUS 21:20,21)

Our Church Page



SOME DO's FOR THE MINISTER

By J. H. Walker

Back of every efficient minister and successful pastor there exist contributing factors. Every successful man must regard carefully his *do's* and his *don't's*. It is my purpose in this short message to call attention to some of the *do's* that will help him to make a success as a minister. But, first, let me give one *don't*:

Preacher, don't be a splitter, a striker, a quitter, a slacker, lazy, contentious, egotistical, or self-centered.

The first *do* that we suggest is:

Do keep in vital touch with God and maintain the proper interest in others. Do remember that everything you do and say should center in evangelism. I have noticed through these years that among our ministers there has been a great awakening to the need of a greater knowledge of God and His Word and a greater desire to understand more thoroughly just how they might become more efficient servants of the Lord Jesus Christ. Some ministers have continued to grow in knowledge through these years. They have increased in efficiency and attracted the attention of others so that larger fields of operation were open for them and larger churches sought their services because men accounted them successful ministers. I have noticed others who were once considered rather good preachers who, it seems, have not grown very much during the years. There may be, however, still others who do not seem to know what it is all about. Their congregations are saying, "We must have a new preacher if our church is to make the progress and have the proper influence in the community it should"; and the pastor of this church is saying, "I surely would like to get a church where the people would do something." You should remember that an efficient ministry is never an accident, for ministers who have achieved success observed certain underlying factors that have made possible their outstanding usefulness.

Do make the right use of time. While the minister is not expected to punch a time clock and his pay check is not based on the hours recorded in someone's time book, unless he budgets

THE LITTLE CHURCHES

God, bless the little churches
With their heaven-pointed spires,
With their message of salvation,
And their sacred altar fires;
Where the lips of little children
Learn to lip the story old;
Where the aged dream of heaven
With its streets of crystal gold.

God, bless the little churches,
Where the hearts with sorrow bowed,
Catch a gleam of heaven's glory
Through the rift of the cloud;
Where the souls grow coarse and sordid
In their daily quest for gold,
Come with humble hearts like children
Seeking entrance to the fold.

God, bless the little churches
Where we bring our treasured dead,
When our hearts are torn and bleeding
As the last farewell is said.
There the preacher-prophet tells us
Of a home where none e'er die,
Where our dear ones never suffer
And we'll greet them by-and-by.

God, have mercy on the people
Where the little churches close;
Where the window panes are broken
And the "hoot owls" calmly doze;
Where no chiming bells on Sunday
Call the people out to prayer.
God have mercy on the nation
When its church bells cease to call;
For a land is nigh to cursing
When its scared altars fall.—Sel.

his time, he will find himself at the close of the day wishing that he had done many other things. Fortunately we still have twenty-four hours in each day and seven days in the week. Time is meted out to every man alike; no one has more and no one has less. It is the way one uses his time that counts. Begin early in the day to use your precious time.

Do guard your reading time. The minister should have a general knowledge of major items of current news obtained from the newspapers and magazines. Read digests which eliminate details. Read editorials, purposely written to save time for the busy man.

(Continued on page 25)

SOME DON'T's FOR THE MINISTER

By E. J. Boehmer

As ministers of the gospel and as those called of the Lord, we should be among the wisest people in the land. Wisdom from above and a drawing power within should be ours in order to be the kind of ministers we should be. The mission of Christ was to help those who needed help and this same spirit should possess the minister. God gave to Joshua some sound advice, and added that if he would do those things commanded he would be prosperous, and we are to understand that if he did not observe the command he would make a failure. Often we find the words "do" and "do not" in the Bible and we will observe a few "don'ts" for ministers:

Don't Be Neglectful: As a minister, do not be neglectful of the Scriptures. Be studious and always have an open mind and heart to learn.

Don't Be Slothful: A slothful business man has never made a success in his profession. Alertness, diligence, vigilance are becoming to a minister of the gospel.

Don't Conceive the Idea That You Know It All: Others, because of their varied experiences and because they have gone over difficult roads, have learned something that is worth knowing. Experience is a wonderful teacher.

Don't Neglect Sweet Communion With the Lord: It was while Peter was praying on the house top that an angel gave him instructions. A prayerful minister is the one the Lord can teach and instruct.

Don't Be Hasty To Speak: The sacred writer gave sound advice in being "Swift to hear and slow to speak." It is all right to speak when we are in order and at the right time.

Don't Allow Yourself To Be Idle: There is always plenty to do. Keep your mind occupied with good things. Read much. Meditate deeply. Converse much with those who are able to help you. Have an inquiring mind and a willingness to learn.

Don't Be a Critic: Let alone the thing you don't understand. The one who is

(Continued on page 26)



Bible Lessons

Program Outline

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on someone to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but interperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The subtopics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topics. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program, it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a Y.P.E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Jesus.

WANTED: LOYAL AND COURAGEOUS WORKERS

Scripture Lesson: Matt. 16:21-28

Thoughts for the Leader

One of the greatest sins that can be committed is idleness. Jesus told us to "work while it is called day, for the night cometh when no man can work," and I hope I can impress upon young people everywhere the importance of working for the Master. At twelve years of age Jesus said, "I must be about my Father's business." If we are trying to be like Jesus, we must begin here, at this point in His life. We have tried so often to impress on your minds the importance of finding your calling in life. After you have found your place the Word tells us, "Whatsoever your hands find to do, do it with all your might." Jesus did not shirk even the hardest tasks or the greatest danger. He knowingly marched straight to His death. Sometimes our friends, through love, seek to turn us from the path of duty. Spiritual loyalty should come first. Loyalty may call for self-denial, taking the heavy, crushing burdens, and bearing them quietly and without murmuring.

LETTING NOTHING HINDER Neh. 6:1-3

Yes, it is true that when we start out to do something that is worth while there are always a number of people, sometimes your best friends, who tell you, "You are foolish to spend your time in that way. They tell us we will never get any thanks for all our efforts, but there is another voice that speaks, "Be not weary in well doing, for in due season ye shall reap if you faint not." Sometimes the alluring things of the world are held up before us and made very attractive, but we must answer with Nehemiah, "I am doing a great work so that I cannot come down. Why should the work cease whilst I leave it and come down to you?"

The reason so many people backslide and get cold is because they do not keep busy for the Lord. We must have exercise in the spiritual life if we grow and develop, just as we must have in the natural to make our physical being grow and develop.

USING OUR TALENTS Matt. 25:14-30

We find in this scripture the parable of the talents. Oh, what a lesson, and how we see on every hand the buried talents. If every one would use the talent God had given him for the Master, I mean every professed Christian, the world would soon be won for Christ. Are you going to be responsible for lost souls of men and women at that time when the sheep and the goats are separated? If you are guilty of burying your talent, suppose at this very meeting you dig it up and put it to work.

SUPREME LOYALTY Acts 20:17-24

Let us study Paul's life for awhile. Run through his writings and study closely his loyalty to the cause of Christ. Notice how he suffered and still he says, "None of these things move me." Oh, that God had more loyalty like that which Paul possessed. How easy people are moved and become discouraged and quit because of a little hardship and suffering they have had to endure.

THE GIDEON BAND Judges 7:1-7

God is looking for a Gideon band these days like Paul, who are neither fearful nor afraid to face the enemy on every hand. He cannot use cowards. Uncle Sam is very careful to search out the very best to send out to battle. Why should the great Ruler of the universe be less careful about the workers for His kingdom? Then we must lay aside all cowardice if we expect to help in this great battle against the enemy in these last days. Are you among the Gideon band of loyal workers?

THE LOYAL AND COURAGEOUS SPIES

Num. 13th and 14th chapters

Again in this scripture we see a picture of the courageous, but we see they are small in number, only two out of twelve who could be depended on. How like our churches today, how few can really be depended on when the real test comes and when it takes courage. Oh yes, they have their names on the church book, but when they are called on for some service they are fearful and afraid and the pastor cannot depend on them. I am afraid they will not go up when Jesus comes for His Bride.

If we have been among this class, let us resolve in this meeting that we are going to pattern after the two spies, Caleb and Joshua, and march out and possess the land which is flowing with milk and honey. It takes grit and determination to possess this land. By God's grace we can do it.

What are you doing for your pastor this year? Are you encouraging his heart by putting your shoulder to the wheel? Are you praying for him and holding up his hands? If you are not, don't be surprised if his pastorate is not successful. God has sent him to you and you are partly responsible for his success. Don't be afraid to tell him that you appreciate him. If his sermon has helped you, go to him and tell him so. It lifts us over many hard places to know that we have been a blessing to someone.

FRIENDSHIP

Note: Here are five scripture references for you to distribute among your people from which to build their talk. Also distribute the comments and the poem among those who need help in expressing themselves. Do not read them word for word but study them and give in your own words.

When Paul Needed a Friend—Acts 9:16-19, 23-30.

A Widow's Need—Ruth 1.

Our Lonely Lord—John 16:32.

Unfailing Friendships—Rom. 16:1-9.

When Down and Out—Luke 15:11-16.

Thoughts for the Leader

A friend has been defined as "the first one who steps in after the whole world steps out." Poor, indeed, is the man who does not have a friend when he thinks that everything worth while has taken wings. It is a blessing that few of us know this sort of poverty. Yet tragedies result because people in despair abandon themselves to a loneliness that they create for themselves. Usually somewhere there is a friend who can help us to get out of our discouragement if we tell him our troubles. A kind

Old
Lamb

11

11

Providence has decreed that when we are "down," our friends are "up." Their sympathy works wonders for our spirits. How does misfortune test friendship?

Another definition of a friend goes something like this: One who knows all about you and loves you still. One of our deepest longings is to find friends who understand us; if they can still have affection for us, we ought to thank God that we have entered into such a state of bliss. When we make true friends the finest in us flourishes like summer flowers. What has been your experience in trying to live up to your best friend's estimate of you?

Friendship is a mutual sharing, not only of sympathy and understanding, but also of knowledge and experience. Have you known what it means to take advantage of some word about health or business which a friend has spoken? Sometimes it may be only a name and an address freely given by a friend that enables us to obtain a position or to get a college education. Or a friend may offer to write a letter of recommendation or introduction which makes the way easier for us to win success. Why is a man who boasts that he is selfmade either terribly forgetful or incurably egotistic?

We can count ourselves fortunate if we have friends who listen to us as we air our views, giving expression to half-baked ideas and proposals, and then gently correct what is ill-advised and fill out what is incomplete. We have the assurance that they will not betray confidences. No one else will ever know how ignorant and foolish we are. With absolute unrestraint we tell them what we think. We put on no false front, knowing that they will respect us even when we fall below the standard which they have learned to expect of us. We discuss our problems with perfect candor, because we know that they will give us honest criticism. We try out our new ideas on our friends and check up by the reactions that we get from them. If we have the right kind of friends and confide in them, we can save ourselves a great deal of disappointment when we go out into the world where people are not so kind. Who are the best friends—those who always tell us what we like to hear, or those who tell us the truth about ourselves?

FRIENDSHIP

Have you a friend, one true, strong friend,

Whose heart beats ever warm;
Whose hand on yours holds fast its grip

However fierce the storm;
Whose smile makes sunshine brighter seem,

Whose laugh disperses care;
Whose cheery confidence assures

A refuge from despair?

Have you a friend—one old, tried friend,
Whom time the more endears,
To memory's inward vision, with
The passing of the years?
Whose kindness is as constant as
The light of God's own day;
Whose thoughts are with you, though
himself
Is half a world away?

If such a friend you have in truth,
Then you are rich indeed,
Although of things men count as wealth
You seem in sorest need;
And richer, still, in treasure that
Increases to life's end,
If you unto some brother man
Can prove that perfect friend.

LIGHTED PATHWAY PROGRAM

Recently we had a request come in that we ask the young people to prepare five-hundred-word articles on "Why I Like To Read the Lighted Pathway." Well, I have decided to do just that. We will use these on the Exchange Page. I think it will be interesting. When they are all in I will have a committee to look them over and will publish the best ones. So send in your letters.

This month we are suggesting a Lighted Pathway program. Appoint four speakers and assign them to some certain article in the paper. Perhaps it might be a Treasured Gleaning, or a Glimpse on the last page. It might be the Helps for Tempted Page. Some of the young mothers might use the subject, "What Kind of Training Do We Owe Our Children?" using Father's and Mother's Page. "What We Owe the Boys in Training" would be a good subject, using "The Bible at Pearl Harbor" and it might be a good idea to take an offering to send Lighted Pathways to them. "A Question of Standards" would be helpful and "Men of Tomorrow" would be especially good.

After your main speakers are through with their part, open the meeting for all to express themselves. Some poems could be used. Sing appropriate songs and mix them in with the talks.

Now listen, I believe you will have a good meeting if every one tries to do his best. And that is the only way to ever have an interesting program or do anything else.

*Give of your best to the Master,
Give of the strength of your youth.*

OUR QUESTIONS CONCERNING PRAYER

WHAT ARE THE QUESTIONS?

The questions which senior high school boys and girls ask about prayer include the following: (1) What is prayer? (2) What should I pray for? (3) How

should I pray? (4) Does God always answer prayers? (5) Why should we pray when God already knows what we need? (6) How can I learn to pray in public?

WHAT IS PRAYER?

"Prayer is opening our lives to God so that His love and power and joy can fill them; it is opening ourselves to the Great Friendship, not once, but day by day, just as we open our hearts to our human friends." This definition is given by Mabel Thurston in her book, "The Adventure of Prayer." This helpful book also tells us that prayer is not: (1) just saying words; (2) getting something by a magic formula; (3) begging God until we make Him change His mind; (4) breaking any law. What do you think of this definition and these negative statements?

Dr. William Adams Brown in his book, "The Life of Prayer in a World of Science," defines prayer as "those activities, experiences, and habits through which we make explicit to consciousness, and so a determining factor in our conduct, the relationship in which we stand to God all the time." He also speaks of prayer as "the practice of the presence of God." Does that description appeal to you?

FOR WHAT SHOULD I PRAY?

Would you agree with this statement which was made by a young person? "A person is justified in praying for anything which will promote his ultimate spiritual welfare, which is not selfish in the sense that it is secured through detriment to the welfare of some one else."

Study this week The Lord's Prayer for help on this question. Jesus taught His disciples to pray first that God's name may be hallowed (honored). The next petition is for the coming of God's kingdom. The following is for the doing of God's will. The next petition, "Give us this day our daily bread," may mean that we are to pray for everything that we need to make our lives strong and happy. Do you think Jesus so meant it? The petition on forgiveness is very important, for Jesus connected God's pardon to us with our pardon of others. "Forgive us . . . as we forgive," He says. The last petition may puzzle you a bit; "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." Does God lead people into temptation, so that it is necessary to ask Him not to? Or is it true that in the developing of our Christian characters there must necessarily come situations in which we shall be tested, situations in which we really will have opportunity to choose between the right and the wrong? Is this a natural petition as one becomes spiritually awakened and looks toward the future? We have to



consider with these words those that follow. Immediately we ask God to "deliver us from evil." Are we to assume that everyone who tries to follow Christ will necessarily meet with temptation? Then let us accept the situation, let us face forward with Jesus, and pray that we may be strong enough to resist! One writer paraphrases this petition, "If, in the course of duty, O God, temptation comes, then deliver us from evil."

How do these petitions help you in thinking about what you should pray for? What other things would you put on your list in order to answer the question fully?

HOW SHOULD I PRAY?

Prayer should be a natural, spontaneous act, but we need to learn to pray. There is a right and wrong way to pray. Practice will be needed, and some time may pass before you really feel that you are in vital contact with God. The Tuxis booklet suggests that you set aside a regular time for prayer—enough so that you will not feel hurried—that you go to a quiet place; that you have a definite plan; and that you formulate in words the prayers which you wish to make for the day.

The law of attention needs also to be emphasized. So often our minds wander. We need to remind ourselves constantly that we are giving this time to communion with God.

We should not spend all our prayer period in saying prayers. You may have problems on which you wish help from God. Think of these problems and try to think of the solution which God would have you work out. If you give Him opportunity, He will guide you to the right solution.

As we learn to pray, we shall find prayer becoming more and more natural and spontaneous. Brief prayers will flash into our minds as we find ourselves in hard situations, and we shall feel that God is constantly present with us.

WHAT ABOUT ANSWERS TO PRAYERS?

The experience of those who have learned to pray is that prayer does things. Those who know how to pray get answers. Of course, every prayer is not answered in exactly the form in which it is made. Then should we say that any prayer is unanswered? The surest way in which to find an answer to the question is to try praying—not in the sense of saying, "Well, I'm going to pray for a week and see if I get any answers," but to attempt honestly and sincerely to find God's will and live in accordance with it. In such a spirit, you are invited to pray.

AN ELDER SISTER'S ADVICE TO GIRLS

Girls, have high ideals! Be satisfied with only the best you can obtain of education and culture.

Girls, dress sensibly and modestly! Have a care for your body for the sake of its sacred functions. The modestly-attired young woman is always complimented, while the striking or décolleté attire is ever a subject of criticism.

Girls, avoid slang! The language you use is an index of your character. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Nothing adds so much to the charm of a young woman as clean and beautiful language.

Girls, beware of the wine cup! Society may offer it to you. Scorn to touch it. Never defile your lips with intoxicating drink or offer it to another. There's danger. BEWARE!

Girls, sign the pledge! It will prove a safeguard and blessing to you and to others.

Girls, maintain your self-respect! Let it be evident by your habits of life, your choice of friends, and your daily occupation.

Girls, get ready for citizenship! It is your inheritance, and it is coming to you. Study to know the duties and responsibilities of a citizen, and be ready to accept your God-given right.

Girls, this life is brief, but the one that follows is endless. Get ready for eternity by accepting Christ as your Savior.

Girls, enrich your lives by loving service! Do something regularly and systematically that will add to the comfort and welfare of others.

Become temperance workers, and have a part in the campaign for nation-wide and world-wide prohibition.—*Selected.*

DON'T'S FOR THE BOY WHO WANTS TO BE POPULAR

Don't do all the talking yourself! Give your acquaintance a chance to do more than half.

Don't draw attention to yourself, your clothes, your accomplishments or your occupation.

Don't try to push yourself into the society of others, but make yourself so pleasing and attractive that they will seek you.

Don't criticize! There is nothing that will kill your chances for popularity quicker than criticism.

Don't let others persuade you to do silly things that go against your conscience! If you lose your own self-re-

spect, you can't expect to hold the admiration and esteem of others.

Don't think that popularity can be founded on lies or deceit! Honesty and truthfulness are the only permanent foundations.

Don't be careless or slipshod; to be neat and well groomed, though your clothes are inexpensive, is far more attractive than to wear the most costly garments in a slovenly manner.

Don't appoint yourself judge of another's conduct! Will all your actions stand inspection?

If you are good looking, don't let on that you know it!

Don't neglect to say the polite, the graceful and considerate thing!

Don't be ungrateful, unkind, or thoughtless. These three enemies of popularity are easily avoided with a little care.

Don't make fun of people, even though your remarks are witty. It is sure to be repeated to those about whom you were laughing, and they will have a good cause to dislike you.

Don't break engagements! People are inclined to think that you found something to do that you liked better, and will not ask you again.

Don't dislike folk, but find and learn to love the good that is hidden in every being.

Don't act as though you were better than every one else!

Do that which will please the other fellow, which will make him happy, which will put him at his ease, and forget yourself!—Sel. *The Sunday School Banner.*

The Men of Tomorrow

(Continued from page 13)

builds His great characters who are to be world leaders." And so step by step this business man can lead the boy to a great decision where he dedicates his life to God, and brings himself under the guidance of the great life Builder. No boy should pass the age of years without having some man, preferably a business man, walk by his side, and help to make this great decision.

(To be continued)

A good man is killed when a boy goes wrong.

Marriage was ordained as an institution of God, but it is about to become an institution for the courts.

No one can know Christ until he has made himself acquainted with Christ. 'Tis then we feel the need of knowing Him and becoming like Him by yielding to Him and believing in Him.



Letters for Information

WHAT SHALL I DO?

On my desk lies a number of inquiries asking, What shall I do to stir up interest in Y.P.E. work? We are using some of them on this page. It is a big job to answer so many personal inquiries, so we are going to make a few suggestions through the paper. Perhaps the first thing for you to do is to find all your back issues with articles by Pauline Weaver, "Ten Commandments for Y.P.E.'s." You will get many good suggestions from this. Then you should order some of our quiz books and have some scripture contests occasionally. Assign a lesson and see who will answer the most questions the following week at your meeting. There is nothing so important as memory work when one is young. Read article on page 15 in January issue, "If I Were Young Again." If you failed to read this, do so by all means. Then our young people should resolve they will do well what they are given to do. Our Y.P.E. programs are full of good thoughts which could be made a great blessing if they were studied and if the speaker would pray over his part and be really sincere in what he is doing. No speaker should take a part unless he expects to do this, and one who does not feel the weight of the meeting should not take part. Even though a beginner in speaking, the few words he says should be sincere. So often the mistake is made in the leader. He waits until a day or two before the meeting to prepare the program. The leaders for three months should be appointed and posted where everyone could see and give each one time to pray and plan for his meeting. A subject should be chosen and then every song should be chosen to suit the subject. Make your theme stand out all through the meeting so there will be no doubt in the minds of even the children what it is. Sometimes one goes home from a meeting and he is asked what the subject was and even grownups can't remember. Oh, they just sang the same old song and Brother So and So made a talk on something, most of it testimony. Sister So and So also testified. Well, testimony meetings are good sometimes but the same old seven and six gets monotonous.

Take the subject "Faith" and use Heb. 11th chapter and sing some good old faith songs such as "My Faith Looks Up To Thee." Close your eyes to shut out the world while you are singing. So much of our singing is just noise with people thinking about how well the voices blend and how nice the choir looks. Yes, and Bessie Jones' dress is pretty and that hat Mary Smith has on

is very becoming. Sing songs that are worshipful and shut yourself in with God while you sing. If you do this you will find when you get ready for prayer everybody will be in the spirit of prayer, then the Spirit will be in everything. It will be easy to talk then.

Read on another page of this issue, "Etiquette in Church," that will help your young people's meeting more than you can tell. How about using that for a topic sometime. Our topics for study will take on new life when these few things are observed.

Each church in your district might put on a contest in memorizing, or in our quiz book, and then select the winner from each church and have a rally of all churches when all come together and use the ones who have won in the different churches and put on the final contest. Of course, at this rally have other interesting things on your program. This way you will wake the sleeping ones and your young people will take on new life. There are many good articles and poems in the paper that can be used in your meetings besides just the lesson programs. Remember that every Y.P.E. should order a bound Lighted Pathway each year. Price \$1.00. In choosing parts for your program, you will find it very valuable and it will help you and be a blessing for years to come.

Our quiz books are 50c.

We have a book of readings for Juniors 40c, a Special Day Program for Y.P.E. or Church Programs 40c. A good Junior book with everything you need for your children's work or Daily Vacation Bible School, 75c.

We hope these suggestions will help you, and may God bless you in your work.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I want to ask you for some advice. This is a new church here and we don't know anything about the Y.P.E. They have elected me as leader and I want to know how to organize a Y.P.E. Are we supposed to elect a secretary and treasurer? And am I supposed to appoint some one each Sunday to get the program for the next Sunday night, or to always have the material ready to give out myself? (Send 10 cents for book on, "How To Organize and Conduct Y.P.E.")

I am president of the Y.P.E. at the Church of God and I just wonder if you know of some good program book that I could use to get up the programs. The outlines in the Lighted Pathway are good. We have been using them but I would like to have something a little different sometimes. I have searched the Lighted Pathway for a book of that

sort. I am trying to arouse interest for the Y.P.E. We have some really talented girls with us. Some of their husbands are in the army. Sister Harrison, if there is anything you could suggest, I would surely appreciate it.

— — —

Dear Sister Harrison:

I've just been appointed as a Y.P.E. leader for the Church of God in I am young in the way and I've never done anything like this before. I go to all our Y.P.E. services and I'd like to have something different for our programs on Y.P.E. nights. It seems that every program has been running along the same line each time. I would like to put something on that would get people interested in our Y.P.E. services. We always have special songs, poems, readings and Bible verses for the younger children. That's just fine, but I'd like to offer something different each service so the people wouldn't know what to expect and would really look forward to attending our Y.P.E. services.

Note: Perhaps it would be better for you to have your children organized in a group of their own and give them a time of their own. How about starting a Junior group in your church? We have a good book for this work, suitable for Junior work or Daily Vacation Bible School. Price 75c.

— — —

Dear Sister Harrison:

I wonder if you could send me some information on Y.P.E. programs. We have a good Y.P.E. at our church, but it seems every program is just a repetition of the last one. We have a few poems recited from the Lighted Pathway and singing and prayer. Our young people seem to enjoy short plays more than anything else, but they are made up of characters of boys and girls both and we, as well as everyone else, are short of boys. Do you have a list of short plays or dialogues without too many male members that you could send me, or any books with suggestions for programs that we could order for our Y.P.E.? I am especially interested in Y.P.E. work more than any other phase of religious activity, because I am young myself and see the need to steer the young people to the Lord.

We have our Y.P.E. divided into four groups. The first is the group up to thirteen years of age. They have very good programs and seem more willing to perform than some of the other groups. The next group is from thirteen to twenty. We have more trouble with this group than any other. They prefer worldly entertainment to the church. They are the group which we are striving to keep interested. The next group is the twenty to thirty-five. I



am a member of this group and also the group captain. We usually follow the plan in the Lighted Pathway for the program and give the Bible lessons. They are very interesting when well prepared by the speaker.

The next group consists of the members over thirty-five and is called the honorary group. They prepare a program on their night just as the others do.

Some of the faithful workers have decided to visit all who we think would attend and give them a personal invitation.

Note: Visiting and doing personal work among the people is a splendid way to build up your Y.P.E. in number to be sure and it would be good to take with you some Lighted Pathways. After you get them to your meeting you must give them some soul food or they will not come again.—Editor.

HEART THROBS FROM DISTANT LANDS

(Continued from page 11)

So distressed was he over this wrong when he desired to make peace with God and man, that he gave three of his best cows to this Christian woman who had been the victim of his sin.

3. Souls are being saved so thoroughly that they STAND. Thank God for standing grace. Have YOU discovered it? Dear, defeated soul, there IS a grace "wherein we STAND."

I am thinking of a boy of India, twenty-one years of age. A young Maharaja (Prince) was he; his father being the Raja (King) of a large Province. He was the only child, petted, pampered and humored. Great riches were at his disposal. "But," he told me many times, "great riches do not mean happiness." If America could learn this lesson there would be more hope of a Godward move. He testifies, "One day I met Jesus Christ face to face; He bade me turn around and walk with Him. I did, and I discovered that as the son of an earthly king I had had everything EXCEPT that which really mattered. But with Jesus by my side, though disinherited and cast out from home and loved ones and friends, I found the first real joy of my life as I lived on the streets, preaching Jesus—and seeking shelter from sun and storm under bridges or in railway stations." The song this young man sang oftener than any other, was "I'd rather go to heaven than to have all earth's silver and gold. I'd rather have JESUS than the wealth of a palace to hold. I'd rather be an outcast and live alongside India's road, than to fail to go through with Jesus, and have no title to a Future Abode." Would you?

One day we visited an Indian palace,

the magnificence of which cannot be put into words. The young king was cordial and kind, but definitely uninterested in our Lord. From this palace we went to speak in a Christian leper colony, where diseased bodies harbored REDEEMED SOULS. I said there what I have often repeated, I would rather be a leper IN THE WILL OF GOD than a king OUT OF THE WILL OF GOD, for in the will of God is safety, enjoyment and life. Out of the will of God is danger, destruction and death. Bespeaking the victory of the lepers as a whole, I give you some verses from the pens of some of the more gifted ones of the colony. Hated and shunned by all, they are loved by the Lord, and His grace is shed abroad in their precious hearts.

"If I should dwell now on the pain of Soul and body that have come to me Not beeding sunshine, thanking God for rain,

How foolish, foolish my poor heart would be." (How about you?)

"I find His promises and con them slowly

Word by word;

So I am comforted knowing that I am well

Beloved of my dear Lord." (How much does it take to comfort YOU?)

"Bearing reproach and shame, suffering pain and loss,

MY SOUL UNDAUNTED STILL SHALL MARCH, HOLDING ALOFT THE CROSS."

And you, my dear friend, "Why art thou cast down?"

Souls are being so well saved that they are ceasing to grieve over that which they gave up and have gone to majoring on the joys of salvation. They have come to know ACTUALLY that which so many never know except in theory—"Joy unspeakable and full of glory," the joy that remains in the face of all the devil and his imps can trump up to defeat one.

There was the prayer meeting in Japan which we were not privileged to join, as it was made up ONLY of those who had been in prison FOR JESUS' SAKE. As I noted their undernourished and scarred bodies and caught the glory of another world from their beaming countenances, I said, "O Lord, make me worthy to sit with such ones in glory."

Then there was the young Brahman of India who stood at a distance and witnessed the preaching of his own funeral by the holy men of Hinduism, according to Hindu custom, as he had fallen into the pit of Christianity. His name was removed from the family records and remaining members pledged themselves never to mention his name again. A few hours later his young wife

was given in marriage to one who was loyal to the Hindu faith. And where is the young Brahman today? Under some juniper bemoaning his fate? Indeed not! He is preaching the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ up and down and across the great land of his birth. He so often testifies, "Thank God for the joy unspeakable and full of glory that fills my soul."

Yes, dear ones, there IS an uttermost salvation. Is it yours? It CAN be if you will meet God on His terms—the confessing and forsaking of sin, the making of all necessary restitution and the abandonment to His will for your life for time and eternity.

If you would be of service in the world program of your Redeemer, your starting point is a pure heart filled with perfect love to God and man. An impure heart is always self-seeking and selfish and has no vision beyond its own desires.

"Awake thou that sleepest! The fields are white unto harvest, the laborers are FEW. Why stand YE here idle all the day?"

Our Lord did not say, "Occupy till World War No. 2 makes our efforts seem futile." He said, "OCCUPY TILL I COME." How are you getting on at the job?—Sent in by Frank Lemons.

Letters From Our Training Camps

(Continued from page 14)

young men to defeat an enemy that could have been converted to "peace on earth, good will to men." We failed, and now we are faced with the task of subduing them by force, which, if it be His will, we shall do.

After the war, the world will be faced with the problem of readjusting its system to meet the needs of an exhausted world. It is then that there will be a time of great indecision and searching for a solution to these problems. It is for that time that you, who are left behind, must prepare, for the world that will be left bleeding and wounded by this war will have need of the Great Physician and His healing touch.

You can prepare for that time by winning souls to Christ now, so that there will be a great host of Christians to point a disillusioned world to God. You can prepare for that time by living holy and by keeping the revival fires burning in your hearts. You can prepare for that time by never ceasing to pray for those who must face death every day; so that they shall return with the knowledge that it was the goodness of God that spared them.

We, who are at the front, are able to concentrate on one job and that is how to end the war. This task is large and



must take all of our time and energy. We cannot fight and lay a groundwork for the welfare of a postwar world. That is your job. Your responsibility is one far greater than mine. I have no idea that we shall fail. If we do it will be because the flesh is weak. But if you and the rest of the Church fail, it will be because you were too lukewarm to care. I know that Jesus never fails and He would not fail to help and guide you in your work if you would but let Him.

There is only one way for this world to be happy and that is to live in Him. It will be the task of the Church to introduce and point the world to Christ. I believe that you will do your utmost to promote this work. I sincerely hope that you are beseeching God for the defeat of our enemies, and that you are fully aware of the dire consequences that await the cause of Christ, should they win. We, who are in the armed forces, realize that with God for us we cannot lose, and if I felt that our cause was not the more just one, I would immediately give up all hope of winning.

You, then, have a twofold task before you. First, you must pray for the defeat of our enemies. Secondly, and just as important, you must pray, and work, and pray and work some more for a more godly world after the war.

I thank you all again for your wonderful letters. May God bless and keep you all until He comes.—Pvt. Donald R. Sperry.

Note: Our letters from the training camps are coming in fast and we are not able to publish them all but we will use them as we can. We hope you will not feel bad because your letter has not been published. Perhaps yours will be next.—Editor.

THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 2)

in the poverty-stricken home.

Charles had obtained work washing bottles and pasting labels on blacking boxes, for which he was paid about one dollar and fifty cents a week, twelve hours a day. Soon the rest of the family were in prison with the father because of accumulating debts, and the boy was drifting along among the riffraff, shabbily dressed, going hungry.

Being so frail and with lack of food, he was often overcome by weakness while at work, throwing himself on a pile of straw on the floor until he could revive. While the father was a shiftless failure, Charles loved him and thought him to be the most kind-hearted man who ever lived; and as soon as he could, the boy got the family out of prison and cared for them. No doubt it was the failures and heartbreaks that helped to make the boy into the great man he

became. He saw life at its worst, went through it, endured it; and when he came to write about it all the world listened. He wrote from first hand; and when he visited America in 1842, Horace Greeley said he had done more for the poor than any man alive, and in all his books you cannot find one vulgar word.

On account of Daniel Webster's rustic manners and coarse raiment and his awkward bearing, the head master of the school put him in the "dumbbell" class with five other boys. His plain country clothes, rustic ways, and embarrassment caused him to be an object of ridicule among the schoolboys, no matter where they saw him. Young Webster winced, but began his work. To him it scarcely seemed like work, because when he had once read a thing he had mastered it. In fact, his work was so easy for him that he did not have enough studying to do. His instructors noticed this, and as a result, at the end of the month, he was promoted.

Before promoting him, the instructor in charge of the backward students said, "Boys, Webster will pass into another room and enter another class. Take a last look at him." Then, following the custom of instructors of former days, in trying to hold up some bright student as an example and incentive to work on the part of the laggards, he added, "He will outstrip you so far that you will never be able to see him again."

During this formative period of his life it was impossible for Webster to speak before an audience. As public speaking was greatly encouraged, the "gentle Beckmister" again and again would urge and plead for Daniel to try to speak. The lad's intentions were good, but the minute he got up before a class the part he had learned would completely vanish, leaving his mind a blank.

In speaking of that period of his life, Webster in later years said, "Sometimes my instructors frowned; sometimes they smiled; but I wept bitter tears of mortification."

But Daniel kept on trying. Finally, by perseverance and practice he learned to speak in public. As time passed he did this work so well that he became known as one of the greatest orators America has ever produced.

Boys and girls, we leave this little message with you, hoping and praying that God will add His blessing and that you will be inspired to greater effort in climbing to higher thoughts in the service of the Master. Some of you may have reached adult life and you feel that your opportunity has passed away, but just remember Stephen Paxson. Remember men reach great heights of success from a worldly standpoint by their

own efforts, but as a Christian worker you will never reach God's best only through a completely surrendered life.

"O Day of Rest and Gladness"

(Continued from page 15)

has this year got a university prize!" Of the three, Christopher was the youngest, but by no means the least. He was athletic and scholarly and delighted to tell how "he caught out Manning" (later Cardinal) in a cricket match. Extraordinary distinction characterized his work at Winchester and Cambridge Universities, and in consequence he won a fellowship at Trinity College, where he was a tutor. Before thirty he was made master of a great school at Harrow and remained there fourteen years. Sir Robert Peel made him a canon of Westminster in 1844. Six years later he assumed a country parish, which bore the name of Stanford-in-the-Vale-cum-Goosey. In 1869 Disraeli, who thought highly of his scholarly attainments and ability as a preacher, appointed him Bishop of Lincoln, where at a ripe old age he died on March 21, 1885.

Several tunes are associated with this hymn. In "Songs for the Sanctuary," by Dr. Charles S. Robinson, it was introduced to America to the tune "Mendel-bras," by Lowell Mason. However, the popularity of Mason's tune is contested by "Rotterdam," by Berthold Tours.

Climax or Anticlimax

(Continued from page 17)

would have set youth," he said, "at the end of the human span."

"The oldest angels are the youngest," Swedenborg taught.

Well, why can't human beings make life a climax rather than an anticlimax? We do not have to go to seed at forty or thirty or twenty-five.

Women go to beauty shops to stave off the ravages of time. Men fear the hardening of their arteries. Both might well think more of the intellectual and spiritual interests which, if cultivated, will keep their "soul from growing gray."

"Nothing runs itself," according to an old saw, "except something that is running downhill." "Man's existence," said Froude, "is like the flight of a bird in the air. When he ceases to exert himself, he falls."

Some Do's For the Minister

(Continued from page 19)

Remember, your really big job is being a minister of the gospel. Becoming a choreboy for all the organizations and committees and running various errands, due to gas rationing, takes too much of



your precious time.

Do study. Be a life-long student. A college or seminary diploma is not a guarantee of success. Our schools and colleges are to acquaint you with the various fields of study, but throughout life one must make the proper application of truth to his daily needs. So much could be written on this thought of study, but may we say, *do* wide general reading, *do* extensive Bible study, *do* continuous study of your people and their needs, *do* meditate and earnestly pray. *Do* your best to be a good preacher.

In this day of preaching, when the radios, the movies, the magazines, and the daily papers, the lecture platforms, the street-corner agitators are flooding the world with good and bad preaching, the minister who proclaims the gospel of salvation through faith in Christ cannot afford to be careless and indifferent in the preparation and delivery of his messages. We are living in a day when sane, able, spiritual, gospel preaching commands and receives attention. Preach to people, not at or against them, for men of every walk of life need a warm message of love from God.

Do guard against hindrances in deliverance. One preacher formed a habit of periodic emphasis. He holloed ever so often, whether it was the proper place to hollo or not. Another let his voice be so low at the close of a sentence, the people never knew what his words were, thus lost the meaning and the blessedness of the good thought. Some have formed the habit of whining until they have whined themselves out of a good church. Others pitch their voice in a monotone at pitch of "c", thus tiring their people. Guard all mannerisms that will detract from the sermon message. Let the people remember the things you said rather than your maneuvering in the pulpit. Remember to preach the gospel, the whole gospel, victorious, blood-bought of Jesus Christ.

Preach Christ so convincingly that the sinner will be convicted and believe that Jesus is the Christ and the saints will be greatly strengthened and encouraged as their faith increasingly takes hold of the fact of a real living, moving, prayer-answering Christ of Calvary.

Be a true leader of your people today, when nations are marshalling all their forces in defense of the true liberties of mankind. We should more than ever realize the great power in uniting our forces, not only to defend the gospel liberties, but to invade the enemy's territory and rescue souls in bondage.

Dr. Elmer Guy Cutshall outlined the chief functions of a minister as the following: First, preaching; second, pas-

toring; third, work with the young people; fourth, finances; fifth, organization; sixth, religious education; seventh, community engineer. Dr. L. B. Bowers outlined his requisites for a ministerial success under four heads. First, he must be a minister; second, he must be a prophet; third, he must be a teacher; fourth, he must be a leader. So much could be said on this subject, but you must have true love for your people to work with them successfully. Be a good, efficient pastor. Love and appreciate your people. Anticipate their needs before they confess them. Minister to them, sense their discouragements, replace it with hopes. Enter into problems with them, help them find solutions. Watch the enthusiastic youth. Encourage praiseworthy ambitions. Direct it in the ways of righteousness. Sit with the aged when the shadows lengthen and help them to see the sunrise of eternal day.

As a pastor, also remember it is also your duty to win souls for Christ. In your pastoral visits get acquainted with folks. Become familiar with individual and community needs. Cheer the sick and shut-ins. Comfort those who are in sorrow and who have met with misfortune, whose hearts are broken by their sons, their husbands, their sweethearts who are in far-away lands serving their country. Give Christian instructions, strengthen their faith, and help supply their temporal needs. Secure the cooperation of the working body of the church to help win souls for Christ. *Do your best in evangelism.*

It has been said, the sovereignty of man lies in his power to become a son of God. To be an agent in making possible one changed to this higher relationship with Jesus Christ is the greatest work of man. While millions of men are destitute of this knowledge, with millions dying of hunger, many millions of lives changed through war, billions and billions of wealth consumed on the altars of war, great men, statesmen with giant intellects, peering into this future with awe, peering through the heavy mist, trying to discern the future, truly men look for the greatest things at such an important time and truly that is the hope of the world, finding Christ, the maker of heaven and earth, finding Christ and establishing a citizenship in the eternities, getting your eyes elevated above the human misery and selfish greed, national strivings. Get a glimpse of man's greatest need today, which is to be brought into harmony with Christ's laws of life. "I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly." Nothing else will satisfy the hunger of the soul of man. Really that is evangelism. Be interested in mass evangelism. Through it thousands and

thousands of people have been brought to Christ and in spite of all the great loss, the backsliding, the number has continued to increase. Be interested also in personal evangelism. Go out and bring your friends to Christ.

Even Christ Himself labored incessantly and was interested in personal soul-winning. He found Matthew at the receipt of custom, Peter and John fishing. In fact, you could name many. Think of the woman at the well. One person saved through personal work brought in the whole city.

The winning of men for Christ should be the controlling passion dominating the very life of every minister. Make a list of all the persons who you know would be considered likely prospects. Let it serve as a constant reminder for special calls and suggested thoughts in preparation for sermons. Get acquainted with the newcomers, visit them. Form prayer partners. Meet and pray one for the other. Organize prayer warrior bands to pray specially for certain individuals. Have the members to make a list of the names of persons whom they continue to remember in prayer. Make it your business to fit the gospel to the hunger and needs of every human heart you can reach.

If you will be that life-long student, a minister who guards his time to unceasing toils, to present properly under the anointing of the Holy Spirit convincing messages, utilize all your forces in leading men to Christ, being always actuated by the spirit of the Man of Galilee, becoming a real shepherd of souls, your ministry will be in demand, your services most earnestly appreciated and you will receive an eternal reward for all your efforts. Is this too much? Remember, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," Philippians 4:13, and remember, "Whatsoever you do, do all to the glory of God." 1 Cor. 10:31.

Some Don't's For the Minister

(Continued from page 19)

being criticized may know more than the criticizer, and that being the case, you may put yourself in a bad light. It is always well to know what you are talking about.

Don't Be Weary In Well-Doing: We are doing well when we pray much, and some times with a heavy heart. We are doing well when we speak a word of encouragement to those in distress. We are doing well when we do deeds of kindness and help bear one another's burdens. For all these things, if we faint not, we shall reap in the day when the rewards shall be given.



Temperance Page

AMERICA'S GREATEST PRODIGAL

*Saved in Whosoever Gospel Mission
through John R. McIntyre, Sep-
tember 15, 1907*

My father was a minister forty-five years; a sweet character. My mother was the American Beauty rose of our home. She was the sweetest little old wrinkled molded clay of eighty-two that God ever fashioned. You say, did I love her? Why, she risked her life to give me life, and she caught me to her breast and gave me that which sustained life; she rocked me to sleep, and she told me about Jesus. I always said if Mother would die before me, I would buy the most beautiful flowers I could buy and lay them on her bosom. She was the sweetest mother man ever had.

When I was seventeen years of age, my father said that he wanted me to go to college. Before telling me good-by, he said that he wanted me to be an honor to the home that gave me birth. Mother had to get up on her toes to love us and she kissed me good-by and said, "If you should ever be tempted to drink, you wouldn't drink, would you?" Immediately I said, "No." But listen, I told this to eight high schools in two days, and I want to tell you that you can't play the game without Christ in your life. Sin is so beautiful, its lure is like a magic sunset.

I said that I would never drink, but I went away to college. I became infatuated with a banker's daughter. In two months I learned to gamble and to dance in that palace. I thought it wonderful to dance then, but I have changed my mind. I think now that dancing is the most beautiful way for a girl to go to hell.

* * * * *

The average church today, if you say "Amen," they think that you are taking a fit and send for the patrol wagon. What is the trouble? We have forgotten God. Do you say there is no God; there is no Christ? Listen, on Christmas morn on every periodical of the world is the face of the Babe of Bethlehem. It must be true. Did you ever think about that? A man said to me one day, "You are all right, but you are all wrong, there is no hell." God gave me an answer. If there is no hell, why a conscience? Why worry about passing out?

Two months later I was introduced to wine and whisky in this banker's home. His daughter was giving whisky to her friends and she said, "I want Mr. Schlich-

ter to drink his with me." Here was the challenge of my little mother. But this girl raised the glass of whisky to my lips and said, "I want you to drink this with me." I told her of the promise I had made to the sweetest little mother in the world, but she said, "If you love me as you said you do, drink it and don't be a coward." That one drink cost me \$50,000.

I had married by now, and lived in a beautiful home across Walnut Street bridge. I had a beautiful girl and a little boy. You say that you can drink and you can leave it alone? If a man can drink and leave it alone, then why drink? If I could, I would smash every red light in front of every saloon because it is a bar to heaven and a door to hell. Think of it, girls fourteen years old getting drunk in a drugstore. Where will they end? What my friends had predicted had come true. I had fallen to the gutter. I went to where I lived and pulled the bell of my home, and that sweet beautiful woman opened the door and said, "I wish that you wouldn't come back any more, for you love whisky more than you love me." I decided to go, so I went upstairs and kissed my little girl and boy good-by and put them back in their cribs. Then I said, "Naomi, will you say good-by to me?" She said, "No, just go." I went out of that home and never saw them again for twenty-five years. I lived under an assumed name for twenty-three years. I served two prison terms.

Sitting on a park bench one night, I heard the church bells ringing. "Nearer My God to Thee!" I cried. Another man heard me and asked what the matter was.

Bring Them In

I stand and look upon the hills,
All covered white with snow,
Just how to save those wandering sheep
I really do not know.

If I should go and bring them in,
And lay them at Thy feet,
Without the drawing of Thy love,
That plan is incomplete.

Dear Master, wilt Thou bring them
in—

The night is dark and cold,—
That they might find that blessed
peace,
That's found within Thy fold?

I am the Shepherd of the sheep:
They need no more to roam,
If they will follow in my trail,
I'll guide them safely home.

—Charles Sullivan.

I said my father is a preacher and his church bells are drawing people to his church. I told him how I had lost my wife and two children, and now had no place to sleep but on a park bench. He told me of his condition and said that he took morphine to ease his senses. He gave me some. It was desperately bitter, but within thirty minutes my mind became illumined. From that time until I was saved I used fifty grams of morphine a day. Doctors' reports show that I am the only man who has taken so much and lived. God had His hand upon me.

One Sunday night as I was sitting in a lodging house, it was raining and snowing and sleeting outside. I had to get out, and it was six o'clock Sunday night. Sam, a friend of mine, had been a drunkard for nineteen years. I turned to him and said, "My, this is awful and we haven't ten cents to pay for an old bed." He said that down in an old theater someone was holding meetings, and he had been there before. So we decided to go there for the night. So we put newspapers on for shirts, and newspapers in our shoes and went down there. In front of St. Matthew's Lutheran Church I collapsed in two feet of snow. I only weighed ninety pounds at that time. I was taken inside this theater and Sam said, "Sleep here from now until 12 o'clock." In the place I could hear someone singing, "Almost Persuaded." That was my father's invitation hymn. That broke my heart. It took me back to home, sweet home. I wish I could go back today and sit around the old table with Mother and Father at the ends and three boys and three girls on the sides, but the old homestead was sold long ago. It is too late. Then I could see a man come out and he said that he had preached twice that day and then had come down there until 12 o'clock because he said, "I love your souls." Think of it, going down there and staying until 12 o'clock to love some poor fallen soul. You know, if you live for Jesus every day, twenty-four hours a day, your life will tell for Jesus.

I tried to commit suicide three different times, but I want to show you how the hand of God was working. I went to the home of the man I had heard that Sunday night and was going to tell him how I was going to end it all. The mistress answered the door and asked me to step in. I told her that I was a drunkard and that I would destroy the fragrance of her home if I went in. But she said, "Come in, he wants to talk to such like you." He smiled and said, "My friend, a long face doesn't go very far." I revealed my name to him and told of my plans for committing suicide. He said, "Let us pray." When we got up, his wife

gave me tea and toast and he sent me out to the Whosoever Gospel Mission. But I went and got three glasses of whisky. I had a little money left and the devil said to go up to the drugstore and get some more morphine and then get a 25-cent bed for the night. I did as the devil said, but at my sleeping quarters I took hold of the rags in the corner and three times I tried suicide and failed. I disgustedly put on the rags and went on.

When a certain man learned of my identity, that I was J. Arthur Schlichter, he said, "Was your father pastor of a certain church? Were you married to Mr. Whitman's daughter?" I told him that was correct, and he said that he would save my life if he could. I was given medical care, but I was dying at ten o'clock on Sunday morning, September 15, 1907. The doctors said, "You are dying; if you have any friends you must send for them quick." I said, "I am dying, and I am lost. I am dying a thief, a drunkard. I can't say good-by to anybody. Oh, my God, save me!" God looked down out of the pearly gates and looked at me. He didn't scold me; He knew that I had been scolded and pitied enough. He just leaned over and put His arms around me and lifted me out of the depths. I am proof to you that there is a Christ, a mighty Christ, our only hope. He delivered me, and only God and I know anything about getting away from fifty grains of morphine a day, but God held me. The doctors operated on me and took gallstones and my appendix out. Twice a week the doctors would come out about nine o'clock and they said to me, "Stick to God, and He will pull you through." And He did. The wound eventually healed up, and I stand before you today 210 pounds and in my right mind, and I attribute it all to Jesus Christ.

After an absence of twenty-five years, I returned to my home. I stood on the streets and cried. I saw a man of about sixty and said to him, "Pardon me, I haven't been here for twenty-five years." I then inquired where I could find my little old mother. He told me that the Schlichter homestead had been sold years ago. I asked where they now lived and he told me at 496 E. Queen street. With a broken heart I went to that location. The blinds were tightly drawn. I was afraid to knock, so I asked the lady next door if that was where Mrs. Schlichter lived. She told me that it was, but that Mrs. Schlichter was broken-hearted. Her boy had gone away years ago, and she sometimes believed him dead. Only that morning she heard her praying on the kitchen floor, "O God, if my boy is living, would you please send him home?"

I went to the door and knocked and

the sweetest old lady answered the door and said, "Good morning, what can I do for you?" I said that I was looking for my mother, but she couldn't be my mother, for she was bent over with age and her hair was white. When I said that she jumped into my arms and said, "It is my boy. Only this morning I prayed that if you were living that God would please send you back." I took her to my breast and tried to sing to her like she used to sing to me. I dried her tears; then I heard a noise upstairs. I asked if my father was upstairs, but she said, "Don't you know that your father isn't here? He died ten years ago asking for you." My father died when I was a tramp? She told me how all the other children had been home, and they telegraphed all the police stations but couldn't locate me. My God. Mother said how she had kissed him good-by and folded his bony hands, and before he passed out he said, "Mother, if ever you see my boy tell him I am dying because he was a drunkard." Mother said she would, and then kissed him a last farewell. This was his last farewell, "Good-by, I will soon be safe in the arms of Jesus." Only a Christian could say that.

I learned that my wife had divorced me and married another man sixteen years ago. Oh, the price of sin. I said to mother, "I killed my father, lost my wife and babies, and now I haven't anything to live for but you and Jesus." A woman who had seen or heard me went to my first wife in Harrisburg and said, "Your husband isn't dead, he is living and preaching the gospel." With a scream she said, "The only man I ever loved." And twenty-eight years ago they laid her away with a broken heart.

My daughter was forty-four years old, and we loved each other. One morning my son contacted me and said, "They took sister to the hospital and operated on her, and she died." I went to Harrisburg two days later and son and I stood together out there by the grave. They laid my daughter down in the ground beside her mother, and as the undertaker sent the body down to the dust we dropped roses. I looked into that grave and this came to me, "God, the price I paid for one glass of rum at the age of seventeen." —*Missionary Workers Herald*.

LET'S TRAVEL IN MEXICO

(Continued from page 8)

isn't it cold? Would you mind closing that window? And just to think, tomorrow we will be shedding our coats and mopping our brows in the tropics.

This little mountain valley we are now driving into is Rio Frio (cold river). There is no river but the cold part fits true enough. The air is certainly rare, pure, and cold here. Notice

those wild looking, pine-covered mountain slopes rising up to our left, above the village. That was one of the famous hideouts of Mexican bandit bands, who swept down on this highway and robbed travelers, and that was too few years ago to make one feel comfortable. They usually killed as easily as they robbed. In fact, you are still advised not to travel at night in Mexico. Just last night the late night bus from Cuautla to Mexico City, that highway back there I was telling you about, was held up. Two men boarded the bus at Cuautla with guns hid under their serapes (Indian blanket worn by most poor natives) and stopped the bus at an isolated spot, where several companions in a car met them, robbed all the passengers and left in the car. But this is the unusual now, not the common. They used to sweep down on horseback.

Most villages in Mexico are noted for some specialty which they sell. Here in Rio Frio it's barbecue tacos. Tacos are simply tortillas wrapped around meat and sauce, making a sort of rolled sandwich, which you eat with much spilling of juice. There is the taco place. See the numerous hungry dogs drolling in front of the eaters? They are waiting for the scraps. But most of the Mexicans are like the colored boy when his pal asked him for the core of the apple, "Ain't gonna be no core!" Food is too hard to get in Mexico to leave any cores. Hence the dogs look like bones with a skin pulled over them. Perhaps you have noticed both dogs and humans, or what resembles humans, digging in the trash cans of Mexico City. There are hundreds of hungry people there. The trouble is to know when they are hungry. Most of the numerous beggars who accost you constantly are not hungry. That is their profession.

That village off to our right, as we level off again on the plateau, contains one of our churches. Nearly all this farm land you see between here and the puebla belongs to a Catholic priest. His son is that smiling, curly headed boy you met in the Institute.

"You mean he is the son of a priest? I thought the priests didn't marry."

Well, they are not supposed to, but many of them have their secret wives here in Mexico. This boy's mother lives on this farm and has several other children. The father is quite wealthy. He offers this farm to our student boy if he will reject the gospel. But the boy is like Moses, he prefers to suffer with God's children than to enjoy the riches of this world for the moment. He has converted his mother and they started the church in this village.

We are now coming into Puebla. It is one of the largest cities of Mexico, about



three hundred thousand I believe. It is about eighty-five miles from Mexico City to the southeast. Our bus will stop here at the plaza (park in center). Puebla is famous for its onyx, which we will see here at the plaza, made into all kinds of trinkets and useful articles such as book ends, powder boxes, thimbles, inkstands, etc. They also sell a candy here made out of fruit juices for which the city is noted. Then, too, we find here the famous hidden Catholic monastery with its cave of human skulls. The women were slaves within it. No one knew of its existence, though it is right here in the heart of the city. We will not be able to visit it now, as we are on business for the King, but maybe later we can make a special trip and go through it. Wouldn't you like to do that? Fine, I knew you would. The Mexican government discovered it a few years ago and now has it opened to the public as one of the sights of Mexico; not a very good advertisement for those who ran it, but the government does not seem to care. Well, here we are in Puebla. Don't look so scared. All those people yelling at you and shoving things under your nose are not going to hurt you. They are just trying to sell you their various wares. They are very persistent salesmen. Don't look at anything they are selling or even answer them, for if you do they will take encouragement and trot in front of you for a block, shoving their goods at you until you have to either stop or run over them, or shove them aside. They think all Americans are rich and fools, which we are (I don't mean rich—but fools), for we don't realize they are asking at least twice the price they expect to get for their articles. We pay the price they ask and then they laugh at us for being rich fools.

Here, let me show you. These three fellows shoving these pretty colored boxes under your nose and yelling "Camotes, patron, camotes" are saying "Camotes, boss, camotes." Camotes is that fruit juice candy I told you about. It isn't so bad and it isn't so much. It's all right if you like a very sweet fruit pulp. The Mexicans are crazy about very sweet stuff. Most of their tropical fruit is a sickening sweet, but they are very fond of it all. We Americans are accustomed to acid fruits, such as oranges and apples.

Now watch, "How much are your camotes, friend?" "One peso!" "No, listen, I live here in Mexico, I'm not a crazy tourist; I know what your candy is worth. (A peso is one dollar; the candy is worth forty or fifty centavos—cents) I'll give you thirty cents for a box."

"Oh, no, Senor (sir), I cannot sell it for that. Give me sixty centavos,

(that is only twelve cents in your money)." "Yes, but we are not in the United States now, we are in Mexico. Come on, young folks, let's go, he wants too much money." Now watch him follow us and come down to the right price. Here he comes.

"Cincuenta centavos, Senor! Cuantos quire usted?" ("Fifty cents, sir, how many do you want?") "I will give you forty cents and no more." "Muy bien, Senor (Very good, sir). How many do you want?" "All right, young folks, how many boxes do you want?"

That fellow with the basket on his head yelling "Tortas" is selling sandwiches made out of these small buns like French bread. He has caso (cheese), hamon (ham), and pollo (chicken). They are really good here. Usually you dare not buy and eat on the street, for their food is unclean and may contain anything besides what they tell you it contains, including cat or dog meat. (Not meat for cats or dogs but meat from cats or dogs.) But the sandwiches are clean and dependable here. Puebla is one of the cleanest cities in the nation. Don't mind everyone yelling at you at once. You have started to buy now and they'll pester you to death. Now watch the boys with their buckets of cold bottled drinks when they see us buying sandwiches. Here comes four of them at once with a variety of soda pop. Don't pay over fifteen centavos. That's the value and they'll try to charge thirty. Don't take it until you've asked the price or they'll have you. And be sure it's cold. The Mexicans like their cold drink a tempo (meaning as they are). It is so hard to get a really cold drink here in Mexico. The other day I told a boy I wanted a cold orange soda and it must be cold. "Senor, muy frio." (Yes, sir, very cold.) He brought it to me and it was lukewarm. I refused it, while he vehemently insisted that it was cold. He had grabbed it off the shelf and shoved it in water to make it appear cold. Another man, further back in the bus, wanted one "a tempo," so he sold it to him insisting it was as is the weather.

(To be continued)

THE FATHER'S HOUSE

(Continued from page 6)

at an inconceivable speed; He said "I will," and the lofty mountains pierced the azure skies with their snow-clad summits; He said "I will" and the silvery moon began her nightly course held by the binding cords of the earth she encircles; He said "I will," and millions of blazing suns filled the uncharted eternities of space whirling in dizzy course through all the ages of their existence. But most marvelous of all for you and

me, the precious gift of God to Him for all the endless ages, He said—

"Father, I WILL that those whom thou hast given me BE WITH ME WHERE I AM that they may behold my glory!"

Child of God, for you and me the Father's house is sure by the same omnipotent will which set the universe agoing. Not because of any merit in us who believe but because of His own all-creative and irresistible will the Father's house is sure for all of us who bear His name and the seal of His own blessed Spirit.

(To be continued)

SOMETHING SINGS

(Continued from page 10)

and the eyes of friendship. She is very kind."

"But you do not learn the Jesus teaching?"

The mother leaned forward in the intensity of her interest. She scarcely seemed to breathe. Shirin sighed.

"No, Lady Mother, I do not. I have never gone to the services in the chapel, nor read the Christian's Koran, nor permitted anyone to tell me Jesus things. It was my father's command when I went to the school at first, and I have obeyed, though what harm—"

"Is it for a girl to question the harm when a father commands?" asked her mother rebukingly. A flush crept quickly under Shirin's dark skin.

"I am sorry, Lady Mother."

Aktar smiled.

"It is well, my daughter. Do not grieve. Youth will always question, but it must learn to question in silence, within its own heart."

"I know."

"And is there nothing you can say to explain the look on your face? You are young. But in six months comes your marriage. Is it that?"

"Oh—oh, no," Shirin answered readily. "My father has been so kind. He has let me remain long unmarried and yet marriage must come to all. And he has chosen a young man who is, I hear, kind and pleasant. I am too fortunate. It is not the marriage."

"Can you tell me nothing at all?"

Shirin looked away out of the window. There was a garden there—with great old chenars, twenty feet through at the base, and hundreds of years old, and slender poplars and pomegranates and figs. There were rosebushes. There were little walks of blue tile and an empty depression lined with blue tile, where a fountain could play. And she could see the places where all the flowers would bloom. Even now the earth was greening and there was a faint bit of color coming into the trees. Again she sighed.

"There is—something—but I think I

have hardly words for it, Lady Mother, and perhaps I should keep silent anyhow."

"My daughter, both your father and I are troubled for your health. Sometimes the body is made ill by the mind. You are dear to us and we must keep you. And I am your mother; can you not try to tell me? You should not be silent about something which concerns your health. Speak, Shirin!"

Shirin flushed deeply. After some minutes, during which she looked at the rug in silence, she lifted her face, took a desperate glance at her mother, and then looked out at the garden—and away—and beyond. She began very softly.

"Lady Mother, I do not know how to tell you. I think I am well, although I have felt very tired at times lately. But I think the look on my face is not an illness, but something I have always wanted and never had."

"But, my darling girl! My lord your father delights to please you. He will buy half the world for you sooner than see a shadow on your face. Speak—what is it?"

Shirin shook her head.

"It is nothing my father could buy, Lady Mother. I do not know how to tell you. It is—something—something I feel, but can not see or touch or hear, really—and yet I do! It is something back of things. I want to know more about it. I want to understand. And I can not. There is no way."

The starry eyes of Aktar were disapproving. Her face was grave.

"You talk in riddles, Shirin. It is not possible to understand."

"I am sorry, Lady Mother," said Shirin, penitently. And then, after a little while, "I will try! You see, it is just that since I was a tiny girl I have known there was something back of things—in the air. It is something—I can not explain—but when the spring is coming in from the desert, and the chenars grow green, and the crocuses bloom in the fields, something sings! I have heard it, Lady Mother, when I stood in the garden to see the fountains play. I have felt it in the air when the soft rains come. Day after day in the sunshine, night after night under the stars, something sings. Lady Mother, what is it?"

Shirin's dark face was alight with expectancy. Her mother's eyes filled with tears.

"I can not tell you, my child."

Shirin smiled, and nodded her head several times, and spread out her little hands in a quick, nervous gesture of futility.

"Even so! But I have heard it singing—singing—and I must know! For it calls me. All the time it calls me! Lady

Mother, I must know."

The tears of Aktar fell fast on the billowy old-gold skirts.

"My child—my child! It is magic—black magic! Woe is me—for you are afflicted. I shall tell your father. What shall we do? What shall we do?"

And so it came about that Aktar talked long to the father of Shirin, and together they considered what might have drawn the powers of evil to her and taken protection away. In the end, desperately, they decided it might be the mission teachers—for was the school not connected with the Jesus learning, and might not Allah be greatly displeased? So Shirin was forbidden her books and her days at school, and given a new silver ring carved with the names of the great Five, and an agate necklace to protect her against the Evil Eye, and a bracelet of blue beads for good luck. And verses of the Koran, according to their magic, were written and concealed in the cushions of her room, put into the water she would drink, sewed into her garments.

Then Shirin, deprived of her school and her books, sat on the floor of her room and looked out of the window—with weary, wistful face for the lessons and with rapt, wistful face for the thing she could not understand when she heard the singing.

The days crept on—six of them—when the disease in her blood that had made her so tired at times broke out, suddenly, violently, and Shirin lay on a mattress and tossed and moaned and grew thinner with each day, her great eyes darker and larger, her mouth more wistful. And there came a day when she knew nothing—no one—but all day she talked and talked, and ever, sharply, in her talking, she would cry out "Khanum! Khanum! Will no one call Khanum?" until her father was afraid.

So it came about that into the presence of a little brown-haired missionary there came a distracted mother who pushed aside her black street garment and lifted her silky black horsehair veil. And the face was much like Shirin's with its wistful expression.

"My daughter is sick unto death. She cries for you all the while. My lord her father begs you to come to Shirin."

"I will come."

The chair-bearers of Shirin never ran more swiftly than when they carried the little missionary, flying in the footsteps of the bearers of Aktar's chair, who seemed winged today. In only a little time the American stood in the zenana and was walking hurriedly over soft, thick rugs to the large, airy room where Shirin tossed.

"Khanum! Khanum!"

"Yes, dear, I have come." A cool,

steady hand was laid on the hot forehead. Shirin's eyes, unnaturally large and bright, opened to look into the calm, sure face of her teacher.

"Oh, Khanum! What is it?"

"What, Shirin?"

"The thing I hear and feel and know is there. The thing I have wanted since I was a little girl."

"I do not understand you, dear. Where is it?"

"In the air—the roses—the sunset—everywhere. The something-back-of-things. Always, always, when I see the gold sun or the silver moon or flowers or crystal water or great trees or pearls or lovely silks or rich colors—something sings, Khanum, so that I must listen, so that I can not think, but only listen, while something sings. It makes a sickness in my heart not to know what it is. You know so much, Khanum! Can you tell me what it is?"

Eleanor Thomas knew that the Mohammedan mother of Shirin was there—and the dark, silent man at the window must be her Mohammedan father! But she answered steadily, "It is the Spirit of God, Shirin."

"Oh—Allah?"

"Of God—the One God—who made all the beauty in the world, and sent us His Son Jesus, the greatest Beauty."

"And it—it sings?"

"Yes—always. It sings in everything beautiful and good—for all beauty, all goodness, is from God."

"But—but—I want to have it, Khanum!"

Eleanor Thomas smiled.

"You can have it, Shirin. You have just to trust—to rest, and not to be unhappy, to say, 'I believe, God,' and something will sing in your own heart, Shirin."

Shirin's eyes searched hers uncertainly. "I—will try."

There was a little silence, and then suddenly a great loveliness came into her face.

"Why, Khanum! Khanum! One needs not to speak, even—only to think! See—I was thinking 'I believe, God'—and already in my heart, something sings, and I feel peaceful."

"Then cease being troubled, Shirin, and go to sleep. Be happy. I am here with you, and I will stay until you fall asleep. Then you will soon be well."

"And—you will tell me more—then?"

"Yes."

So Shirin slept, and the fever broke, and her dry, little, strained face became moist and relaxed.

It was three days later that Eleanor Thomas was called out of her room to face a dark, silent Persian.

"I am the father of Shirin. She will live, and she is to return to school, and



to come to the Jesus teaching. She was to have wed this summer. Now, it is not so. I have paid to end it. Shirin is to have all the learning you can give—and perhaps after, America. We shall see. And will you come to tell her mother of the Jesus way?"

"Very gladly."

He bowed, but Eleanor Thomas grew bold.

"And—you?"

The grave face smiled slightly.

"Not yet, Khanum. For the daughter and the mother—in gratitude—and because they are the pearls of my life. But not for me, the Jesus way! Perhaps—some day—if something sings—for me!"

Eleanor Thomas smiled and was well content, knowing that if mother and daughter had the Jesus teaching, very likely something would sing for the father! It usually does in Persia.—*Young People*.

THE ABSENT GUEST

(Continued from page 4)

er?" she asked, as later she helped Mrs. Perry with the dishes.

"Oh, she may have been taken so by surprise that she didn't know what to say," said her mother, and Peggy tried hard to think that she was right.

Finally the day of Peggy's birthday arrived. As the little girl watched her mother place the pretty little pink birthday baskets around the table she said quickly, "O mother, please put Margaret's basket next to mine."

Mrs. Perry smiled as she placed Margaret's basket next to Peggy's.

Pretty soon the little guests started to arrive. One after another they came until Margaret was the only one who failed to put in an appearance. "We'll start some games," remarked Mrs. Perry, "and in the meantime maybe she'll come."

But as the time passed and she did not come, they finally sat down to the prettily appointed table without her. After the last little guest had departed, Peggy turned to her mother and said pointedly, "You see, mother, Margaret doesn't want to make up."

"I do not understand it, dear," returned Mrs. Perry with a puzzled look. "From what her mother told me, I decided she was just as eager as you to make up. There must be some mistake somewhere."

But Peggy refused to be convinced and with a downcast look, she went up to her little bedroom.

About a week later Margaret's mother was out digging in the garden, when she called to her little daughter, "Come here, dear, I want you," and as Margaret stood before her inquiringly, she went on, "Now, as I dig a hole you drop

these seeds in." Just as she put the spade in, a little white envelope fluttered to the surface. "Hello! what's this?" she said with a puzzled look, opening the envelope, and taking out the invitation. "Why, of all things—it was an invitation to Peggy's gathering!"

"It was—it is," almost screamed Margaret, pouncing on the little note. "O mother, and here I was wondering why she didn't invite me, because it would have been a nice way for us to make up. But I do wonder how it ever got here," she broke off to say.

"Well, if I were you, I would run right over to Peggy's now," said her mother. "These seeds can wait until you little girls get this matter straightened out."

Margaret needed no second bidding but fairly flew over to her little friend's.

"You say your mother just found it as she was digging?" questioned Peggy, wrinkling up her brows.

"Yes, and I was wondering and wondering why you didn't invite me," said Margaret, putting her arms around her little chum and giving her a tight hug.

"And here I was wondering and wondering why you didn't come," smiled back Peggy. "But here's Jack now," she broke off to say, "maybe he can shed some light on this mystery. Say, Jack," she commenced, looking him straight in the face, "I thought you said you delivered the invitation to Margaret."

"So I did," answered her young brother promptly. "There wasn't anyone at home, so I laid it on the doorstep."

"Yes, but when I asked you what Margaret said, you said she didn't say anything," persisted Peggy.

"Well, she didn't," returned Jack dauntlessly. "She couldn't say anything if she wasn't there, could she?"

Both girls burst into a fit of laughter on hearing this explanation. As for Jack, not being able to make head nor tail of what it was all about, he put his hands in his pockets and went off whistling.

"I guess the moral of that is never to get small brothers to deliver important notes," remarked Mrs. Perry smilingly after the girls had told her everything.

"No," said Peggy, "I think the moral is, never jump at conclusions."

"I think you're both wrong," put in Margaret quickly. "I think the moral is, it takes two to make a quarrel, so don't be one of them."

"Well, anyway, I hope you two children will never quarrel again," said Mrs. Perry beaming on them.

"I hope so, too," returned the two girls fervently, and as far as I know they never have.—*Publisher Unknown*.

RACHEL

(Continued from page 3)

host and hostess in their home. But on the other hand her rigid orthodox Jewish convictions had been rudely assailed. She faltered lamely, "But Miss Hamilton, that is the New Testament, is it not—the Christian Bible? I am a Jewess!" Again she looked questioningly, reproachfully at the Saramoffs. They remained silent while Miss Hamilton, with that rare intuitive sympathy which had made her missionary efforts so successful, handled the difficult problem. She smiled radiantly in response.

"A Jewess!" she exclaimed. "Oh, how wonderful, Mrs. Kalinsky, it must be to be a Jewess! A daughter of Abraham! One of God's own chosen people—a jewel for His diadem! Dear Mrs. Kalinsky, if you only knew how I envy you that honor!"

Rachel gasped in amazement. Never before in her life had she heard a Gentile say such a thing as that. She had always believed firmly that the Gentile attitude toward the Jew was one of condescension if not of actual aversion. Miss Hamilton was quick to press her advantage. Her lovely brown eyes smiled into Rachel's bewildered black ones.

"Since you are a Jewess then, Mrs. Kalinsky," she urged, "the New Testament is the very Book that you would most appreciate."

"Why?" interposed Rachel in frank astonishment.

"Because," Miss Hamilton continued, "this is the Book that tells the story of the most wonderful Jew that ever lived."

"You mean—Jesus?" There was a shade of scorn in Rachel's tone.

"Yes! The Lord Christ Jesus! This Book tells us of Him." Violet Hamilton's eyes glowed with lovely light. She hurried on eagerly, "Do you know Him at all, Mrs. Kalinsky? Have you ever read of His wonderful, wonderful life?—of His compassion and tenderness towards all who suffered and were sad?—of His marvelous miracles?—His matchless teaching?—His lofty ideals and example?—and then of His cruel death upon the cross, and of His glorious, triumphant resurrection? Dear Mrs. Kalinsky, do you know of these?" Her eyes—her voice—her charm held Rachel fascinated.

Quickly, before Rachel had time to interpose a word, Miss Hamilton opened the New Testament to the eleventh of John—while her heart swelled with intense and tender longing for this lovely, lovely Jewish girl. "Here, for instance," she said smilingly, "is one story about the Lord Jesus that is marvelous. Won't you just listen while I read it?" And Violet Hamilton's winsome manner, her magnetic charm, were consciously di-



rected towards effective service for her Master.

Rachel was entirely disarmed. No further resistance was possible. She sat down at the table with her fellow-Hebrews, the New Testament open in her hands, while the Christian missionary to the Jews unfolded to her for the first time in her life the treasures of God's Word concerning His Son from Heaven, as declared in New Testament writ. Little Jessie cuddled close beside her. The light of the two tall candles fell alike upon Rachel's beautiful face and upon the New Testament open in her hands.

With gradually unfolding wonderment Rachel listened to the story of Jesus' raising of Lazarus from the dead. Vividly, with dramatic power, Miss Hamilton portrayed the stirring scene—the grief-stricken sisters—the emotional Jewish throng beside the grave—the compassion of the Friend—His quiet assumption of control—His appeal and thanksgiving to the Father—His voice of authority: "Lazarus, come forth!"—the restoration of the dead to life!

As Miss Hamilton finished the reading and the exposition of the chapter, all sat for a few moments in pensive, reverent silence. Rachel was the first to break it. "Oh, Miss Hamilton—how marvelous a story! Jesus was—yes, He surely was, a wonderful, wonderful man!" She was profoundly moved. To the three who were watching her closely, that was clearly evident. Miss Hamilton seized the opportunity with challenge. "A man, dear! Did you say a man? Oh, Mrs. Kalinsky, can you not see, on the evidence of that miracle alone—that He is infinitely more than man? What man could raise the dead to life? No, dear Mrs. Kalinsky, Jesus Christ is God—the Son from Heaven—the true Messiah!"

Rachel was completely silenced. Again she looked at Mr. and Mrs. Saramoff. And again they met her gaze unflinchingly. With her sweet, gentle smile the elderly woman nodded her head in affirmation. "Yes, dear, Jesus is the Son of God."

"And our Messiah!" joyfully added Mr. Saramoff—"the Messiah of our people Israel!"

Rachel attempted weakly one last defensive. "But *you* are Hebrews!" she exclaimed. "He is the Messiah of the Christians!"

"He is the Messiah of us all—of all who will accept Him," Mrs. Saramoff replied. "And we," she confessed gently with a radiant smile, "are Christians—Hebrew Christians! Yes, dear," as Rachel stared at her in blank amazement, "for many years we both have been—believers!"

"And we believe, Mrs. Kalinsky," added Mr. Saramoff firmly, with the

dignity of the true Christian gentleman he was, despite the tenement, despite the pushcart, "we believe on the evidence presented in this Book."

"Yes," affirmed Miss Hamilton, "'these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name.' Dear Mrs. Kalinsky, will you not take this little Book, and search for yourself these things and prove that they are true?"

Half-eagerly, half-fearfully Rachel thanked her and accepted the proffered New Testament, carefully concealing it in an inner pocket of her handbag. As she did so she glanced at her wristwatch. She gave a startled exclamation. "Oh, I did not know it was so late! I am sorry. I must hurry." Instantly her thoughts were frenzied. Whatever would Max say! It was the first time all evening that she had thought of Max.

She took her departure hurriedly. Little Jessie clung to her and begged her not to go. Mr. and Mrs. Saramoff both eagerly invited her to come back. Violet Hamilton, strongly moved by Rachel's lovely beauty and by her appealing earnestness, suddenly took her in her arms and kissed her fondly. She voiced her longing that they soon might meet again. As the door closed behind Rachel, though she knew it not, many and ardent were the prayers that followed her.

As she sped homeward her emotions were in strange tumult. Uppermost was the sense of fear—fear of the streets so late at night and the greater fear of what Max would say should he have reached home before her. He would be very angry, she was sure of that. Then there was utter bewilderment of thought concerning those things which she had heard tonight. There had been tremendous impact of new and strange ideas against ancient orthodox tradition, accepted always previously without question. Had Rachel but realized it, it was the impact between light and darkness—the darkness of Judaism and the Light of Life.

Then, too, there was much confusion in her sense of values. This mysterious Book—this New Testament—which all good Jews should hate—she had found, as Miss Hamilton had read and explained it to her, absolutely fascinating and enthralling. And this Jesus—whose very name was anathema on Jewish lips—confessed as Messiah by that beautiful Miss Hamilton, and even by her own dear Jewish friends, the Saramoffs. Yes, and even Little Jessie had said she loved Him! And Rachel herself was bound to confess, from the story of Him she had listened to tonight, her own tremendous admiration. If the record they had read of Him

were true, if His raising of the dead to life could be authenticated, then the evidence of His Messiahship was indisputable. And yet, and yet—He was the hated Jesus, and she, Rachel Mendelssohn Kalinsky, was a Jewess—of the sect of strictest orthodoxy. As she sped on faster and faster, her mind, her heart, were in a whirl.

Fortunately she reached home before Max. Her relief was great. Now she would not have to tell him. It was the first time since their marriage that she had ever concealed anything from her young husband. There had been entire openness and candor between them on every subject, always. But this was different! Intuitively Rachel felt that this would raise a barrier. Anyway, she argued with her conscience, this was no concern of Max's. This was a matter of her own inmost soul—a question between herself and God alone. When she got it all worked out to her own satisfaction then she would tell Max. But not yet—not yet!

And work it out she must. She had to get it all thought through. If the New Testament were, as Miss Hamilton had claimed, equally with the Old Testament—the *Taanach*—the Word of God; and if by possibility Jesus were indeed the true Messiah, then Rachel must find it out. She could not rest content until she knew the truth.

She would read the New Testament for herself. And she would go again to the Saramoffs. Mrs. Saramoff had so cordially invited her and had told her that Miss Hamilton was with them every Thursday night. Thursday!—the hardest of all the lonely evenings now, without the old happy parties with Ben and Esther. Yes, she must go down again some Thursday and read and study more with that wonderful Miss Hamilton. She had recalled how, at her wedding supper the *Rav* had warned her and Max against the Christian missionaries. But she did not care. Hers was a fearless mind, an independent spirit. Even Rabbi Mordecai Moses could not dictate to her conscience. She was determined that she would investigate this entire subject for herself.

And so as the Indian summer wore away and the fall was drawing on toward winter, Rachel spent more and more time in the study of God's Word. Max was invariably away from her now—never an evening that he was home before eleven at the earliest. Rachel's spirit grew dull. The old happy vivacity was gone, the sparkle, the brilliancy, the continuously overbubbling joy that had welled up from her happy heart. Mrs. Kalinsky was constantly at the flat—to the gradual exclusion of Rachel's girl friends, who could not stand her—and her jarring presence cast a positive pall



in the little home. Rachel became nervous and irritable and even quarrelsome with Max. When he came home at night he was always tired and jaded, and he talked at all it was of the one subject that now was uppermost—his business and making big money fast. In the morning he slept late and therefore had no time to help Rachel as he used to do. Often she had even to carry the coal herself up the five steep flights. And through the day there was no longer the eager looking forward to Max's home-coming for their old time happy evenings together. So, little by little, the former joyous camaraderie between them ceased.

And thus very naturally it came about that her one solace amid the loneliness was the little Testament. Every morning after Max had gone, and before there was any danger of Mrs. Kalinsky coming, and after she had locked the door carefully against any other possible intruders, she drew the New Testament forth from its place of concealment—the soft inner lining of her coat—the only place she could think of that would be safe from Mrs. Kalinsky's all-invading eye; and hour after hour she would study it with deepening absorption, comparing the New Testament Scriptures and the Old with gradual growing and irresistible conviction.

And then on occasional Thursday evenings, when the coast seemed clear, she would run down to Rivington Street for an hour—she never risked longer—with the Saramoffs and her now very dear Miss Hamilton. Gradually she became bolder and went more and more frequently, but she always kept her visits there carefully concealed from her husband and her mother-in-law.

At length she summoned up sufficient courage to invite Miss Hamilton to call upon her in her flat. Mrs. Kalinsky was out of town for a few days. Esther and the other sisters-in-law never came unless they phoned her previously. Max never got home before six at the very earliest. Yes, she felt it would be quite safe. Miss Hamilton accepted the invitation joyfully. For months she had been praying for this very opportunity. She wanted Rachel to herself alone, away even from the Saramoffs.

And so it happened that the following Monday afternoon—the day before Christmas it was—found the two friends chatting together over their tea-glasses in the inglenook in Rachel's pretty kitchen. It was a happy occasion to Rachel to be thus entertaining Miss Hamilton in her own little home. And if it was happy for Rachel it was tenfold happier for Violet Hamilton. To her it was precious beyond words. It was a God-given opportunity. It was answered prayer. Her heart swelled in praise and thanksgiving to Him. As

she studied the sweet, eager face before her, she pleaded in a very agony of earnestness that wisdom from on high might be given her to speak aright—that her lips might be kept in safeguard—that no word might escape them which was not divinely led. She wanted to be only a humble mouthpiece—a willing, yielded instrument for the Holy Spirit's operation. But the work—however it might please Him to direct it—must be altogether His.

They had their tea together with sweetly deepening intimacy. Rachel was so happy in this dear new friend. And Violet Hamilton, looking upon Rachel Kalinsky, loved her. With unutterable longing she prayed that she might be used of God to win her for the King.

Tea finished, Rachel brought her Testament, still safely concealed in the lining of her coat, and Miss Hamilton opened her Bible. As she offered aloud a brief prayer to God for the Spirit's illumination of the Word, Rachel bent her head in reverent silence. Then together the two girls—the lovely Jewess and the scarcely less lovely Gentile—studied from the Epistle to the Romans. Aloud and in unison they read the wonderful third chapter—"What advantage then hath the Jew? or what profit is there of circumcision?" So deeply absorbed did they become that they did not hear the door open and a firm step enter the room. The kitchen stove had become overheated and, off guard for a brief moment, Rachel had opened the outer door the merest crack for ventilation.

They had come to the twenty-fourth verse and were just reading it aloud together—"Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus . . ." when suddenly, feeling a presence near her, Rachel looked up from her New Testament. Her blood froze in horror, for standing close beside the table, towering above her in a fearful rage, stood her mother-in-law, Mrs. Deborah Kalinsky. She had come home the night before quite unexpectedly.

Before Rachel could rise or even speak, the vials of wrath and withering scorn were poured upon her head in rushing torrent.

"Rakkell Mendelssohn Kalinsky! How did you dare to?—Vot iss it you vus doing?—You cannot fool me nothings. I know it vot it iss—that Book vchich you vus reading yet. It iss a Noy Testament!—a book vchich it vus a Christian's book—a Je-sus book? Und you a Jewvish vife! You vill answer me—vot you dare to mean by all such things?" In a fury she seized the Testament from Rachel's hands and flung it into the stove. Then she turned in violent rage upon Miss Hamilton.

"Und who vus you?" she demanded. "Vot vus you doing here by mein dear daughter-in-law, vchich she iss the vife of mein own sohn—learning her Noy Testament? Vot you trying to do mit her—to change her from Jewvish into English?—You need not to tell me! Believe me, I know you vot you vus—ein mees-ion-aire!—ein vicked mees-ion-aire!—I am telling you, you shall nefer learn mein dear daughter about Je-sus. He iss so vicked a mans vchich it couldn't be so vicked—You go away!—you leave mein sohn's house qvick."

Miss Hamilton having meanwhile risen from the table tried in vain to impede the flood of angry words. As easily could she have stayed Niagara. Each attempt only added fresh fuel to the flame. The monologue continued. With volcanic fury the scorching, withering words burst forth in shrill crescendo.

"A Noy Testament—a Noy Testament! Vot for you bring a Noy Testament into a Jewvish house? Don't you know ve Jews nefer touch mit our leetle fingers such a book? It iss poison! Ve should spit at it?—Vot you mean coming here to mein dear daughter ven her hoosband he iss away yet? Vy don't you stay home by your own house? You should ought to be ashamed of yourself making such a fool of yourself! How much you get paid for turning Jews to English? Vy don't you work at something real yet? Can't you get no decent job? I vill get for you a job. I vill get for you a job where you belong—in jail yet. In jail you vill not be telling Jewvesses they must believe in Je-sus!"

Once again Miss Hamilton attempted to speak. Mrs. Kalinsky cut her off furiously. "Vot! Vot you say? Je-sus! Je-sus He is the Mescheach? How dare you go for to talk such vickedness? Je-sus He iss not Mescheach! Mescheach He iss not came yet . . . Vot! Vot you say?" she fairly screamed her scorn: "Je-sus, He iss the Sohn of God? Vy you talk it such foolishness? Haf God got a sohn? How could God haf a sohn . . . Believe me, I am telling you, you are talking vicked, vicked foolishness! . . . Vot! How dare you say such a things? Je-sus He iss Himself God! . . . Vot! God iss Father, Sohn und Holy Speerit? Three Gods iss vun God? Are you crazy? Iss three vun und vun iss three? Believe me I am telling you, you vus crazy—you vus crazy in the head yet!"

With scarcely a pause for breath between, the torrent of furious words continued to belch forth: "Christians! Christians! I know all vchich I wants to know about Christians! It iss Christians vot gets poor little Jewvish childrens mit candy und ice-krim und then locks them up in cellars and burns Je-sus crosses on them. Und it iss Christians vot kills all

the Jews they can. You say the Jews killed Jesus. Vell, please, vill you let me ask you vun question—how many Jews iss it vot the Christians kill? Beliefe me I am telling you, I lif in Russien und mein own brother und six cousins they vus killed in the pogroms by Christians. Don't you go for to try und tell me nothings about Christians!"

Rachel, chagrined beyond expression, had attempted here and there to interrupt her mother-in-law, but she was brushed back like a fly. Miss Hamilton flashed her many glances of loving sympathy and understanding, but Rachel's humiliation was complete. She tried to compose herself, to get a grip upon the situation, but she was conscious of miserable eclipse and defeat. At last, Mrs. Kalinsky, her breath almost spent and her flow of words exhausted, suddenly seized Miss Hamilton by the arms and savagely shoved her towards the doorway. "You get oudt of here," she screamed, "und don't you nefer dare to show your face in here again! Learning mein daughter about Nov Testament und Je-sus! Shame on yourself! I varn you if efer mein sohn see you here by his vife again, he vill wring your head from your neck like it vus a hen's.—You get oudt from here quick!"

And then Rachel gathered strength and did assert herself. Her pride was stung to its very depths. She realized that here was a crisis. Either she was mistress of her home or she was not. With dignity, controlling her anger by a supreme effort of will, she placed her arm detainingly around Miss Hamilton and stood between her and her irrate mother-in-law. Her voice was low and cool—but firm.

"Mrs. Kalinsky," she said quietly—she never could call her mother-in-law "Mother"—which fact gave added grievance—"Mrs. Kalinsky, Miss Hamilton is my dear friend, and I say she shall not go. She is always welcome in my home."

This was a new torch to Mrs. Kalinsky's rage. "Vot!" she snorted in scorn, "your home! Your home iss it, I should like it to know? It iss mein sohn's home—mein Maxie's!"

"Yes," replied Rachel with proud dignity, "and I am your son's wife, and his home is my home, too."

"Your home, iss it?" Mrs. Kalinsky reiterated maliciously, "if you vant to know it, ladies, whose home it iss, I am telling you. It iss mein home! Und vy? Because I pay for it meinselt the rent! Eighteen-dollars-und - fifty - cents efery month I pay. Und always two-dollars-und-sefenty-five-cents the very lowest for electrish! So that iss whose home it iss, I vill haf you both to know yet."

Miss Hamilton, having donned her hat and coat was tactfully withdrawing,

signalling understanding glances to Rachel—when just at that instant the door was flung open and in walked Max! Never before had he arrived at five o'clock. But this day of all days he elected to come home at that hour.

Quickly he perceived the storm signals. He looked first at his mother's angry, flaming face and then at his wife. And then he looked squarely and questioningly at the charming young woman who was a stranger to him. He was not kept waiting long for the desired explanation. Upon sight of him, Mrs. Kalinsky's vials of fury burst forth afresh. Before the storm gathered full momentum, however, Miss Hamilton quickly and quietly left, as that seemed to her experienced judgment the wisest thing to do. As she went out the door she pressed Rachel's hand in a warm, loving, understanding clasp. She longed to take her in her arms—to kiss her—but she dared not. It would only make further trouble for the poor little Jewish wife. She did not even speak. All she could do was to commit Rachel Kalinsky to the heavenly Father's care. This she did, day after day, fervently, pleadingly, longingly—claiming her by faith for Christ.

Miss Hamilton gone, Mrs. Kalinsky rehearsed the indignity in Max's astounded, grief-stricken ears. Rachel! His wife! Visited by a Christian missionary! Reading the New Testament! And talking aloud of Jesus! How long had this fearful thing been going on? And he had never dreamed it! He looked at Rachel with sorrowful reproach in his dark eyes.

Rachel waited for his accusation and rebuke. She nerved herself as with bars of steel for what was coming. He spoke only nine words but they broke her heart. Looking full into her eyes he cried bitterly: "Rachen! And I thought that I could trust you!"

Bursting into a flood of violent weep-

ing Rachel withdrew into the little inner parlor, closed the door behind her and flung herself face downward on the couch. There she gave way to passionate sobbing, her tense nerves snapped at last. As the storm gradually spent itself she listened to Max and Mrs. Kalinsky talking in the kitchen. The tones were excited but kept low that she might not hear the words. At length, however, there was a distinctly audible command from Mrs. Kalinsky, her voice purposely directed towards the door closed between them.

"Come, mein sohn—mein precious Maxie. You vill come home to Mamma's house. Mamma vill make you there a nice hot supper yet. Come, mein poor darling boy! You must come home mit Mamma!"

Rachel heard the door slam behind them. She gave way to another fit of weeping. At length, utterly prostrated, she stumbled her way into the kitchen and found herself some supper. Every mouthful choked her. With heavy feet and a heavier heart she washed her supper dishes and the tea dishes. At sight of the tea table as she and Miss Hamilton had left it, the tears started afresh. Mechanically she swept the floor . . . she fed the cat . . . she set the table for breakfast . . . she lit the samovar for Max's tea . . . and then because she had nothing else to do, she polished the already gleaming brasses.

Then she sat down idly and waited. Ten o'clock . . . eleven o'clock . . . midnight . . . still no Max. The fire went out. She was numb with cold and terror. Half-past twelve . . . a quarter to one. Again she lighted the samovar. . . At one o'clock he came. His face was terribly white and drawn. He looked down at her a full moment in mingled reproach and grief. Rachel waited tensely for the blow to fall. (To be continued)





Glints of Knowledge



A World Council

Jewish Rabbis meeting in Cincinnati, considering a recommendation which would form a World Council of Religions which would have its headquarters at Jerusalem, so as the religious world could "speak in one mighty voice" for the "universal ideals of righteousness and brotherhood common to all." Premillennial thinkers will see implications in such a move.—*Herald of Holiness*.

Pershing Ought To Know

The following statement is credited to General Pershing. "Banish the entire liquor traffic from the United States: close every saloon, every brewery; suppress drinking by severe punishment of the drinker, and if necessary, death to the seller, or maker, or both, as traitors, and the nation would suddenly find itself amazed at its efficiency and startled at the increase in its labor supply. I shall not go slow on prohibition for I know what is the greatest foe to my men, greater even than the bullets of the enemy."

Good Teamwork

A horse trader once went to Henry Ward Beecher, the great preacher, and said: "Mr. Beecher, I have a good family horse I want to sell you. He is a good saddle horse, a good buggy horse, and a good carriage horse. He works double with any other horse, and on either side of the tongue. In short, he is a good all-around animal and a good teamworker."

"My friend, I cannot buy your horse," replied Mr. Beecher, "but I would like to have him as a member of my church."—*Pillar of Fire*.

In Georgia the Baptists have 540,994 members. In 1942 they had 17,787 baptisms. In the state are 2,464 Baptist churches, 428 of them full time, the pastors attending these churches number 1,195. Their enrollment in 2,100 Sunday Schools is 260,271. In the state are 4,000 Baptist training unions with 73,000 in attendance. In the state are 32 Baptist colleges. A campaign for \$100,000 for one of these colleges is proceeding rapidly.

Gestapo Orders Half of Poland's Jews Destroyed

London, Nov. 24, 1942—The Polish government-in-exile asserted that Heinrich Himmler, Nazi Gestapo chief, had ordered the extermination of half of the Jewish population of Poland by the end of this year and that 250,000 had been

killed through September under that program.—*The Christian Minister*.

A shortage of ministers is reported by the Southern Methodists. It is reported that two out of three graduates from the Southern Methodist University are entering the service as chaplains.

Plenty of Doctors

No less than 3,000 Jewish refugee doctors are now practicing in Palestine, many in considerable poverty in view of the excessive competition. In Tel Aviv there are 900 doctors, or about one for every 200 inhabitants. Over the whole country the average is one doctor to each 500 inhabitants, including Arabs.—*Prophecy Monthly*.

Service for Smokers Held in Church Cellar

The problem of declining attendance at Sunday evening services has been solved by the Rev. Harold C. Case, of Scranton, Pa.

He invited men of his Methodist congregation to puff away on their cigars, cigarettes, and pipes in the church basement so they could discuss the underlying causes of war and the meaning of peace.

The minister calls his successful service the Boiler-Room Forum.—*Selected*.

The World Dominion Press publishes the following:

The population of Europe is 450,000,000. Of these, 88,000,000 profess the Orthodox faith, 162,000,000 the Roman Catholic faith, 6,000,000 plus are Unitarians, 57,000,000 Lutherans, a half million plus Baptists, 100,000 Methodists, 13,000,000 Presbyterians and Reformed, 4,250,000 "other Protestants," 9,000,000 Jews, upwards of 9,000,000 Moslems, and 99,000,000 profess no affiliation with any of the above named faiths. The larger groups of these latter are listed as follows: 8,000,000 in Germany, 29,000,000 in France, 39,000,000 in Russia, and 12,000,000 in Spain and Portugal.

Japan is forbidding the propagation of the Christian faith in the countries they have entered. A similar movement is on in occupied China aimed at the ultimate expulsion of all Christian missionaries.—*The Christian Minister*.

Mr. Winston Churchill made a statement recently that "Books in all their variety offer the means whereby civilization may be triumphantly carried forward."

This is the affirmative side of a ques-

tion to which the Nazis in Germany have aptly supplied the negative.

It will be remembered that they made bonfires of books all over Germany when first they came to power.

It is a process they have continued through the years. And each time they have occupied a country, one of their first activities has been to seek upon the shelves and bookstores the books which they wished destroyed.

Both by destroying the ones they fear and creating a list of those they wish read, the Nazis have paid a tribute to the power of the book. And in doing both, they have offered one of the best contrasts between their attitude and that of the Free Peoples.

When Mr. Churchill made his statement, he did not say "these books," but books, all books. He and the people he represents believe in a free choice, but that is not all. They believe also in mankind, that civilization is not given to one small group to perceive, or even to one racial group.

"Civilization," said Emerson once, "is not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops—no, but the kind of man the country turns out." Herr Hitler, with his book burnings, his concentration camps, his disregard of every decent, civilized attitude, stands as Germany's chosen representative. Americans, what is your choice?

One of our statesmen said: "The food supplies of the Americas can win the peace as well as the war."

Henry IV of France is reported to have said at his coronation in the late Sixteenth Century, "I wish that every peasant may have a chicken in the pot on Sundays." He anticipated thereby a certain American political slogan of the 1920's, but if he had tried to put his plan into practice he would have found there were not that many chickens.

We shall have food enough, unquestionably, but the gourmands among us will find themselves deprived of tasty items. They may start eating to live instead of living to eat.

Somebody—and a very wise man he was—thought of that more than a century ago. It was Thomas Jefferson, and his advice was this: "We never repent of having eaten too little."—*Selected*.

Rev. William J. Smith, who is one hundred years old, a minister in New England Southern Conference of the Methodist church, thinks he is the oldest minister in the United States.—*Gospel Minister*.

My High Resolve

MY HIGH RESOLVE

Dean C. Dutton, in *Quests and Conquests*

I am resolved to climb to heights where poets caught their vision. I hold the harp of my soul up to the touch of truth that my life may throb with thoughts divine. I will think the thoughts of the great. They shall be mine. I refuse cheap thoughts. I claim, by my divine right, the thoughts of the great. I shall make them mine. I will think great thoughts.

Wherever you can find a great thought—one you think suggests a phase of life or character you would love to have in your own life—in simple childlike faith ask the Father to embellish your life with the great thought you desire to become a part of your life. Ask in confidence, for the Father is more anxious to do this for you than you are to have Him. It shall be done!

Some wealth of character is so great that it takes years of experience to fully embellish your life to the point of its high reality. So in asking for God to so embellish your life be assured that every day God will be at the task. Your part is to be perfectly obedient and follow on and on and on. Some times life may seem hard, the winds may seem cruel and bite with sharp, cruel teeth, but "the heights for which I strive are only reached by anguish and by pain." Read Numbers 77 and 79.

You need not fear. God's wonderful presence will guide, guard and protect you. His love and fellowship will keep you sweet and peaceful and the years will reveal the wonderful unfolding of the embellishment of such great touches of beauty and qualities of character you asked to be realized in your life.

Real culture is found in wealth of thought, wealth of appreciation, wealth of sympathy, all expressed in daily ministries of kindness.

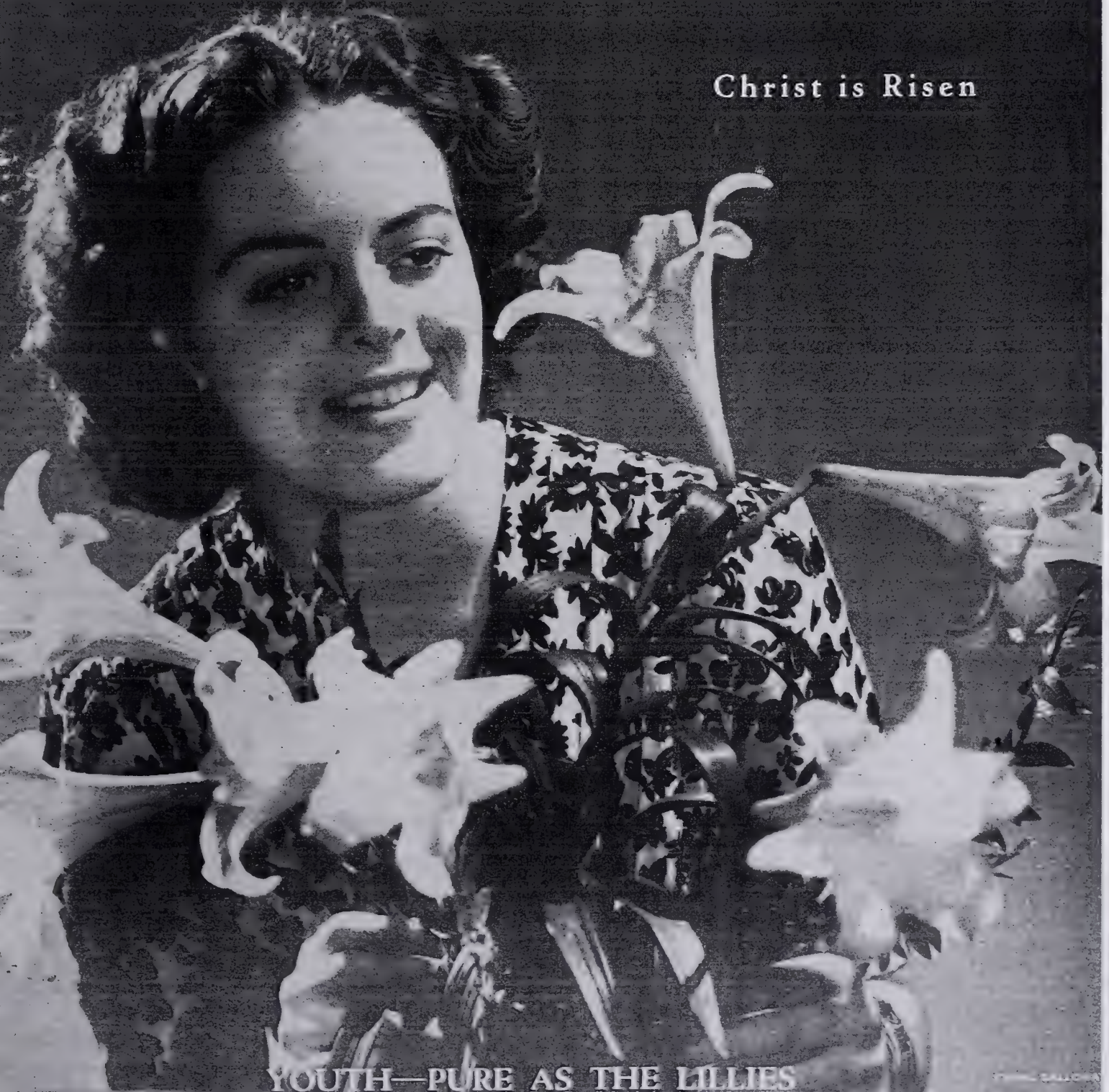
The Lighted Pathway

Vol. 14

APRIL, 1943

No. 4

Christ is Risen



YOUTH—PURE AS THE LILLIES

PHOTO BY GALLAGHER



The Editor's Easter Message



Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

April is here and with it comes Easter. What is Easter? Easter is a day set apart to commemorate the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Along with Easter comes the resurrection of the grass and the flowers, and the budding of the trees. The birds



come forth to sing after the cold winter days are over. Oh, how beautiful everything looks. As we think about all of these things, we are thankful to God who gives us every good and perfect gift. But most of all does it remind us of that day when our loved ones shall come forth from their graves to be caught away with those who are living, to meet the Lord in the air. We are thinking of the Marriage Supper, when we can dine with our precious Lord. Oh, what a wonderful time! We could dwell on this thought through-

out this message, for we know that this day is coming to us and perhaps is near, even at our doors, but there are so many who will not be ready that it makes our hearts sad.

There are some who will read this message who are dead in transgression and sin, and we would like to help resurrect from this death unto life eternal, so we are leaving the Easter message to help you to see the possibilities that await you if you yield your life into the Master's hands.

Horace Bushnell has said, "God has a plan for every human being, girding him visibly and invisibly for that exact thing which it will be the true significance and glory of his life to have accomplished."

In one of the palaces in the City of Genoa, there is a glass case carefully guarded, containing the violin of the great Paganini. The violin was bequeathed to the city on condition that it should never be played again; and there it has been preserved as the city's most famous treasure. The characteristic of the particular wood of which the violin is made, is that it remains intact only when it is constantly in use. If not used, it falls a prey to tiny insects, which work its decay. That violin, with its wonderful possibilities of music, that instrument which, in the hands of the great master, has charmed thousands, is now silent and in process of decay. It will in time, in the opinion of experts, become nothing more than a handful of worthless dust.

This is what happens, figuratively, to every man who withholds from God the life that is really His.

Are you content that your life should be wasted? Are you oblivious to the possibilities for blessing to the world that it contains? Can it be that you have no desire for God's will? Are you locked up within your own ambitions? Are

you shut up to your own life plans? In the heart of Christ there is a glorious purpose of blessing for you and through you, but He can no more work these out than a violinist can reproduce on an instrument the melody that is in his soul, unless and until it is placed unconditionally in his hands and controlled by his touch.

Unyielded, your life will be nothing more than a handful of worthless dust. Yielded, you will be, by your life and career, what modern commerce calls a demonstrator of how "good, and acceptable, and perfect" is the will of God.

A young minister was leaving an English town and was bidding an old lady good-bye.

"Well, sir," she said, "you'll be busy packing up your belongings, I expect?"

"Yes," he replied. "I have only a few things to get into the boxes now."

"There is one thing you won't be able to pack up, sir," said the old lady. "You'll have to leave that behind."

"I didn't know—whatever is it?" questioned the minister.

"You can't pack your influence, sir," she answered quietly. That is true whether influence is good or bad. "The seeds of good we sow both in shade and shine will grow"—it is well to remember it; and it is just as true that "the evil that men do lives after them." What kind of influence will you leave behind when God's call comes? And so the influence of a yielded life will last throughout time and on into eternity, and when the resurrection morn shall come you will meet the souls that you have helped along the way. On the other hand, if you have not yielded your life to the Master that great resurrection morning will mean nothing to you. Let us see what God's word says about it. 1 Thess. 4:15-17, "For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: Then

we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." So you see, only the dead in Christ shall come forth on that great day.

It was a dark, sloppy night in the Bay of Biscay. The middle watch had just come on deck, and Lieutenant Ross, the officer in charge, buttoned up his great coat tightly round his throat, and pulled down his cap to shelter his eyes, as he took his station on the bridge of H. M. S. frigate "Orontes." Suddenly, the cry which fills the sailor's heart with dread, rang out—"Man over board!"

Almost simultaneously came the short, rapid orders of the lieutenant. (Continued on page 16)



HIS PLAN FOR ME

Martha Snell Nicholson

When I stand at the judgment seat of Christ,
And He shows me His plan for me,
The plan of my life as it might have been
Had He had His way, and I see

How I blocked Him here, and I checked Him there
And I would not yield my will—
Will there be grief in my Savior's eyes,
Grief, though He loves me still?

He would have me rich, and I stand there poor,
Stripped of all but His grace,
While memory runs like a hunted thing
Down the paths I cannot retrace.

Then my desolate heart will well-nigh break
With the tears that I cannot shed;
I shall cover my face with my empty hands,
I shall bow my uncrowned head.

Lord of the years that are left to me,
I give them to Thy hand;
Take me and break me, mould me to
The pattern Thou hast planned!

PLEASE SEE PAGE 18
FOR A
SPECIAL MESSAGE
FROM
THE EDITOR.

Rachel

By Agnes Scott Kent

(Used by permission of the
Evangelical Publishers)

(Continued from last issue)

Eden Desolated

"If a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand."—Mark 3:25.

Yes, the storm is coming, Rachel, it is coming fast! Bow your head beneath its fury as it bursts upon you, dear—bow your head and rend your heart—for already, little Rachel, the storm, the angry storm is on!

For full ten minutes Max spoke absolutely not one word. His silence was more terrible than speech. Rachel waited in tensest suspense. He sat down at the table in the inglenook, an object of abject despair. His shoulders were dejected and limp; his elbows rested on the table, with his chin buried in his cupped hands. His derby hat was shoved back from his forehead aslant over one ear. His face was ashen. The mouth was drawn. The feverish dark eyes stared straight ahead, seeing nothing. He saw nothing; he said nothing; he was numb.

Rachel could stand it no longer. She poured his glass of tea and placed it before him. "Maxie dearest," she pleaded sorrowfully, "your tea! Won't you drink it?"

Savagely he thrust it from him. Still he saw nothing, said nothing . . . Then slowly he drew the glass back to him and toyed with the teaspoon while Rachel, aghast, stood looking at him dumbly. Suddenly he raised the tea to his lips and choked it down at one rapid draught . . . And then he broke the dreadful silence.

He laughed! Bitterly, scornfully, reproachfully.

"Well," he exclaimed in a sardonic voice, as suddenly he stood up and confronted his trembling little wife, "we won't be having our tea many more times in this house, Rachel! We're moving out!"

Rachel did not grasp the import of the words. But Max's menacing attitude, and his tone so strange and dreadful, struck terror to her heart.

"Wh-what?" she faltered. "What do you mean, Max? . . . Oh, darling, do not look at me like that! I cannot bear it. What is it, Max? What do you mean?"

"That's what I mean," he retorted

harshly, "exactly that! We're moving out. And it's all your fault," he added bitterly.

"Moving? Out?" Rachel echoed in a stunned, hollow voice, "moving out? From here, Max? Moving? Oh, Maxie, Maxie, why?"

"Why? Because you can't be trusted to be left alone, that's why!"

"Oh, Maxie, don't say that — don't, don't! Oh, listen to me, dearest, you do not understand!" Pleadingly she flung her arms around his neck and lifted up her face to his.

With an oath—the first he had ever addressed to his beautiful little Jewish bride in his life—he flung her off. A torrent of angry words burst forth.

"Don't come loving around me! A lot you ever cared for me, Rachel Mendelssohn! . . . Yes, I understand all right! . . . I thought I had married a true Jewish wife, and here all the time you have been mixing up with Christians, bringing missionaries right to my own table even, when you thought I was safely away and would never know it. Allowing them to read from that accursed New Testament and to talk to you about Jesus Christ. And you my wife! And this a Jewish home! Ha—a home!" Again he laughed the bitter, heart-broken laugh. "Well," he continued, "I hope you're satisfied now with what you've done. It's our home no longer. You have broken it up by all your deceitfulness. Broken it up, I say—you have—you!" He flung himself into the chair again and, burying his head in his arms upon the table, he sobbed aloud.

Rachel stood transfixed with horror. Her senses reeled. But as always in a crisis, her strength of character held firm. By a supreme effort of will she commanded her stunned faculties to face the situation. Here was no time for weakness or hysterical display. Too much was at stake. Her home, her love, her

very life—all within one instant tottered on the brink of ruin.

She waited for Max's storm to spend itself. Then quietly she crossed to where he was sitting and gathered his bowed head in her arms tenderly. This time he offered no resistance. Consciously she breathed a fervent upward prayer to God for wisdom and for strength. She must be guarded. Of the cause of the catastrophe—her growing interest in the claims of Christ—she knew she dared not breathe one word. All that must come at some later opportunity—but His very Name even she dare not mention now. Also she must guard carefully every word she uttered concerning Mrs. Kalinsky. Rachel perceived clearly that her influence it was which had precipitated the present crisis; but not one syllable of reproach must drop. She was Max's mother.

Rachel held Max in a strong embrace, soothing him as a mother soothes her child. At length, drawing away from him, she spoke—gently and lovingly, but firmly.

"Max, our home is not broken. See, it all is here. You are here, darling. I am here. Our love is here. No one can ever break that, Max—our wonderful, wonderful love. And no one in all the world can break our home."

"It is broken, I am telling you," Max retorted bitterly. "We are moving out."

Again Rachel held herself in strong control. "When, Max?" she asked him quietly. Her voice, perfectly cool, gave no suggestion of the fire raging within. Breathlessly she awaited her husband's answer. He gave it in a mournful tone:

"In eight days! Today is the twenty-fourth. Tomorrow is the Christians' Christmas, and then their holiday week. Before it is over we'll be gone. Our lease is up the thirty-first and then—we leave!"

Still that wonderful poise, that perfect outward calm which was Rachel's most distinguishing characteristic. She stood erect and motionless as marble. And just as cold. With her next question an icy clutch was at her throat. "Where are we going, Max, from here?"

Max's reply confirmed her most terrible fear. "Why, to Mamma's house, of course. Where else could we go but Mamma's?"

The poise gave way. The wonderful calm collapsed. A moan of anguish burst from Rachel's heart.

"Oh, why, Max, why? Why must we give up our own dear, precious home? Who said so?"

"Mamma said so!"

"But why?"

(Continued on page 17)





Helps for Tempted and Tried

THE LORD WITH US

A. L. MEISINGER

It seems to me that there has never been a time when we needed the Lord with us as much as we do in these days. We are living in perilous days and we need God's presence with us in everything we do.

We read in Haggai 1:13, "Then spake Haggai the Lord's messenger in the Lord's message unto the people, saying, *I am with you*, saith the Lord." We also read in Matthew 28:20, "Lo, *I am with you* alway, even unto the end of the world."

Our very success in our Christian career depends on the presence of God with us.

We have recorded in the 5th chapter of Joshua, the 13th and 14th verses, about Joshua who was supposed to go forth in battle, and as he was doing so he saw Someone by his side, and he wanted to know whether this man was for him or for the adversaries, but this man said, "Nay; but as captain of the host of the Lord am I now come." God does not want us to fight for ourselves, but He is the Captain and He is the One who goes before. There are none of us sufficient in ourselves to meet the enemy. We always suffer defeat when we go in our own strength, but when the presence of the Lord is with us there is victory. What a wonderful promise God gave to us when He said, "Lo, I am with you alway." How precious the thought of His abiding presence continually. Others fail but God remains faithful.

In the 23rd Psalm we have *God with us as our Shepherd*. The 4th verse of this Psalm says, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

It is blessed to have a God in life and a God in death. He is also our Shepherd and He leads us. A shepherd goes before and gently leads the sheep. We have a Shepherd who leads.

In the 5th verse of this same Psalm we have assurance of God's presence with us even in

death. What a comforting thought. We do not know how soon death will overtake us, but we do know, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me."

In Hebrews 13:5,6 we read, "Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me." This is a very comforting message. We often sing, "I'm never lonely any

more since the Comforter has come."

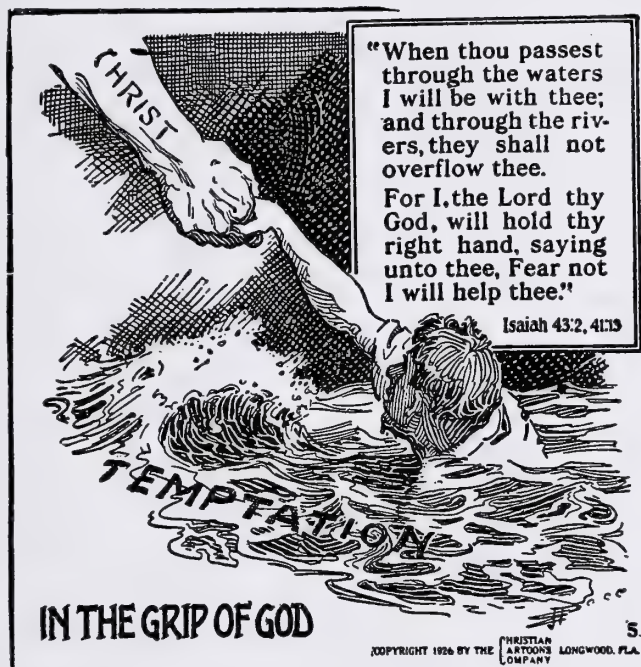
God is with us as a companion to cheer us. He is always by our side. Our joy depends on the presence of God with us. The sinner looks on the Christian in amazement when he sees how happy he is under adverse circumstances, but God is the Christian's helper. Man cannot do anything to us when we are under God's protection. He is a Companion to cheer us.

Isaiah 30:20,21 reads, "And though the Lord give you the bread of adversity, and the water of affliction, yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner any more, but thine eyes shall see thy teachers: And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left." *Here we have God with us as our Guide*. He shows us the way and He says, "Walk ye in it." We remember when Abraham sent Eliezer after a wife for Isaac, he said, "I being in the way, the Lord led me." We cannot expect God to lead us when we take our own way. If we take our own way the end will be destruction. "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." If we take God's way, He will be our Guide. God's way may have many curves, but the Guide goes before. Jesus is the light and He is our Light and in Him there is no darkness at all.

God is a Light unto His people.

"For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee." God has the power to keep us. He even holds us by our hand. The right hand is the hand that we help ourselves with. Right hand in Scripture denotes power. The Word says, "The Lord thy God will hold thy right hand." By His holding that right hand of ours we have the power to be kept in His ways. The Lord says, "Fear not." The way may seem hard and long, but He says, "Fear not, I will help Thee." The help God gives, no human

(Continued on page 16)



I NEED THEE ALL THE WAY

R. E. Neighbour, D. D.

The fog hangs deep, I cannot see!
Where is the way that I should take?
What the decision I should make?
Oh, Saviour, pilot me.

I dare not take one step alone!
Such fateful dangers hover near;
I tremble, Lord, aghast with fear,
Oh, Saviour, guide me on.

Teach me the way that I should go!
Make plain my path, the darkness through;
With thine own grace my strength renew,
Oh, Saviour, grace bestow.

Then, when I reach Thine happy shore,
Beyond the fogs which now obscure,
Beyond the mists which now endure,
I'll praise Thee evermore.



Mission Page

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION!

Young people of the Church of God, meet the young people of Cuba!

Amiable, friendly, sociable! Vivaciousness is the keynote of their description. In manners, customs, dress and personal appearance, alacrity and vividness are pleasingly combined. Song and mirth fill their homes, schools, and streets. Bright hues of blue, red, orange, purple and green are quite becoming to these brunettes, whose beautiful black hair, decked with fresh bright flowers, falls softly around their well-shaped, olive-skinned faces, their deep brown eyes dancing delightfully. Bright make-up is used unsparingly. Many a heart is all a-flutter under those stiffly-starched white and palm beach suits, as these pretty maidens flutter to and fro as the dainty butterflies. Gay festivities and house parties with music and dancing are the spice of their lives. And I'm told that even in the Home Economics classes in school the girls are taught to make new sparkling wines from, not only grapes, but also from oranges, bananas, and other native fruits, so that the young hostess treats her guests with an amazingly new wine occasionally! Flirting is a highly developed art, enhanced with the Spanish serenade. The plazas, or public parks, are the centers of evening activities. There young and old love to sit and chat or promenade for an hour or so with special friends, new or old!

Satan knows very well how to charm and allure these young people into his traps. He has tried to appease their longing for God by the formal ritualism of Catholicism and has made an evening of strolling in the parks or dancing and singing at home far more interesting to them than a quiet hour in a dead church. However, lively, practical Christianity seems to appeal to them. Oh, that all this youthful energy might be harnessed and directed by God Himself in His vast vineyard! Oh, that the ardor of their romantic souls might be turned to the Love of their souls!

We are trying to introduce to these friendly people their greatest Friend, Jesus, who sticketh closer than a brother. We need you to help us. "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Many of you have wanted our address. Now you have it, please use it, for we shall appreciate every line you write us, and will be happy to answer.—Yours

for winning more young people to Christ, Hoyle and Mildred Case.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Case,
Calle Corona No. 808,
Santiago de Cuba, Cuba.

LET'S TRAVEL THROUGH MEXICO

By J. W. ARCHER

(Continued from last issue)

Here comes the driver. It is time to travel on. Don't mind these narrow, cobblestone streets. That arrow up on the wall where it says Transito means one way traffic. See that cart on two large wheels, pulled by two mules? That is a Puebla express truck. That, too, is peculiar to this city. They don't allow horses in Mexico City, except those beautiful saddle horses you see and you notice they are always on bridle paths. And in the smaller cities they use human cargo trucks.

We had four churches here in Puebla, we thought. "What do you mean, you thought?" Well, it's really funny and yet because it is dealing with the things of God, it is a pitiful story. Let me tell you about it as we roll on toward Cordoba.

A year ago last June there came to our home a very splendid and refined-appearing young Mexican. He told me that he had studied for seven years to become a priest, but had been converted and wished to enter the Bible School. We were quite well impressed with the young man. So much so that we offered to accept him in the school, and I loaned him five pesos, which he asked of me. This asking for help is one of our greatest problems in Mexico. All of our workers are poor and really need help, but we cannot help one-tenth of them. Then, too, many of our members wish to borrow money. Prestar means to borrow. Ninety percent of those whom I have felt lead to help, it seems to have meant give, for very few have ever returned that which I have loaned them or even mentioned it again. They greet me with sincere and unembarrassed love, but never mention the money borrowed, nor do they ever ask to borrow again. Since our money to help workers is all apportioned, we now tell them we do not have any money with which to help them, unless we feel definitely impressed of the Lord, then we give out of our own income. But it is hard to refuse, because usually the need is real enough.

This young man proved an intelligent

student, but he had a bad habit of always having some very urgent need for money. We put the students to selling socks, ties, etc. and he was treasurer. He used about forty pesos of this money and that ended the selling. Then this student said he had a burden for Puebla and wanted to start a work there, working on the side to pay back the money he had used. We were rather disgusted with his financial deals and the students were all through with him, so we let him go, feeling that if he made good all right, and if he didn't, we would be rid of him. In about a month he came into Mexico to tell us that he had two works started in Puebla, and that he had a job coming up in the bank. He wanted me to pay his rent monthly of 20 pesos until he received pay from his job. I felt that the boy was making good so I helped him. In two months more his churches were increased to four—three in Puebla and one in that little village we came through just before we reached Puebla. I think I forgot to tell you that they claim three hundred temples in Puebla, but I confess, I have never been able to count over thirty, which is plenty for one village. Once, in passing through Puebla, I stopped a few minutes where he was living at one of his churches. I met the owner of the property, saw the large room where they conducted services, and they showed me the stones they had gathered to start a church building. I told him I would come soon to visit his churches. He said that when I came to be sure not to preach Pentecost too strongly, as these were Methodist people who were just accepting the Full Gospel message. That was all right, because you can't make a baby swallow a whole apple, but must first scrape it off with a spoon.

I came in about a month more and visited his three places in Puebla, speaking in each place. I was well pleased, for his meeting places were in nice homes,

(Continued on page 17)

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Devoted to the general welfare and spiritual uplift of our young people everywhere

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Stones That Hinder

By HERBERT LOCKYER, Liverpool, England



"Take ye away the stone," John 11:39

Did you ever ask yourself the question: Why did not the Lord Jesus Himself roll the stone away from Lazarus' tomb? Surely if He had power to raise the dead, with a word He could have caused the stone to be removed. Later, the stone at the entrance of His own tomb was dislodged without man's aid (cf. Matt. 28:2). But on this occasion Jesus said to His disciples, "Take ye away the stone." In this simple command there are several important lessons for us to learn—that is, if we are to have any share in the work of the Lord.

The first lesson is this: There is a wonderful economy of divine strength. The Lord Jesus Christ never uses His power wastefully. For instance, when Herod, that evil-minded monarch, looked on our Lord as a kind of magician and desired Him to perform a miracle so that his own curiosity might be satisfied, the Lord Jesus did not oblige that gentleman and accede to his request (Lk. 23:8,9). Christ never squandered His power.

The next thought emerging from the text is that the Lord Jesus will not do for us what we are able to do for ourselves. It was the work of the disciples to roll away the stone; the Lord left that part of the service to them. It was His work to raise the dead—an operation they could not accomplish. We are slow to learn this lesson in connection with Christian life and growth. The Lord Jesus Christ requires us to do what we can do; but there is a blessed cooperation in this service to which we have been called. We are "workers together with him" (2 Cor. 6:1). That day the disciples had a share in the miracle that the Lord Jesus performed. It was His work to raise the dead, but, in the wonder of the divine plan and grace, He

could not accomplish His task until the disciples had fulfilled theirs. In this sense we, too, have the privilege of coming "to the help of the Lord."

Round about us there are men and women who are buried, spiritually, in graves of sin. Only Christ can free them. But before the Lord will pronounce the all-commanding word and bring these "Lazaruses" to life, we—His people—must obey His command. We have a work to do in relation to their deliverance. There must be the removal of all hindrances if the Lord Jesus is to manifest Himself as the Resurrection and the Life. Let us consider, then, some of the hindrances to revival in the church. What are some of the "stones" that we must take away ere the Lord can move in our midst in the greatness of His strength?

Jesus said, "Take ye away the stone."

I. *There Is the Stone of Prayerlessness.*

How can the Lord work through a church, or through a Christian, if that one fails to grasp the deep significance of intercession? The church was born in a prayer meeting, and her life can be sustained only as she lives in that atmosphere. Ceasing to pray, she ceases to function effectively for her Lord.

LIGHT

By William M. Runyan

"It was yet dark." The Magdalene
Braved shadows deep,
What time she at the Saviour's tomb
Would vigil keep.
Her suffering and lonely heart,
In sorrow stark,
Knew not that Christ had risen
indeed—
IT WAS YET DARK!

It is yet dark when unbelief
Fares on its way
Toward yon dread tomb where soon
must end
Life's fitful day.
No star to guide! When Christless
souls
At last embark,
They cross the bar in dreadful
night—
IT IS YET DARK!

It is not dark! Oh, radiant dawn!
Our Saviour lives,
And to the tomb through which He
passed
A glory gives.
Because He lives, we too shall live
Who bear His mark.
Oh, children of the Risen Lord—
IT IS NOT DARK!

We are in danger of forgetting the emphasis that was placed on prayer by the early church. Those saints of old declared that they would give themselves "to prayer and to the ministry of the word" (Acts 6:4). We reverse the order, and give ourselves to the ministry of the Word and to prayer. When prayer takes second place in the life of a church, then the church—no matter how active and how popular—is crippled in its influence for the Lord.

We need the restoration of the prayer meeting in church life and work. Alas! the prayer meeting is the unwanted meeting in many a center today. If the church advertises a lecture, or a dinner, or a social, or something of a secular nature, the crowds will gather; but for the prayer meeting, only the faithful few will come.

We have an individual responsibility in this respect. We never can have praying churches until we have individual members who pray. When we have a restoration of the personal prayer life, then there will be the restoration of the corporate prayer life in the Church of God. But the fact of the matter is that most of us are not living in the presence of God as we ought to do. If we feel a sense of frozen stiffness when we come into a public prayer meeting, let us not blame the church first of all, but rather chide ourselves, for this condition is an intimation of our own miserable lack in the prayer life.

Tell me, you who claim to be a Christian, how much time have you spent in the presence of God today praying for your minister, praying for other believers, praying for the unsaved? You say you have to work right through the day, and you find it almost impossible to give time to prayer. Dare you omit it?

If there is one practice that we ministers have to guard, it is the personal prayer life. In these days when one's time is fully planned, it is difficult indeed to feed the inner fire of devotion and to give time to communion with God. I recognize in my own spirit that unless I have a hunger for this intimate fellowship, and shall find that hunger satisfied by God Himself, I shall become as "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal" (1 Cor. 13:1).

Jesus said, "Take ye away the stone."

II. *There Is the Stone of Jealousy.*

Solomon was right when he declared that "jealousy is cruel as the grave" (Cant. 8:6). Well may we stand in fear of jealousy, for it crucified our Lord! "For envy" the Jews "delivered him" (Matt. 27:18). Alas! this greedy monster is eating at the heart of things in church life and work today. Jealousy can climb the pulpit stairs and lay hold

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The Healer

(AN EASTER STORY)

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The man who paused at the foot of a narrow flight of steps was only a blur. But his voice was clear and curiously tender.

"Mother," he called. "O Mother! Are you yet awake? It is I, your son, Barabbas."

There was a rustle at the head of the stairs. There was a sudden glow, as from a hastily lighted lamp. A woman's head appeared.

"Your mother isn't here, Barabbas. She's away. You yourself have been gone," she sneered, "on matters of business, this whole week. And she departed shortly after your going."

"What do you mean, she's away? My little mother—she cannot move; you know it as well as I! If there has been foul play—if any harm has been done her in my absence—you, aye and all of your friends, will suffer for it!"

The woman did not seem to resent the tense grasp upon her shoulder. "Don't you worry," she laughed, "no one would dare harm the mother of Barabbas! All who dwell in this part of the city know the strength of your arm and the swiftness of your vengeance. Friends came; they carried your mother off to the camp of some new Healer. There was much talk of crooked backs made straight, of withered limbs made strong. The talk roused a hope in your mother's heart, and she has gone eagerly after restored health—poor fool that she is! What—?" The woman's face all at once held a crafty eagerness. "What hangs over your arm, Barabbas?"

"It's a shawl," he said, "of woven silk. I was bringing it home to my mother. I thought that perhaps beneath its softly woven beauty the pain in her back would be less."

"One day," she told the man, "you'll be taken by the soldiers, Barabbas. Perhaps—who knows?—because of these gifts you continually make to your mother. One day somebody whom you've robbed, and whom you've neglected to slay, will remember that ugly face of yours! And then perhaps you'll be crucified because of some silken trifle or some jewel."

Barabbas was in truth a thief. His very mother, in her youth, had known the art of slipping slim fingers into a passing stranger's wallet.

Barabbas had never known his mother during her lithe young days, when she had been the cleverest pick-

pocket of all. An injury had come to her at his birth, and his earliest memories of her were of a tortured body wrapped in a blanket. As his years grew, her infirmity had grown. As he waxed large and strong, she seemed to grow more frail and more tiny. Her curiously warped body wrought magic to his curiously warped soul. She was his mother—she was also his child.

His mother! As he lay down on his pallet, Barabbas had suddenly ceased to curse. Something that might almost have been a prayer was creeping through his groping, brutalized mind.

"Let it not be hard for her," was the burden of the prayer, "when she finds that the Healer can do nought! Let me be here to lift her in my arms when she returns from her barren journey."

It might have been an hour after Barabbas drifted into troubled sleep, it might have been toward morning, that the interruption came. To Barabbas, breathing heavily, dreaming heavily, the sound of steps upon the stair was just an echo of the day past, the forerunner of a day to come. His name, shouted in a harsh voice, did not awaken him. It was only when a hand seized his tunic and jerked him upright to a sitting position that Barabbas waked to the realization of a room full of men. The clanking armor that they wore spoke of their allegiance to Caesar.

For one puzzled moment Barabbas struggled with drowsiness.

"What mean you?" he growled. "How dare you break into my home?"

One of the soldiers stepped forward. He held a double-edged Roman sword.

"We want you, O thief and murderer," the soldier told him. "A certain merchant, ere he died, gave us your descrip-

tion. You will kick no more men to death, Barabbas!"

"And if I surrender," Barabbas asked at last, "what then?"

The leader of the soldiers laughed. "Surrender or no, it makes little difference to us, Barabbas," he retorted. "Even one of your meager intelligence must see that your plight is hopeless."

The soldier was right. Barabbas realized it, himself. And then suddenly, with the realization, came the thought of his mother—of his mother returned, little and broken and sad, from some Healer who had not healed. The thought sent Barabbas groveling to his knees—he who had never groveled before!

"For pity's sake," he muttered, "leave me here for the space of a few hours. My mother is old, and away. I must be here when she returns."

It was another soldier who laughed this time. "Didst thou show pity to the merchant, Barabbas?" he asked. "Mayhap *he* had a mother who is also old and broken."

Barabbas realized that pleas would be vain.

"Take me," he said gruffly to the leader of the soldiers.

It was late afternoon of the day on which Barabbas had been captured, that a small, dusty caravan halted in front of the house that was a dwelling place of thieves. The late rays of the sun fell like a benediction across the thin, wrinkled face of a little old woman who climbed, unaided, from the back of a small, moth-eaten donkey. As she climbed down, the woman's eyes were lifted eagerly toward an upper window of the house.

"Ah," she breathed, "if only my son might see me step from this beast and down the path! Ah, then would my happiness be complete."

But no face appeared at the open window. And as the old woman went slowly toward the entrance of her home, the house continued to remain blank and empty. It was only when she had pushed open the door that she became aware of a woman with tousled hair and carmined lips.

At sight of the little approaching figure the woman fell back a step, and her two hands went up to cover her red mouth.

"But it is never the mother of Barabbas!" exclaimed the woman.

The mother of Barabbas spoke in a gentle voice. "Indeed, it is I," she said.

But the younger woman could not comprehend this strange occurrence. "You are walking!" she exclaimed. "How does it happen, old woman, that your back is straight and that your withered limbs can bear your weight?"

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Letters From Our Training Camps

"My, it's good to get the news from home."



Also a letter from friends is very highly appreciated.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I've just finished reading one of the Lighted Pathways which my mother sent to me. Of course, it's not the first one I've read but it is the first one I've seen since I have been in camp and I certainly did enjoy reading it. It encourages me to want to live closer to the Lord.

I once was a member of the Church of God at Monroe, Va., but neglected the Lord's work and now I need to draw closer to Him. If there ever was a time that I need His blessings it is now. My parents are members of the Church of God at Monroe and I wish to ask all of you who know the worth of prayer to pray for me and for my family. Also pray for my daddy, who broke his leg last April and it hasn't knitted back yet. I know the dear Lord is able to heal him. Please pray for me.—Pvt. Harold Wheeler, 1318 Sea Unit M. P., Sec., Camp Pickett, Va.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a soldier in our good old United States army, and I am also a soldier of the cross. I am a Church of God member at Switzer, W. Va., and we surely do have a progressive little church there. Brother J. C. Pinion is our pastor.

I was in the enlisted reserve corps of the regular army and was called back to active duty, December 10, 1942.

Our Y.P.E. president, Sister Verna Bardsers, sends me the Lighted Pathway and do I enjoy it! I trust that every Christian who reads this will write to

me and pray for me also that I will receive the Holy Ghost.—Corp. Guy Hamilton, Hq. Det. 1st Med. Sq., Ft. Bliss, Tex.

Dear Sister Harrison:

The navy is really a fine organization and the company I am with is a fine group of boys. Our work is pleasant and quite different from civilian life. We're here with a desire to help win the war and we have a great opportunity to overcome the enemy.

I don't know what the future holds for me but God does know and I hope that sometime in the near future I can again be out on the battlefield giving my life for His cause. I have many friends in the Church and I ask an interest in their prayers. I hope they'll read this letter through the Lighted Pathway. I would be glad to hear from anyone who feels led to write me. Camp life is very confining and good letters from friends and Christians will be appreciated.

If any of the ministers who live close here and can, I would enjoy your visiting me at the camp. Don't forget to pray for me.—B. S. Prescott, Co. 42-796, U.S.N.T.S., San Diego, Calif.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a boy in the U. S. army air force. Before I came here I was living at Christianburg, Va., and I attended the Church of God there. I certainly miss the fellowship with the good Christian people there.

I married two weeks before I came to the army and my wife belongs to the Church of God.

Please pray for me and all the other boys in this service.—Pvt. Charlie Saltizer, 1143 Flight K, Basic Training, Center No. 4, T.T.S., Miami Beach, Fla.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I think the Lighted Pathway is the grandest paper published. I certainly enjoy reading it and obtain much spiritual food there. I have gone through many trials but I know that God can lead me on. Please pray that I will stand true to Jesus.—Pvt. Edward W. Bradley, Co. K. 2nd Bn., 1st Prcht. Tng. Regt., Fort Benning, Ga.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a reader of the Lighted Pathway and enjoy it very much. I am a soldier in the army and feel the need of prayer. Do pray that I will be a greater blessing to the boys in camp.

The letters I have received really

helped and encouraged me. We need to pray more for one another. It seems that I am so useless for my Lord. Jesus is coming soon and I do want to do more for my Savior. There are so many that I would like to see saved. Please pray for our Bible study.—Pvt. Carl L. Feaster, Co. C. 842nd Engr. Bn., (aun) Army Air Base, Alamogordo, New Mex.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a reader of the Lighted Pathway and enjoy it very much. I am a boy in the army and have been for three months and like it fine, but there is no place like home. I thank the Lord that some day we will have a home that we will not have to leave.

I belong to the Church of God in Sanford, N. C. I have the privilege of going to church at least once a week. I love the Church of God.

Pray for me that I will stand true to the Lord.—Pvt. M. D. Gunter, Det. 4th Ord. Service Co., U. S. Army, Fort Bragg, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I received a copy of the Lighted Pathway today. My church at Barnardsville had it sent to me. The Y.P.E. is sending the paper to all boys in service of that locality. I was so glad to get it. I really enjoy reading it and when I have finished, I pass it on to friends, or put it in our public library. I also pass out tracts and papers to the men here. They seem to enjoy them.

I thank God for a salvation that will stand even in the army. Thank God for that deep settled peace down in my soul. I covet the prayers of everyone that I will let my light shine.—Pvt. Nat. T. Rice, Co. B., Reception Center, Fort Bragg, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am in the service of my country, the best country in the world, and I count it an honor to do my part in maintaining its freedom and democracy. First of all, I am on the battlefield for my Lord and I believe if we are not serving God we are not serving our great United States of America according to its principles of religion, in the one and only Lord Jesus.

As a soldier, although in limited service, I want to live according to His Word and will. I also want to be a living epistle to the multitudes who are living in darkness. I believe God's Christian men need prayer more so than others

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Treasured Gleanings

FOR MINISTERS AND CHRISTIAN WORKERS

The Open Tomb

"Today I go to visit Lenin's tomb. Have you ever been there?" My question amazed the young Soviet woman as she replied, "Yes, many times." It was my turn to be amazed. I said, "But why go many times to visit a dead man? Once ought to be enough." Without hesitation she answered, "To me he is not dead. His spirit is alive in the Soviet Union. When I get tired, I go to see him and looking into that face I get courage to carry on in the great program of our country."

I visited the tomb and came away, remembering the girl's words and remembering something else. Once a year that tomb is closed for several weeks while scientists repair the body. The door will be shut to all visitors. Poor girl! The object of her faith and that of her brothers cannot stand the test of time. But thank God, Christians know of a tomb that, once opened, never was closed but has become the doorway to life, to heaven, to God. Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." He is the Door that is never closed. By Him if any enter in, he shall be saved.—*Selected.*

Wasting Our Sorrows

Said Hugh Black, "Take care that you do not waste your sorrow; that you do not let the precious gifts of disappointment, pain, loss, loneliness, or similar afflictions that come into your daily life mar you instead of mend you. See that they send you nearer to God and not that they drive you farther from Him. There is no failure of life so terrible as to have the pain without the lesson, the sorrow without the softening."

"Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby," Heb. 12:11.—*Christian Victory.*

Folks and Boats

Some folks are like rowboats, for they have to be pulled wherever they go. Sometimes it is a hard struggle to keep them pointed in the right direction.

Others are like sailboats. If the wind blows east, that's their direction. If it blows west, they go that way. Of course it is possible for them to "beat against

the wind," but they don't often do it. They are inclined to follow every wind of emotion and popular sentiment.

Others still are like powerboats which drive against the wind or tide and in face of great difficulties keep their even course. Which are you like?—*Publisher Unknown.*

"I Know That My Redeemer Liveth"

Reichel was conducting the final rehearsal of his great choir for the production of the "Messiah." The chorus had sung through to the point where the soprano solo takes up the refrain, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The soloist's technique was perfect—she had faultless breathing, flawless enunciation. After the final note all eyes were fixed on Reichel to catch his look of approval. Instead he silenced the orchestra, walked up to the singer with sorrowful eyes, and said, "My daughter, you do not really know that your Redeemer liveth, do you?" "Why, yes," she answered, flushing, "I think I do." "Then sing it," cried Reichel. "Tell it to me so that I will know and all who hear you will know that you know the joy and power of it." Then he motioned the orchestra to play again. This time she sang the truth as she knew it and had experienced it in her own soul, and all who heard wept under the spell of it. The old master approached her with tear-dimmed eyes, and said, "You do know, for you have told me."—*Selected.*

A secular weekly tells the story of a little fellow whose experience represents a good many older people. He had reached that epoch in a boy's life when he gets his first pants, and the uplift unsettled his spiritual equilibrium. Hitherto he had been a devout little Christian and usually joined his little sister every morning in asking the Lord's help and blessing for the day, but this morning, when he looked at his new pants, and felt himself a man, he stopped his little sister as she began to pray for him as usual. "Lord Jesus, take care of Freddie today, and keep him from harm," and like poor Simon Peter, in his own self-sufficiency, he cried out, "No, Jennie, don't say that; Freddie can take care of himself now." The little saint was shocked and frightened, but knew not what to do. And so the day began, but before noon they both

climbed up into a cherry tree, and while reaching out for the tempting fruit, Freddie went head foremost down into an angle between the tree and the fence, and with all his desperate struggles and his frightened sister's he was utterly unable to extricate himself, and at last he looked up to Jennie with a look of mingled shame and intelligence and said, "Jennie, pray; Freddie can't take care of himself, after all." Just then a strong man was coming along the road, and the answer to their prayer quickly came as the sturdy arms in a few minutes had taken down the fence and Freddie was free, and went forth with a lesson for life, to walk like Simon Peter, with downward head and humble trust in a strength and care more mighty than his own.—A. B. Simpson, in *A Larger Christian Life.*

Why He Succeeded

A lady I knew came back to the place she had lived as a child. Passing a fine, big house, she read a name on the brass plate upon the door. "Who is Dr. Joseph Walker?"

"What, don't you remember him? He lived in a little house close to your father's farm."

"What! Joe Walker, who used to pick berries for us in the summer?"

"Do you remember anything much about him?"

"No, except I remember my father said the berry rows Joe picked never had to be gone over the second time. He did his work well, and I remember he never wasted a moment."

"Well, that's just what they say of him now. That's how he has made a success."—*Unknown.*

The Parable of the Sponge

"Theodore Monod, speaking of a man's being in Christ and having Christ in him, said, 'I take a sponge and put it in the water, but see! the water is also in the sponge!' The illustration is equally apt in reference to the present subject. If you are in the Spirit, you should be filled with the Spirit. Keep in the Spirit all the time and let the Spirit fill you all the time.

"But somebody raised the objection that man was sinful and imperfect, and asked what was to be done with his sin. Mr. Monod, replying in his inimitable way, said, 'You take a sponge and you plunge it into water, and when it is under water what happens? Bubble! bubble! bubble! bubble! The fact of its being in the water drives all the air out!' Oh! I love to see Christian people when they begin to bubble! bubble! bubble! bubble! when the inferior thing is expelled by the superior, the less by the greater!"—*Earnest Worker.*



Bible Training School Celebrates Silver Anniversary

The Silver Anniversary of the Church of God Bible Training School was celebrated on Wednesday, February 3, 1943. Twenty-five years of continued growth from a one-room school with six students to an institution where over forty classes met during the first half of Founder's Day. It has been marvelous, and as the students rose to sing the "Alma Mater," beginning the afternoon service, it seemed as though they wished to sound and resound their thanks to the Church which has stood behind the school, and especially to those teachers and superintendents who have labored and struggled so faithfully to make the school what it is today.

The grand drapes opened on the Girls' Glee Club, which sang "My Faith Looks Up to Thee" like a benediction of the past and an invocation on all future possibilities. A second curtain was drawn on the Boys' Glee Club, which sang a new song by Rev. Vep Ellis, "Traveling Homeward," which fittingly portrayed the journey of those who have labored and are laboring for the school. Then like echoes from the past quarter century, sweet strains of "Precious Memories" drifted through the auditorium as Mrs. Nora Chambers, the first teacher of Bible School; Rev. J. B. Ellis, the first superintendent; Rev. J. H. Walker, the fourth superintendent; and Rev. Zeno C. Tharp, the present superintendent, went to the stage. As the last note faded, Rev. Frank Lemons, member of the School Board, arose and asked the blessings of the Lord upon the afternoon service.

Then the "precious sacred scenes" from yesterday at B.T.S. were unfolded to the present student body. Sister Chambers, the first speaker, opened her speech with this startling question: "If we, twenty-five years ago, could have drawn back the curtain and seen what we see today, wouldn't we have been encouraged?" Then she added, "And today, I want to look to the future, at what the school will be twenty-five years from now." Such a vision within the heart of the one who was willing to take the school when it was struggling in its infancy, unable to guarantee a salary, was certainly an inspiration to the ones who are still carrying on. "I felt such a load settle over me the first morning we opened school. I didn't think I could carry it, but as the students prepared their lessons, I prayed. Soon I felt the presence of an unseen guest. He assured me that He would be with us and help us, and He did! All

through the years He has been in the Bible Training School, and I see He is still here with you. I'm sure it is only because of Him that we have made the advancements that we have. We had our dark days and our bright days. It was a dark day when Brother Lee said the school would have to close. But we went to prayer and got our heads together to help answer our own prayers. Sister Lee gave her canned goods and bought no clothes that year. Sister Garner, the matron, did the cooking for no pay. It was a bright day when a promising young man of Florida entered the school. We thought sure he had a bright future and would make a mark. That was Brother Tharp, and I guess his superintendency is the mark he made. It was also a bright day when a young man from Louisiana came to us with such promising prospects. That was Brother Walker and I guess his mark was made when he was elected General Overseer."

Rev. J. B. Ellis followed Sister Chambers. "The school continued to have both dark and bright days," he said. "There were times when it seemed the school was almost ready to go on the rocks. Finances were low and there was little food, but the Lord supplied our needs in a marvelous way when we prayed. That's the way we got along—by prayer. It is a great comfort to my soul to find out on the battlefield students from the Bible School who are winning souls for Jesus. You needn't expect easy sailing in this world, but you can keep on the upward way by battling against the forces of unrighteousness. The highest qualities in personality cannot be brought out without some hard trials and suffering. We have to get to the place every now and then where we feel like failures so that we will depend on God. Don't envy anyone's gifts and graces, but work together with every one. We should recognize that it is a high, heaven-born privilege to work with God. The increase must come from God. Remember, it takes God with you to have an increase. A whole loaf Christian is a selfish one. You can never feed the multitudes unless you break the loaf. When the bread was broken and blessed, it fed the multitudes. Without being broken and blessed, it was not sufficient for the little boy himself. It certainly didn't impoverish him to share with the multitude and it won't impoverish you."

Rev. J. H. Walker arose as Brother Ellis finished his talk to continue the story of the development of the school.

He spoke of the precious memories of Brother F. J. Lee who served as superintendent of the school for one year and has now gone to his reward for his faithful service. He also spoke of Brother T. S. Payne, superintendent for six years, who was unable to attend the anniversary service. During the administration of Brother Walker the school grew rapidly and rose from an enrollment of about 90 students to 259 students. Several new departments, commercial and music, were added to the school, and the Lord greatly blessed. Many who came to the school during these years had to sacrifice greatly, some went hungry, and there were few conveniences for anyone. The buildings were inadequate, but many of the greatest preachers in the Church of God attended school during this period. The same sentiment was expressed in Brother Walker's speech as in the others that it was the Lord who has helped and made the way for the school to grow and prosper.

Brother Tharp closed with a call for complete consecration. "Great spirituality has always been the most outstanding thing about the school," he cried. "We must keep it so! We must dedicate and consecrate our all to the Lord's service!"

As he reached this climax a girls' chorus sang "Take My Life and Let It Be." Surely the entire faculty and student body, as well as every visitor, responded to the vibrant chords and marvelous words of this great old hymn, and consecrated themselves to the Lord as they stood and prayed together the closing prayer.

A twilight anniversary supper was served in the cafeteria at 5:00 o'clock for the faculty, student body, and visitors, including all the General Officials, the School Board, the Mission Board, Sister Alda B. Harrison and Dr. Dean Dutton, with the afternoon speakers as guests of honor. The program was opened very effectively by a Silver Anniversary pageant featuring the spirit of Christian education robed in garments of blue, symbolic of truth. In her hand she carried "the torch of learning" with which she lighted twenty-five white candles graduated in height to represent the growth of the school during each year. "Twenty-five years ago the leaders of the Church of God realized that the teaching gospel was just as much a part of the Christian religion as the preaching gospel," she said. Year after year the

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Bible Lessons

THE WISE EXCHANGE

RUBY THOMPSON

Thoughts for the Leader

The word "exchange" carries various shades of meaning, but let us consider it in the light of the following definition: a central office or place of business where things or services are transferred for an equivalent. The largest cities in the world have been developed around the principle of the exchange of commodities and services. If one has the equivalent, there is practically no limit to the material things or services he can buy in a large city.

But the exchange office we wish to consider is one that deals with things of eternal value. The central office is an altar of prayer, and Jesus Christ is the Dealer. He is waiting for each of us to do business with Him. The peculiarity of His exchange is that He always gives the best He has in return for the best His customer offers, even though the customer's best may be very inferior. Let us consider some of His offers.

FOR EXCHANGE: A KEY AND A PASS TO THE PROMISED LAND

Isaiah 55:1, 2

A boy begins to feel that something vitally necessary is lacking in his life. He goes to the houses of worldly amusement and exchanges all the currency he has for the right to indulge in the activities that have been advertised to bring pleasure. Does that banish the emptiness in his life? No, it only becomes worse. He tries in various ways to make an exchange that will satisfy, but finds none that money can buy. He realizes that his desires are prompted by an evil heart, and that his only hope is to be delivered from its dictatorship. One day he hears about a Man who deals in the exchange of hearts; so he approaches that Man, Christ Jesus, at an altar of prayer and, oh, what a glorious exchange is made! Jesus freely takes the poor boy's sin-burdened heart, turns and gives him a clean, pure heart from the shelves of Grace, and a new creature leaves the exchange. He has learned of a gateway to a new world; he has found the key, and has been granted a pass into the promised land. Deliverance from a series of disappointments and utter failures to a new sense of security within!

FOR EXCHANGE: A BRIGHT, HAPPY, USEFUL LIFE

1 Cor. 6:19, 20; 2 Tim. 2:15

All of us have certain hours or times

when we have to depend on ourselves, and if we have made the most of our opportunities we won't be despondent or overcome. Christ wants us while we are able to give Him the finest strength we possess. When we yield to Him our body, He transforms it into a temple wherein dwells God.

Our minds under His control and applied to study will yield a beautiful garden of pleasant, uplifting thoughts that will not only provide a bountiful store of inspiration to our ourselves, but sharing them with others will brighten our lives immensely. Those who have learned how to gather knowledge and happiness from the world have received from the exchange the secret of transforming their lives into things of beauty. Deliverance from a common and even monotonous everyday life to a vivid, interesting way of life that welcomes the dawn of each new day!

FOR EXCHANGE: GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES FOR LABORERS

Matthew 28:19, 20

After our sin has been exchanged for salvation and our slipshod, careless ways of thinking and living have been replaced by new methods of applying ourselves for a happy, useful life we are next confronted with the problem of a life-work. Anyone wishing to make a mark in the professional field will do well to go to the exchange early in life. The best of self-effort fails to bring a full satisfaction; but in partnership with Jesus those efforts will bear a bountiful harvest on this earth and will tide us over into a blissful eternity. It may be that Jesus will lay your old profession aside and give you a commission to a definite field of labor as a minister, teacher, or missionary; or He may glorify your old job by pointing to opportunities for you to serve Him every day. Christ needs representatives in the fields of secular employment, as well as the active ministry. After all, the world doesn't need many great people. It needs understanding, sympathetic, helpful people, who are willing to do their best to make the particular place in which they live happier because they live there. That mission is given to everyone. Deliverance from a life of wasted self-efforts to a life of definite labor for the Master.

LIGHTED PATHWAY LESSON

Each month we are using one Lighted Pathway program. From now on we will publish only three lessons as we must save all the space possible. We want you to test these programs out and see how you like them.

Run over the material and select three, four or five speakers according to their ability to speak. If your speakers are new and you think the talks may be

short, select more on your program. Perhaps some one would like to talk on the story "Rachel" and use some of the Old Testament prophecies as a scripture lesson. This is a true story and pictures the life of the Jewish people as seen by a Jewish missionary.

Then there is the Helps for Tempted Page. Give a good comforting message on the article or the poem. Read your paper well and then make out your program as the Lord may lead. Begin all programs in time so that your leader may have a chance to work and pray for a good meeting.

ANTECEDENTS OF EASTER

ESTHER HOLLAND

Scripture: Matt. 16:21-23

Our hearts rejoice and are made glad on Easter when we think of the resurrection of our Lord. We think of the time when our bodies will be brought forth from the clay and our spirits be reunited with them and we shall sail away to live with Him in glory forever. But oftentimes it seems as if we fail to think of the price that brought Easter to us. There must be a cross, if a crown. There must be suffering, if rejoicing. There must be bitterness before we can enjoy the sweet things of life. The sun shines brightest just after the cloud and the storm. And as we study the events which took place before the resurrection of our Lord, let us bring our hearts into that deeper consecration that we may be willing to suffer in order that we may reign with Him.

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY

Matt. 21:1-9

Meek and lowly (an example to His followers) He rides the humble ass into the city of the King, His city. The poor and children acknowledged Him and gave Him appropriate praises; the rich rebuked, but Jesus rode on. As He entered Jerusalem meek and lowly we, too, must become meek and humble in order for Him to enter our hearts. But when we reach that stage of humility and repentance, He will enter and make us to triumph over sin and temptation. He desires to give us that power to overcome at all times, and to make us to triumph through His grace, which is sufficient in every case.

THE LAST SUPPER

Luke 22:14-20

Jesus expressed a deep desire to eat this meal with His disciples before He suffered. There was a reason. He wanted to teach them that as the bread and wine were to sustain their physical bodies, so the bread of heaven, Jesus Christ, was broken for them. Truly we cannot accept Christ as a whole, or the whole of His teachings at one time, for our understanding is very limited, but

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we can take a little here and a little there, learn one truth at a time, and grow in the nurture of His body. It seems as if His body was broken that as we take a little particle as it were today, that becomes a part of our very being. Then take a little more tomorrow and let it do the same, and so on we become more and more like Him. Then the blood is the life, and we must drink of it through faith in order to sustain our spiritual life. The blood cleanses from ALL sin; it heals our bodies; it contains power to put the enemy to riot, power to overcome temptation, and power to keep going for Jesus. Jesus did not leave a monument of stone, but He left this memorial, the greatest of all memorials, that we might remember His suffering, death and resurrection for us, and that through these we might be overcomers, also.

GETHSEMANE

Matt. 26:36-45

What a picture! What agony! What heaviness! What love! Jesus pouring out His own blood in agony for the worries that come to mankind! "And he went a little farther" expresses more than we can understand. Truly, He went farther in suffering there than any human has gone; He went farther in complete surrender; He went farther in prayer; He went farther in love. None other has penetrated those regions to the depths that Jesus did that day. Not only so, but when the victory was won in Gethsemane and He could say, "Not mine, but thy will be done," then He went farther in death than any other; He went down to the depths where He could rescue those souls that were bound and gave them deliverance; then He ascended to the throne of God, and bids us follow Him. Let us be willing to walk in the Garden with Him and find His grace to supply.

THE TRIAL OF JESUS

John 18:28; 19:12

False witnesses, false accusers! Mobs of spectators filled with wrath and blasphemy! Friends gone! Forsaken by even the inner circle! Thus Jesus stood before Pilate, Caiaphas, and Herod. No one to plead His case, no one to speak a word of comfort or cheer, no friend to be near Him during these hard hours! But Jesus stood meek like a lamb; He had prayed through. He denied no charge, He called for no witness, He called for no host from heaven, although He said that He could do so and His Father would send more than twelve legions, a great host from heaven to fight for Him. But He had one objective in mind—that was to go to the cross for everyone. He was willing to give His life if only those, His creatures, His people, would believe and accept Him. But

His own received Him not, they did not desire His Messiahship, but feared the people instead. Then He was condemned by His own, and treated shamefully through scourging, being spit upon, blindfolded, and mocked. But did He flinch? Not once! He bore it all that we might live.

CRUCIFIXION AND BURIAL

See the King of kings, a meek, lowly, benefactor marching up Calvary's hill bearing the most menial of emblems, the cross, on which He was to hang! Did He flinch? did He fail? did He murmur? did He complain? NO!!! But as meek as the lamb He was. He laid Himself down upon the cruel tree and willingly let the heartless Roman soldiers drive those horrible spikes through His hands and His feet. But it was not enough that His precious life blood flowed from His holy hands and feet and the bruised back, and His thorn-crowned brow, but they pierced His side. From this side there came forth a fountain that has cleansed many sinners and will continue to cleanse them as they come to Him and they are made whiter than snow and given an inheritance in that land of light where He has gone to prepare a place for all who will accept Him. As He hung there and the angry mob reviled and mocked Him, He uttered seven sentences. These all have very significant meanings, but the greatest was "It is finished." And with that was finished the plan for our redemption. But note that His prayer for those, His enemies, preceded the finished work.

Great funeral processions have been the occasions of many famous people in the world, but He had no funeral procession; no flowers, though He created the most beautiful ones; no costly casket or robe, but only a borrowed tomb of the rich Joseph of Arimathea. But He needed it for only a short time, for He would soon be with His disciples again and then go to His Father and our Father.

WHAT A LIVING CHRIST MEANS TO EACH INDIVIDUAL

WILMA UNDERWOOD

Thoughts for Leader

"I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive forever more." Rev. 1:18. Yes, Christ is alive forever more. Never again will He be taken as a lamb to the slaughter, for the price has been paid and the living Savior now sits at the right hand of the Father. This is why we celebrate Easter. At Easter time so many people think only of new suits and dresses, beautiful flowers and community egg hunts and fail to think of the resurrected Christ. On this Easter

let's pause and ask ourselves, "What does Easter really mean to me?"

ASSURANCE

A living Christ means assurance. The human heart hungers for spiritual certainty—assurance as to the soul's destiny. If Christ had not risen from the dead, how could we believe anything about the gospel? If Christ be not risen "we are of all men most miserable." Our faith would be in vain. But we have a living Christ—because His Spirit witnesses with ours. Therefore, we have no grounds for doubt as to any truths of the gospel. Christ's resurrection confirmed every claim He made of Himself. He is able to save all who come to Him. All that Christ claimed to be, He was. All He purposed to do, He did. All He promises to do now, He will do, for Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever. A living Christ means assurance to my salvation and a security of my soul.

FELLOWSHIP

On the day of Christ's resurrection, Cleopas and a friend started from Jerusalem to Emmaus thinking Christ was dead. They had been hearing reports that He had risen, but not believing, their hopes of a living Christ and Redeemer had been dashed to the ground. But consider the remainder of their journey. "Jesus himself drew near and went with them." Not knowing He was the Christ, they told Him all that had happened. When He seemed on the verge of leaving them, they said, "Abide with us." They were enjoying His fellowship. As He blessed and brake the bread at mealtime their eyes were opened and they knew Him. He then vanished from their sight. But they returned to Jerusalem with joy, faith and hope because of their fellowship with the living Christ.

Many people are on the Emmaus road today. They are laden with trouble and sorrow. They need the fellowship of the living Christ. His presence will bring light in the midst of darkness, comfort in sorrow, victory in failure and life in the time of death. Let us as Christians live a life so clean and good that the world may know we have fellowship with Christ.

POWER

A living Christ means that each Christian can have the power to live victoriously the Christian life. When Jesus was on Mt. Olivet about to ascend into heaven, He told the disciples to tarry in Jerusalem until they had received power, for "ye shall receive power after the Holy Ghost is come upon you." Being obedient servants of the Lord, they went to Jerusalem, to the upper room to tarry for the promise. When the day of Pentecost was fully come, they heard a sound from heaven as a mighty rushing



wind and it filled the whole house where they were sitting. "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance."

They praised God because they had received power—power to fight the enemy, power to live a more victorious life, power to be a better soul winner.

ETERNAL LIFE

We yearn for assurance of life beyond the grave. But where is the certainty to confirm our belief and satisfy our longing? We find it in a living Christ. Because He lives we shall live also. We can face death without fear, remembering the words of Jesus to Martha, "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." John 11:25-26. For the unsaved, death means darkness and doom, but for those who have put their faith in the living Christ, death means that they shall be with the Lord to behold His glory. We shall have "a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Doesn't it mean much to have and serve a living Christ?

A COMMISSION

A living Christ means that His redemption work must go on. The scriptures revealed that Christ must suffer, die, and be raised from the dead on the third day, and that repentance should be preached in His name to all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. Christ revealed Himself to His first followers after His resurrection, not only to confirm their faith and comfort their hearts but to charge them with a commission to be His witnesses and to preach the gospel to every nation.

What better can we do today than be a witness for the living Christ?

Amount Sent From Each State to the Fund for Sending Lighted Pathways to Soldiers

Virginia	\$71.80
Illinois	63.00
Alabama	13.00
Florida	12.00
Georgia	10.00
Texas	7.00
Michigan	7.00
Oklahoma	6.00
South Carolina	5.30
Delaware	3.00
Maryland	3.00
Washington, D. C.	3.00
Pennsylvania	2.00
Missouri	2.00
California	1.94
Kentucky	1.00

The one who talks the most sometimes has the least to say.

Children's Page

AN EASTER FLOWER

Easter time is flower time. The hill-sides are made beautiful and fragrant by flowers of all kinds. How we enjoy picking the delicate springtime flowers, and how thankful we are to our heavenly Father for making them every one!

Let us draw a flower in our notebooks. Yes, you may use your crayolas. Let us first draw a circle with the yellow crayon. This will form the center of our flower, and since this is to be a resurrection flower, we will write "Christ" within the yellow circle. He always should be in the center of our lives, shouldn't He?

Then with other crayons draw petals about the yellow center. We will let each petal represent some blessing that has become ours because the Lord Jesus arose from the dead on that wonderful resurrection day so long ago.

In Romans 10:9 we read: "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Therefore we will draw our first petal and print on it the word "Salvation," and under it the reference, Romans 10:9. What a wonderful thing it is, boys and girls, when you know that you are saved. I long that each of you may be sure of this great fact.

Let us read in John 11:25 the words of the Lord Jesus to Martha: "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." We will draw our second petal

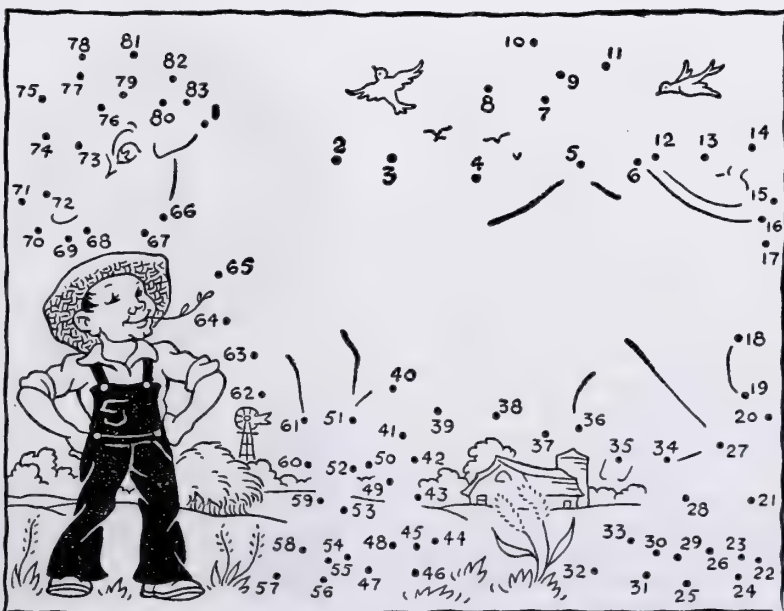
and on it write "Life." The Lord Jesus who was raised from the dead and is living today gives eternal life to all who believe on Him as Savior. "And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish . . ." He said in John 10:28.

In 1 Corinthians 15, we can find many lovely petals for our flowers. Read verses 17, 19, 20 and 51-53. Because He did arise from the dead, we may make a petal of "Faith" and "Hope" and "Resurrection," for we who believe in the Lord Jesus look forward to a day when we shall be changed into His likeness. What a wonderful day that will be! Then we shall live with Him forever in the beautiful home He has gone to prepare. "Let not your heart be troubled," He said to His disciples before He went away, and He gave them the reason: "I go to prepare a place for you" (John 14:1, 2). Let us then write "Heavenly Home" on another petal. (You may add other petals.)

What a lovely flower we have! And all of these precious blessings are ours, boys and girls, because on that glad resurrection day the Lord Jesus lived again, and the angels could truly announce, "He is risen."

Now we will finish our flower by drawing a long green stem and by writing on it "The Word of God," for we find all of these wonderful truths in God's Book, the Bible.—M. S. H.

Letting God have His way in our lives is the best course we can take to cure ourselves of selfishness.



Dear Sir,

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 25th inst. in relation to the above matter.

I am sorry to hear that you are unable to visit us at the present time, but I trust that you will be able to do so at a later date.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours,
R. L.

THE HEALER

(Continued from page 7)

"The Healer," she said, "who is also a Messiah, laid His hands upon my twisted back, and lo, it was strong again! He laid His fingers upon my brow, and beautiful thoughts sprang suddenly into my mind, and my soul was made clean. And I, blinded with tears of joy, hurried from His side to bring the tidings to my son—the tidings of my returned strength and of my new," she paused, "my new birth!"

"Where is my son?" Her old eyes had ceased to search the dark space at the top of the stairs.

The woman did not laugh. "Courage, old crone," she said. "Last night Roman soldiers came and took thy son to the prison."

Under ordinary circumstances the mother of Barabbas would have burst into revilings against the law, would have uttered words that echoed the viciousness of her son's vocabulary. But now she was remembering the light that had lain across the brow of a Man who had wonderfully healed her. She was remembering other words, friendly and sweet, that had fallen from His lips.

"It is the will of God," said the mother of Barabbas.

And perhaps no stranger words had ever been uttered in that house of thieves.

One bright morning, as the old woman knelt at her window, searching the thronging street with unseeing eyes, she heard a burst of shouting. And because there was suddenly something electric and magical in the atmosphere she peered down into the street.

At first the mother of Barabbas did not see clearly. And then, when she did see, she wondered why the people below were making such hysterical sounds—why they were flinging garments and green branches into the dust of the street. She had watched many holiday-mad crowds in that street below, but never had she seen a crowd that acted as this crowd acted!

Something prompted her to lean far out of the window. And then, coming down a lane that the people made, riding over a carpet of green palms, she saw Him moving toward her—the Healer who had given her back her strength, who had made her crooked back straight. It was incredible that He should be journeying through her own city!

"Jesus," she cried reedily, as she flung from the window, "Lord Jesus, thou art come again into my life. Thou who gave me back my strength, give me back now that which is more than my strength! Give me back the son of my body, the son of my heart. The Roman soldiers have taken away my son, Lord Jesus. But

thou, who art all-wise and all-powerful, canst give him back to me!"

The people, below in the street, were shouting and waving palms. The Healer, with His head bowed humbly, with the light of love shining from His strong, beautiful face, was riding by just under the window. He did not look up at the little fragile figure that leaned perilously on the sill. Indeed, no human ears could have heard her faint-voiced plea! But somehow, as He passed below that window, the little woman knew a strange, inexplicable sense of comfort.

Hours again dragged into days. But now the mother of Barabbas went singing about the homely tasks of her small household. When the intimates of her son dropped in to see her—to give her some hint of the fate which they knew awaited Barabbas—her very cheeriness made it impossible for them to break to her the news of a sentence that stood for death.

They came to offer her condolences. They stayed to listen to her prayers. Prayers not only for her son, but for them! Ordinarily they would have laughed at those prayers, but they did not laugh.

"I'm tidying our room," the old woman said. "I will garnish it with branches from some tree. I will wash the linen that Barabbas will wrap around his body when he returns. Jails are dirty places—he will be glad of the spotlessness of this dwelling place!"

The young woman ventured a remark. "What," she said, "if Barabbas comes not again? What of that, old woman?"

But the mother of Barabbas, hurrying about the room on feet that for years had not even been able to walk slowly, laughed. And a curious, calm note lay in her laughter and her speech.

"Ah, but there is no chance of his not coming," she told her caller, "for I my-

self called down to the Healer; as He passed."

The younger woman again ventured a remark. "But perhaps," she told the mother of Barabbas, "the Healer heard you not!"

The mother of Barabbas paused in her work. "He did not look upward at me," she agreed, "but that does not mean that He heard me not. One who can rebuild a crooked back by the laying on of His hands can surely hear that which is in a heart."

The younger woman shrugged and left the room.

"She's touched," she told the friends of Barabbas, who waited below. "She's mad. This Messiah who came riding through the streets has softened her brain."

One of the friends of Barabbas spoke harshly. "He has softened other brains," said the friend. "But, mark you, He will come to grief, this Healer! There are those in the city who look askance at His growing power. I have heard talk of uprisings—"

The friend of Barabbas leaned forward and whispered from behind a raised hand. And the woman with the tousled hair shrugged again.

It was true. For the Healer named Jesus, the man who had mended so many broken bodies and souls, was indeed living through a curious time. The city that had greeted Him with hosannas and green waving branches was beginning to criticize His every deed, His every kind word. It was a brutal time, when opinion changed as the wind changes—when suspicion and envy and cruelty ran hand in hand.

But the man Jesus went about His way as calmly as though He were not aware of the structure of lies that was being built in the warped minds of the people. And His smile was as bright, the love in His eyes was as undimmed, as it had been on the day when, in a camp outside the city's wall, He had laid His strong fingers on the withered back of a little old woman.

The man Jesus met with His associates as He had planned — He broke bread with His friends and gave comfort to them. And finally, one night in an upper room—not unlike the upper room in which the mother of Barabbas waited for her son—He spoke words, over sacramental bread and wine, that were to echo across the centuries.

And then He went from the upper room to a garden to pray . . .

News that travels by word of mouth can go incredibly far. There were some distant corners of the land that knew of His plight the day after Jesus had been taken from the garden by the soldiers. Verbal news can also travel slowly, and so it was that there were some cor-





ners in the very city of His capture that did not know what had happened!

The mother of Barabbas, singing at her work, heard no tale of a betrayal and a broken faith. Indeed, as she arranged tufts of vivid spring grass in a jug of water, as she baked little unleavened loaves of bread, her heart and soul were radiant with the feeling that her son would soon be coming back to her side.

"Perhaps," one said to another, as they passed by below the window of her room, "perhaps the knowledge that this Healer has been taken and sentenced will bring her madness to a height, especially so, when she learns of her son's impending doom. It is better that she should not know!"

She did not know that her son's name was suddenly upon the lips of the crowd. Had she heard it shouted, she might not have recognized it, for the name of Barabbas was one that had been whispered more often than it had been shouted in the streets.

There was a tall hill, and up the slope of it toiled a weary Man, a Man with a piteous question, and a brave answer in His tired eyes. And as He passed, with His robe dragging in the dust and rivulets of blood running from the crown of thorns which He wore, the crowd pressed forward. Some among the crowd were those who had called ugly names and jeered, but there were some who sobbed and little children who stretched out pleading hands to One who had always smiled before . . .

And then, somehow, the cross had reached the hilltop and was standing with two others stark against the sky. And there was laughter and singing, and there were shouts and groans. And at the foot of the central cross women wept and soldiers gambled. And if the echoes of the hill's agony reached as far as the upper room in which the mother of Barabbas lived, she took it to be only a hint of distant thunder.

"Mayhap," she was telling herself softly, "my son, my strong, handsome son, will be with me this evening! And we'll sit together in the lamplight, while he hears of the plans that I have made, while I outline to him the story of a new life."

The sky was growing darker. A storm was truly coming. There was a clap of thunder, and the mother of Barabbas scuttled to the window to fasten it against the elements. And then a flash of lightning filled the room with a strange, unearthly radiance, and she saw—standing in the doorway—a silent figure with a white, tortured face. She saw, waiting her, the one for whom she had waited—Barabbas, her son!

Silently he had climbed the stairway, silently he had paused in the doorway with his two hands outstretched! It was

toward those outstretched hands that his mother darted.

"See, Barabbas," she called, "see, I fly to meet thee, I who have not walked for years. It was the Healer, Barabbas. He gave back to me the strength of my limbs."

Barabbas passed one shaking hand across his brow. He was oddly unnerved.

"Is it a dream that you run toward me?" he asked dully, while his strong fingers took tight hold of his mother's thin, little shoulder. "But no, it is not a dream—" the fingers made livid marks on that shoulder,—"you are real."

Tears were streaming down the old woman's face, but she was smiling through them. "Aye, I am real, my son," she told him, "and I move as you see, with ease. O Barabbas," she urged him, "kneel with me and give thanks! Thanks for my returned vigor and for your—return! Both are the gifts of the Healer, who heard my halting words of supplication. Kneel, Barabbas—"

Another flash of lightning swept through the quiet place. It lighted the neatness of that upper room with a holy fire—it touched the face of Barabbas with something at once wan and child-like. Awkwardly, as one in the grip of an overpowering emotion, he slumped down on the floor beside his mother. And, as he knelt, scenes from his ugly, tumultuous life rose before him. He might have been drowning, so rapidly the scenes appeared.

Scenes rose up in his mind—and regret rose in his heart while his lips, that had mouthed so many blasphemies, twisted into the piteous semblance of a smile, and his hands—that had robbed and killed—were folded. It was as if an enchantment lay across his great body—an enchantment of resurrection.

But the old woman was speaking softly. "Thank you, Messiah," she said. "Thank you for answering me. Make this life of mine, that you have renewed, a life of beauty. Take this man, my son, into your holy service. Forgive us our sins, Lord! Use us, Jesus, if it be your will."

She paused. For the hand of her son was grasping her old fingers so tightly, so tensely, that the pressure hurt. And the rekindled eyes of him were swept with a curious look of agony—and of loss.

"Jesus," the voice of Barabbas echoed the name that his mother had spoken. "It is to the man Jesus that—you pray? Is Jesus the name of your Healer? Why, Jesus is the name of the one to whom Pilate would have granted release—save only that the people chose me! Jesus—" the roughened voice had dropped to a whisper, "why, this very hour He has my place—upon a cross . . ."

—*The Forward.*

STONES THAT HINDER

(Continued from page 6)

of the man who seeks to witness there, and destroy his spiritual power.

For example, someone can preach the gospel better than I can preach it; he has a more fascinating personality than I have, is gifted with eloquence that I do not possess, seems to live in the limelight, is always being invited to address groups, is popular as a teacher wherever he goes. But I live in the shadows, and my ministry is unpretentious. If I am not very careful, jealousy will enter my spirit and destroy my vision and create wrong feelings regarding my fellow preacher.

What if someone else can preach the gospel better than I can preach it? He cannot preach a better gospel. And if he can preach it better than I, if he has a more winning personality, if God has blessed him with outstanding gifts that have not been bestowed upon me, these very facts give my brother a greater responsibility than that of his weaker brother. I ought to pray for him, that God might keep him humble and get the utmost glory from his ministry. If I surround him with my loving intercession, then at the judgment seat of Christ I shall share in his reward.

My pastoral work leads me to say that nothing can ruin the influence of a choir, or of a congregation, or of an official board more quickly and tragically than jealousy can ruin it. It is time that we closed our church doors and had a frank talk among ourselves, about the things that hinder the work of the Holy Spirit in our midst. It is hypocrisy to speak about revival and say we yearn for it unless we are willing to face honestly what we know to be wrong and expel those evils from our personal and corporate life.

Jesus said, "Take ye away the stone." III. *There Is the Stone of Worldliness.*

It was my privilege a few years ago to travel through Britain, from one end of the land to the other, speaking in various churches. My heart was saddened by what I saw. One day I passed a well-known church, and saw this notice posted:

"Great week end Saturday and Sunday. Saturday evening, grand concert by the famous minstrels including the renowned Andy and Doeg in their tap dancing and vocal specials. Rod Tevol with his famous accordion. Sambo in jokes and songs and duets and plantation choruses, etc. The whole show conferred by Mana Johnson. Price of admission sixpence."

Is that the kind of church which cost my Lord His life in order to bring it into existence? No, the miracle of Pentecost was this: God, by the Holy Spirit,



placed the church in the world. The masterpiece of Satan is the reversal of the divine order; he has placed the world in the church. Because of her worldly compromises, the church has lost her authority. Church members who hanker after dances, whist parties, and theatrical displays need to be reminded that ministers are not amusement caterers, but men sent from God to preach the Word of God; and that churches should exist for one purpose supremely, and that is the glory of God in and through the salvation and sanctification of souls. Here again, we have an individual responsibility. In this worldly age, Christian people too frequently have been caught up by the spirit of the age, and have failed to separate themselves from things belonging to the world system.

A broken-hearted minister said to me recently: "Mr. Lockyer, on a Sunday night when I come to my church, I cannot find room to park my car, because the space is taken up by many of my own church people who are on the spot early, that they might go to the nearby movies on Sunday night." In another town, I learned that although the minister was very orthodox and fundamental in his preaching, he had a free pass into all the movies in the city.

Oh, I know that people regard us as being narrow and antiquated. But as we look into the Word, we find that if we have the love of the world in our hearts, the love of the Father is not there (cf. 1 John 2:15). And did not Christ Himself say of His followers, in that high-priestly prayer of His: "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world" (John 17:16)? Whether we juggle with the truth or not, it is there. And unless we have complete separation from the attractions of a Christ-hating world, we can have no power with God. One may be a preacher of the Word, a teacher in Sunday School, or a deacon, or an elder, or some other officebearer. But unless that one is prepared to be separated *unto God*, the Lord cannot work through him or her in bringing men and women to spiritual life.

Jesus said, "Take ye away the stone."

IV. *There Is the Stone of Inconsistency.*

This stone can assume various shapes. Sometimes it is seen in our home relations. We cannot divorce our home life from our public service. We may try to do it. There are men who preach and teach the Word and enjoy fame as expositors of the Word. They are public successes, but private failures. If I have no influence over those round about me within the four walls of my own home, God help me when I come to a public platform.

How do you stand in this respect, my

friend? If God cannot use you right where you live, you will be of little use to Him in the great world of need. Suppose you leave home in an irritable frame of mind, saying something that is not Christlike to someone by your side. How can you expect God to pour through you His love and gentleness when, later, you are conducting a public meeting? It may be that if you will make amends in this direction, there will be a change in spiritual life that will surprise you.

This stone of inconsistency may appear also in our business life. You cannot persuade me that God is going to do very much in a church where deacons are found piously standing at the door on the Lord's day, but engaging in crooked dealings in their business life throughout the week. We need to be straightened out on some of these things. We are to have a good report of those that are without. How do some of us stand in respect to debt? There are honorable debts, of course, and God knows all about them. But too often Christians are pathetically careless in this direction. We read in John 1:4, "The life was the light of men." Light always illuminates. Not only our profession, but also the life pulsating through our testimony, must bear the light.

Jesus said, "Take ye away the stone." We read that they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid, and that *Jesus* said, "*Lazarus*, come forth." And I say, men and women, that we can have a revival, in our lives and in our churches, when we want it. When we face honestly those things which we know to be wrong, and bring them to the blood of Christ for cleansing, when we cast away every stone in the path to His progress, then will come the display of divine power and the renewal in us of spiritual life.

HELPS FOR TEMPTED AND TRIED

(Continued from page 4)

can ever give. A certain writer once wrote these words:

*"Oh, the touch of His hand on mine,
Oh, the touch of His hand on mine,
There is grace and pow'r in the trying
hour,*

In the touch of His hand on mine."

We can be glad for that divine touch from God which helps us and the power which keeps us. We are unable to keep ourselves, but the power of God through faith in Christ Jesus alone is able to keep us. We are not sufficient of ourselves but He is our sufficiency.

Isa. 41:10, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee

with the right hand of my righteousness."

Another of God's "Fear nots." Man is such a fearful creature. Do we not read that fear hath torment? If you are always afraid that the gas is not off, or that the water is not turned off, or that the door is not locked, you are tormented. God knows that we are a fearful people.

Jesus says, "Fear not, for I am with thee." It seems strange but it works out in most of our lives when we are fearful, if we can have just a small child with us we are not afraid. Some take their dog or cat, but it seems if we just have something we are not afraid. The child of God has Jesus with him, so he need not be fearful. He encourages us, "Be not dismayed." Every one else may go off the picture, but He is still with you. How weak we are and how frail; (if we do not see our weakness God will show it to us) but God says, "I will strengthen thee." Some people have no backbone for God; the least little thing that comes knocks them down. God says, "Yea, I will help thee." Truly, it is wonderful to have a Helper like God. There are some people who are a great help to you, but there are others who are more of a hindrance than they are a help. God is not that kind of a Helper. We are the weak ones, but He is the stronger One. We need someone to uphold us. Paul said in one of his Epistles, "Lift up * * the feeble knees." There are some people who would tramp on your weakness and put you down further, but Christ puts His hand underneath us and lifts us up and upholds us.

Are we glad today for the abiding presence of the Lord with us? Have you heard the voice of Jesus say unto you, "Lo, I am with you always"?

Let us fight the battle to the gates, and we can so long as God is with us.

EDITOR'S EASTER MESSAGE

(Continued from page 2)

ant, "Port the helm! Back the main top-sail! Lower away the quarter boats!"

While speaking, the officer had rapidly thrown off his coat and boots, and as the head of the frigate came up to the wind, he plunged into the foaming sea, and swam off to the rescue.

The captain was now on the quarter-deck and ordered blue lights to be burned and the guns to be fired at intervals, to show the struggling men and the boats where the ship was. All the men off duty were clustered in the rigging. The captain and officers stood in a group at the lee-quarter rail, and a hush of intense expectation filled every heart. Suddenly a bluejacket aloft cried out, "I hear them, sir," and the boats swept in under the quarter.

"Have you got them?" shouted the



captain. "Yes, sir!" Borne up by two of his mates of the foretop, Sailor Gregory was brought on deck more dead than alive, and the other boat came alongside with the rescued officer.

"Clear the gangway! Help the brave fellow up!" said the captain; and slowly four sturdy sailors came up, bearing the form of the lieutenant. Pea-jackets were hurriedly thrown off to support his head and cover him with, as he was tenderly laid down on the deck, and the doctor knelt beside him.

"How is he, doctor? Speak!" said the captain.

"Sir," replied the doctor, "he is gone!"

"Gone! You don't mean dead?"

"Yes, sir. Dead, quite dead!"

There was a deep sob from the crowd, and Sailor Gregory burst through the ring and threw himself down beside the body of the officer. "He died for me! he died for me!" he cried. "He dived for me as I sank, and bore me up till the boats came," and in a passion of grief and gratitude he kissed the cold hands and brow of his noble deliverer.

The captain hastily retreated into his cabin. Strong, stern seamen standing round, used to storms and dangers, could hardly repress their emotion to witness the devotion of the poor, rescued sailor. But deep though it was, it is only a faint picture of the gratitude that should fill the heart of every redeemed sinner as he thinks of the love of the Lord Jesus Christ. He laid down His life to rescue us from eternal destruction. He died, not for His friends, but for His enemies. I wonder if you can say, "He died for me."

Yes, your friend Jesus Christ died for you, but He is not dead today, He is alive forevermore.

Letters From Our Training Camps

(Continued from page 8)

for they have certain requirements that they must measure up to, for millions of evil eyes are watching us. We must not be hypocrites, for were we such, we would find it impossible to win the sinners.

I was Y.P.E. president at the High-spire church on the Harrisburg district, Pa., when I was drafted into the army. I certainly miss my church and the presence of the saints there. Do pray for me and pray for my lost loved ones.—Pvt. Gilbert Bleyer, Co. "A" 9th Bn., 3rd Plt., Camp Wheeler, Ga.

Bible Training School Celebrates Silver Anniversary

(Continued from page 10)

flames of Christian religion and education have become a part of your religion and education has become a part of your

religion and your religion a part of education. Your candle is the highest and brightest of all, but development must not cease. Your Alma Mater must proudly stand as a moulder and maker of a mankind forever!"

Again the students' voices rose in singing "Alma Mater," after which Dr. Dutton asked God's blessings upon the occasion as well as the school and all its interests.

After a delicious steak supper in the light of the anniversary candles, the following program was given:

"Tribute to the Founders of Bible School"—Lucille Settle.

Solo, "When I Get to the End of the Way"—Winona Jernigan.

Musical Reading, "The Legend of the Twilight Bells"—Mrs. Archie Swiger, accompanied by Mary Elsie Blackwood.

Girls' Glee Club, "The End of a Perfect Day."

Let's Travel Through Mexico

(Continued from page 5)

two of them in the best residential districts. The people all seemed to like him well and to be well pleased with my visit. He did not hesitate to introduce me as the American representative of The Church of God in Mexico, whom they were happy to have visit them. I did not hesitate to tell them what the Church of God believes and stands for and our aims in Mexico, but I did not pour on the doctrine too heavily.

(To be continued)

RACHEL

(Continued from page 3)

"I told you why—because she says you can't be trusted to be left alone!"

"She says so?"

"And I say so too! You make me have to say so by what you've done. You know it is the truth."

Max's anger was quite spent now, but in its place there remained what was yet more terrible to Rachel—broken confidence and grief. Valiantly she set herself to do battle against these, as once more by heroic effort she controlled her inward fury. Burning anger and resentment, outraged self-respect and pride, bitter hatred toward her mother-in-law—all these were in raging tumult within Rachel's breast. But again she held herself strongly in hand.

"Maxie, dearest," she argued gently, "if I can prove to you and to your mother that I can be trusted, then may we not stay here in our own dear home? Won't you urge your mother, Max, to let us stay?"

A hopeless shrug of his shoulders was Max's only answer.

"Oh, but Maxie darling, try," plead-

ed Rachel, as she placed her hands upon his shoulders, and gazed beseechingly into his eyes. "You must try, dearest, to save our home—our beautiful, beautiful home. Oh, we can't give it up, Max, we can't, we can't!"

He no longer repelled her. Rather he drew her to him and gently kissed her hair. The bitter mood was entirely past, but a settled sadness brooded over him.

"Do try, Max," persisted Rachel, "try to make your mother change her mind."

But he only shook his head sadly as they wept together. "It won't do a bit of good, Raychen, anything I say. I did try all evening—to persuade her that everything would come all right—that you really didn't know what you were doing—and that after this you would leave all that Christian stuff alone. But I couldn't get anywhere. Mamma's mind is made up. And you can never change it. You know Mamma! Once Mamma's mind is made up, then believe me, I am telling you, it is made up."

* * * * *

Yes, Mrs. Deborah Kalinsky's mind was quite made up. And no power under Heaven could avail to change it. All too cruelly was Rachel made to realize that fact when next she met her mother-in-law, which was early the following morning. Mrs. Kalinsky lost no time. Once her mind was "made up," action was always prompt and decisive. Rachel was not to be trusted. It was necessary therefore that Mrs. Kalinsky herself assume active generalship over the preparations for moving, which she did forthwith, the redoubtable Sarah standing with her as her efficient and sympathetic ally.

To Rachel the eight days were a never-to-be-forgotten nightmare. From her mother-in-law's determined verdict there was no appeal. For Deborah Kalinsky herself constituted the highest court. When Rachel realized the futility of opposition, hope became despair. The effect was physical prostration. For days she was too ill to stand upon her feet. Hour after hour she could only lie upon her bed watching dumbly and hopelessly through the open doorway the steady destruction of her paradise.

At stated intervals Mrs. Kalinsky or Sarah would bring her food, or minister to her needs in other respects when absolutely necessary. Beyond this, Rachel was as impersonal and as inconsequential to them as the boxes and the barrels they were roping.

Rachel could hear them discussing her between themselves in low, excited tones—as one who had touched the accursed things of Christ and had therefore put herself outside the Jewish family pale. To her direct they addressed scarcely a



word. Max's attitude toward her when he was at home was strained in the extreme. Whenever his mother or Sarah was present—and it was seldom that either one or both of them were not—he dared not speak with her at any length; which fact made his truly genuine efforts at kindness, when he and Rachel were alone, clumsy and altogether fruitless.

Mrs. Kalinsky's method in the disposition of Rachel's possessions was ruthless. The first treasure she disposed of was the cat. She was not going to have "that beast" under her feet while she was packing. Accordingly therefore, at the outset of her operations the grocer's errand-boy was paid five cents to "take it off." Pussy had had no breakfast — Rachel had not dared to give her any—and her hungry, frightened miaow mingled with Rachel's moan as the boy gleefully carried her away.

The decks thus cleared for action, Mrs. Kalinsky and Sarah proceeded happily forthwith upon their self-appointed task of wrecking Rachel's home. Between them they handled all of her affairs quite satisfactorily.

One by one, Rachel, utterly helpless and heartbroken, watched all her treasures disappear from view. Mrs. Kalinsky's appraisal of the household goods was shrewd and calculating, and her decision concerning them wise accordingly. Anything that might be used to good advantage at the big house was carefully sorted out for consignment thither. Things that did not suit her critical fancy were sold to secondhand men who were ordered in. Three separate times Rachel had to undergo the anguish of listening silently to her mother-in-law as she haggled with a Jewish vendor over the price of some cherished object.

The glazed - chintz curtains were ripped down and sold for two dollars and a quarter. The beautiful blue flower bowl went for forty cents; a lovely luncheon cloth that Rachel had embroidered herself for ninety-five.

With bated breath Rachel awaited the disposition of her precious heirlooms—her grandmother's dishes and brasses. These she was resolved that she would fight for, however terrible a scene it might produce. But happily she was spared this indignity. Mrs. Kalinsky herself was too keenly appraising. Every secondhand man grasped at them avidly, but Mrs. Kalinsky appreciated something of their worth and refused all offers however tempting. She had no immediate use for the dishes and brasses in the big house, her kitchen being already overstocked, but she would store them safely in her attic against future occasion. She packed them therefore in a barrel. The samovar was

wrapped carefully in cotton wool and packed by itself in a large wooden box.

It was all over soon. The last day came—cold and bleak and drear. A sleety rain was pouring down. The wind moaned dismally. The atmosphere within the flat was all one with out-of-doors. Inside, as well as out, it was cold and bleak and mournful. The last home-fire had burned itself out through the night, and Rachel's stove, always warm and glowing, now stood black and dead, shrouded over with a film of ashes. The cupboards and the walls and floor were stripped and grim. Nothing was left but the barrels and boxes stacked in the middle of the kitchen, and the last few pieces of furniture required till the end. The moving van called for these at noon. One by one, Rachel, stunned with grief, saw them lifted out . . . The last piece was gone! Nothing remained of Max and Rachel's Eden—nothing except the two painted settles which had formed the beloved inglenook. An hour later, after tensest waiting on Rachel's part, a secondhand dealer called for these. Three other men came with him. Together they lifted the heavy pieces from their places. Rachel, all dressed and ready for her own departure, watched these last two treasures being carried through the door.

(To be continued)

SPECIAL MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Lighted Pathway Readers:

I have a sad little story to tell you that makes my heart very heavy. According to government ruling, we must cut our paper to twenty pages, the loss of sixteen pages. Now you'll have to bear with us as we try to choose wisely the material we use.

Send in anything you desire, but always keep a copy at home so we will not be expected to return material. Please do not send copy and expect it returned.

Some of our good pages will have to be dropped one month and used the next. This month we are not using a Father's and Mother's Page, but from now on this will be one of our regular pages. The children will also have a page regularly. Bible Lessons will be made short. Please be brief and to the point in anything contributed to the paper.

The new Gideons will be discontinued. Each Gideon may send his name and address to his state superintendent. We will record their names here on our mailing list, but will not publish them.

We want to use all the good, inspirational material we can for our young people. Our Exchange Page will be given over to our boys in service, at least a part of the time.

Since I am serving the young people I want to know what pages are the most

popular. How would you like to join a popularity contest and write me a postal telling me which pages you like best?

Please pray for us that we may be inspired to do our best for Christ and the Church.—Editor.

Lighted Pathway Rating

	Sold for March	Total
Alabama	2,285	14,023
Arizona	48	384
Arkansas	414	3,298
California	287	2,411
Canada	331	927
Colorado		51
Delaware	110	1,039
Foreign	160	1,265
Florida	2,107	14,772
Georgia	6,048	37,091
Idaho	70	738
Illinois	4,735	13,168
Indiana	1,014	2,225
Iowa	140	818
Kansas	154	1,450
Kentucky	1,975	11,844
Louisiana	413	3,214
Maine	134	742
Maryland	848	4,183
Massachusetts	28	258
Minnesota	44	624
Michigan	889	4,399
Mississippi	685	4,234
Missouri	516	3,228
Montana	112	896
New Jersey	182	826
Nebraska	14	126
New Mexico	56	546
New York	126	586
North Carolina	5,031	33,514
North Dakota	256	3,023
Ohio	1,114	7,638
Oklahoma	388	2,284
Oregon	112	1,038
Pennsylvania	691	4,702
South Carolina	10,091	61,309
South Dakota	98	684
Tennessee	3,069	17,327
Texas	1,206	13,439
Virginia	3,095	12,065
Washington	203	1,444
Washington, D. C.	140	948
West Virginia	2,039	12,035
Wyoming	14	154
Wisconsin	14	14
	51,486	300,984

February Prize Winner

Mrs. Ollie Hill, Riverside, Ga., is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5.00 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

Honor Roll

V. B. Ellis, Greenville, S. C.
Edwin M. Mortenson, Columbia, S. C.
Beatrice Carroll, Greenwood, S. C.
Mrs. C. W. Jackson, Calhoun, Ga.
Marie Calvert, Tucapau, S. C.
Mae Couch, Fort Mill, S. C.





Glints of Knowledge



Who Is Eligible for Chaplain

"The Navy requires the two degrees, A.B. and B.D., and no precedent period of practical pastoral experience. The age limit is now extended in the Navy as it is in the Army.

"No one will be commissioned in the Army who has not passed his twenty-fourth birthday, or who has passed his fiftieth birthday; no one will be commissioned in the Navy who has passed his fiftieth birthday. The Navy will not consider any applicant who has not had a full college course leading to a bachelor's degree in an accredited college, and full seminary course leading to a B.D. degree, or its academic equivalent.

"The Army will not consider any applicant who has not had at least a full college course in an accredited institution with the A.B. degree or its academic equivalent. Correspondence courses are not accepted. The Army requires three years of normal pastoral experience but lowers this to two years for those who have both A.B. and B.D. from accredited institutions. Students, or part-time pastors, are reckoned for only half time.

"The Navy does not require pastoral experience.

"In other words it is possible for a minister to qualify for a chaplaincy in the Army if he is fully ordained and has at least one degree. Furthermore, if a minister is on trial and is fully ordained he may qualify provided he has at least one degree of A.B. or B.D. If he has but one degree he must have three years of pastoral experience preceding his application; if he has two degrees, that is A. B. and B.D., only two years are required as a precedent pastoral period of active service."

In every country where Hitler's edicts run every day is a day of mourning for Jews.

Of Germany's 200,000 Jews in 1939, all but 40,000 have been deported or have perished; of Austria's 75,000, all but 15,000 at most; of the 80,000 in Bohemia and Moravia, all but 15,000; in Poland more than 600,000 have died; in the Netherlands 60,000 remain out of 180,000; in Yugoslavia 96,000 out of 100,000 are dead, deported, or imprisoned; in Greece all between the ages of 18 and 45 have been enslaved and an unknown number are dead; in France 35,000 out of 300,000 have been deported; of Rumania's 900,000, all but 270,000 are imprisoned, enslaved, deported, or dead; Bulgaria has enslaved 8,500 out of 50,000; Slovakia has deported 70,000 out of 90,000; of Latvia's

100,000, one-fourth are reported massacred, the others enslaved or starving in ghettos.

To sum up this horrible story, it is believed that 2,000,000 European Jews have perished and that 5,000,000 are in danger of extermination. This is the work of Adolph Hitler and his new order.

Missionaries in the Life of America

The first plow that cut the soil of our American prairies was held by a missionary, and this same missionary planted the first wheat in our country. Missionaries were the first to cultivate sugar cane in the South, and they were the first to bring the palm tree and the oranges to California. Missionaries planted the first fig tree in this country, and they brought the first olives here. Missionaries first called attention to the possibilities of the cotton plant. They discovered the salt wells of New York and the copper mines of Michigan. Remember the great debt even modern big business owes to the Church and its missionaries.—*American Lutheran*.

Francis E. Clark once said, "I cannot conceive of the religion of Jesus Christ spreading throughout the world without the use of Christian literature. Since the printing press was invented it has become in some respects the chief Gospel messenger, a silent one, and yet oftentimes more effective than the spoken word."

The printed page can go where you cannot go, stay after you leave, and it will be read, pondered, and remembered when your words are forgotten.

A Large Library

In 18 months the army has built one of the largest library systems in the world. It now operates 2,000 libraries, owns seven and a half million books. An army statistician has calculated that it takes 150 miles of shelving to accommodate the books.—*Education for Victory*.

The Premier Speaks!

When the Prime Minister of a great nation rises to protest the use of intoxicating liquors, that's news of front-page importance!

And that is exactly what the Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, head of the Canadian Government, did. In no uncertain terms he warned the Dominion that it might be in danger of losing out in its war effort because of its inability to discipline its appetites on the home front.

"Since the beginning of the war," said

he, "there has been a steady increase in the consumption of spirits, wine and beer. This increase evidences the extent to which war itself and the excitements and environments created by war, foster dangerous inclinations and tendencies."

War's Cost

Over \$400,000,000,000 so far appropriated by the nations for the World War II, according to the United States Commerce Department figures. This \$400,000,000,000 does not include the cost of dwellings, factories, hospitals, churches, bridges, railroads, goods, ships and cities destroyed, nor the value of 8,000,000 men killed, the millions maimed for life, nor the financial damage to every family in the world. These costs quadruple the actual appropriations, so that at least \$2,000,000,000,000 have been spent or lost in this war.

In other words, the money consumed by this war so far would have given every one of the 400,000,000 families in this world a \$5,000 farm home, composed of forty acres of land, \$2,000; two mules, \$500; two horses, \$450; two cows, \$100; two sows, \$100; one automobile, \$500; 100 hens, \$150; harness, \$200; seed, \$150; furniture, \$50; clothes, \$200; young orchard, \$150; books and Bibles, \$150; total, \$5,000.

This money would build 70,000 bridges of greenback dollars from New York to Frisco, or belt this earth 20,000 times. And this vast sum does not include the unmeasured tears, griefs, agonies, heartaches, blasted hopes, children starved, butchered or killed, home ties broken, miseries. Count if you can also the bitterness, hatred, revenge, malice, vice and the deluge of militarism—dragon's teeth for future wars!—Noah Cooper, in *Chattanooga Times*.

The Largest Cathedral

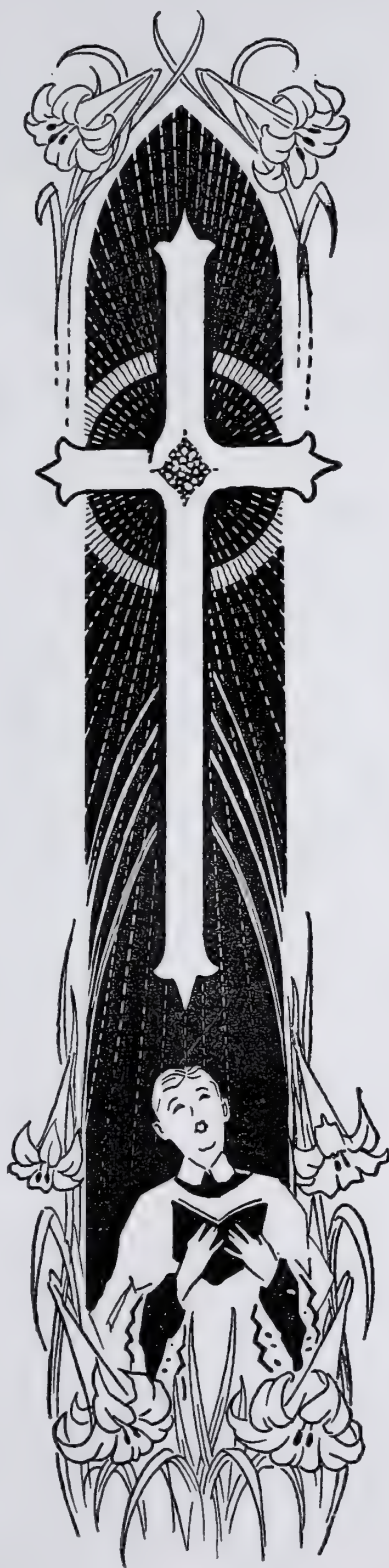
Roman Catholics in Brazil are planning to build in Belo Horizonte, Minas, a cathedral larger than St. Peter's at Rome or St. John's in New York. It will take ten years to build, and will receive state subsidy.—*Sunday School Times*.

The Man of the Year

We believe the greatest leader who has arisen in the midst of the current world crisis and who could best be trusted as the recognized leader of the forces of righteousness on earth today is not a member of the white race nor a member of the clergy. He is not a churchly potentate nor a politician nor an educator but a military man. He is the head of the Republic of China—Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.



Balm in Gilead



*Beloved of my heart—clay—cold and silent,
Your patient, tender smile in death entombed,
Could you but speak with words of consolation
'Twould give me cheer ere hope of life were doomed.*

*O God! Can life go on? My spirit falters—
The skies are brass, all fears my soul surround;
With poignant grief my laden heart doth travail,
I yearn for light, while shadows dark abound.*

*For me—'tis night, though sunshine's smile diffuses;
Bereaved, the best of friends can ne'er impart
The peace I crave to woo my soul quiescent
While death prevails and all around is dark.*

*For me—the dregs, that cup of bitter anguish,
All grief is mine—a deep, abysmal woe!
O broken heart, what balm for thy great sorrow?
And how regain the joys of long ago?*

*My darling's gone! Can she Love's blessing tender?
Ah, no! That place, once honored, empty lies!
Is there no hope?—must death forever sever?
Soul, lift thy gaze, and look beyond the skies!*

*Behold God's Lamb, who for thy sins was wounded,
Despised and rejected, griefs to bear;
Whose blood was spilt on Calvary's dark mountain—
This Man of Sorrows, fairest of the fair,*

*Can lift all burdens, heal the broken-hearted;
To wayworn trav'lers Bread of Life doth feed.
On Him was judgment! Now by grace comes pardon
To souls of men who Jesus' blood will plead.*

*For 'tis the blood which maketh an atonement,
No deeds of sinful flesh can merit bliss.
Christ took the place of sinners lost. Believing,
His Word proclaims: no death but mercy's kiss.*

*And now, through Christ, thy risen, crowned Re-
deemer,
All promise, thine, the sting of death removed.
Saints meet again, with loved ones reunited;
And life with Christ a paradise is proved.*

*It is enough! Since Christ; the balm of healing,
Gives life abundant, death's dark troubles flee.
My spirit looks to Resurrection Morning—
O Blessed Hope! 'Tis immortality!*

—W. Percy Wright.

Monday, 10th April

The first day of the week, Monday, 10th April, was a very busy day. We started at 8.00 AM and went to the office. The first thing we did was to check the mail. There were several letters and a few parcels. We then went to the bank to deposit the money. After that, we went to the post office to send some letters. We then went to the supermarket to buy some food. We had a picnic in the park. In the evening, we went to the cinema. The film was very good. We went to bed at 10.00 PM.



The Lighted Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR



Vol. 14

MAY, 1943

No. 5



PARENTS' ISSUE



"Thy
Word
is
a
Light
Unto
My
Path"

Psalm 119:105



THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

As this is Parents' Issue, we are going to talk to you about a little word that is the name of the greatest institution that exists in the world today. Just a little four-letter word, that word is "Home."

I imagine if we could look into the hearts of our boys in service, away off somewhere, we would find that they long for home. Perhaps they thought home was a very dry, dull place and they were anxious to get away in the big wide world. But now there is a longing for parents and home. So we are going to talk to you about home.

*"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."*

Our home! What a wonderful subject! How humble we feel and how unworthy to attempt to write an article on this subject. We have

to make a home, and during those years our greatest desire has been to have a home that would please our Lord and Master. It is through the joys and sorrows, the victories and defeats in the making of this home that we attempt in this article to help those who may read these pages.

We have learned that only by the abiding presence of the Savior may one's house become a home, as the members of the household give Christ pre-eminence in their lives.

Our home is the one spot on earth where is concentrated the largest per cent of our earthly interest. There are few human beings without a home or the memory of one. The vast multitudes that surge through the streets of the great city are made up of individual souls, each of which tonight will seek some place it calls home.

There are those who roll through streets in limousines, on their way to palaces where brilliant lights and gorgeous tapestry and velvet carpets await their coming.

There are those who walk the frosty pavements with cold and bleeding feet, whose homes are in damp and dreary cellars, or in the rickety garrets of worn and wretched hovels. No lights, no music, no feasts await them, nothing but a crust and a bed of straw. And yet these places in all their wretchedness are the homes of human beings.

Next to religion the home sentiment is the strongest in the human heart. Many a boy and girl out amidst the world's temptations, being almost swept out into the stream of worldliness, have thought of home and mother, father, sister or brother, whose life in that home calls them just at the right time and keeps them safe from Satan's snares. God often uses the influences of home as an instrument in His hands for the salvation of lost souls.

In the dark and loathsome dens of iniquities there are those whose lips for years acknowledged their Creator only in oaths; whose eyes have shed no tears, and whose ears have heard only the blasphemies of drunken revelry. And yet could an unseen hand write upon these walls the word "home," lips would quiver, and eyes would swim with tears.

Do not tell me that germs planted in a boy or girl's heart in a godly home will not bear fruit sometime, somewhere. This powerful influence of home was shown some years ago at Castle Garden, New York. Some ten thousand people had gathered there to listen to that sweet-voiced

singer, Jenny Lind. She began with the sublime compositions of the great masters of song. Her audience applauded her with a respectful degree of appreciation. But at length with sweetness ineffable, born of holy parentage, she poured forth that immortal song, "Home, Sweet Home." At once the irrepressible contagion of sympathy soared through that vast audience. Peel on peel of thunderous applause resounded, until the song was stopped by the very ecstasy of those who listened; and when the soft refrain was heard again that mass of humanity was melted to tears. The great masters were all forgotten, while ten thousand human hearts knelt at the shrine of a poor and obscure outcast. Why was this? Was Howard Payne a greater genius than they? No. It was simply because when sorrow laid his iron hand on the heart of Howard Payne, in his cruel grasp, he chanced to strike that chord which vibrates to a lighter touch than any in the human heart save that alone swept by the Master's hand. The rough experiences of a roaring, toiling, stormy world, may blot out all other images from the mind, but the picture of our childhood home must hang forever on the walls of memory, until the silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl be broken.

The old man may not recall all the experiences, all the struggles and triumphs of his early manhood, but every feature of his childhood home, every little playhouse he helped his sister build, is photographed upon his heart's tablet and can never fade away.

I shall not forget either that day when the chastening hand drew still closer the chords of love and bound the little circle in a common sorrow. The day when hushed footsteps were in the house, and the silent rooms were filled with the odor of flowers, and the door swung outward to let a little casket through.

We have brought out the beautiful side of home and its influences. We are grieved at the thought of another side, but there are homes of another type. Most of the crime and misery of the world are due to the early influences of home. Then what are the homes of our land today? How many homes are God-ordered? I fear there are few. Reader, is your home a

united home? Are you, father and mother, both living for God and allowing Him to lead and help you in the guiding of little feet, or is your home a divided home, father pulling one way and mother another? God pity that home, if this is the case. God pity those little eyes and ears as they see and hear the confusion and discord.

Only under one condition are we exhorted to be at variance with the loved ones of our homes and that is when they refuse to accept the glorious gospel of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Jesus said, "Think not that I am come to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his daughter, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household." Husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, sons and daughters must be willing to forsake all and follow Him, the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star.

Before closing I wish to leave a word with young fathers and mothers. Do you know that you hold the key that unlocks the door to heaven or hell for that innocent little child? Infancy is neither vicious nor virtuous. It is simply innocent and is susceptible alike to good or bad influences. Today, as all through the ages, they are inviting little ones into their midst. How they profess to love them! With what care they nourish those little pink bodies. How they adore their innocent smiles, and with what exultant

(Continued on page 13)



OUR COVER PAGE

★ This year we are combining Father's and ★
★ Mother's Issues. We have long believed that to ★
★ have a Parents' issue would be better than sep- ★
★ arating these days. We believe that the more we ★
★ can equalize the responsibilities of the parents, ★
★ the greater will be the success of the home. ★
★ Mother has been put on a pedestal and the large ★
★ part of the responsibility has been placed upon ★
★ her until father has almost been left out of the ★
★ picture. If the children go wrong, the blame is ★
★ usually laid at mother's door. Don't you think ★
★ our cover page with the little darling gathering ★
★ flowers for Mother and Daddy makes a more ★
★ beautiful picture than if she were gathering ★
★ flowers just for mother or just for daddy? We ★
★ trust that you will catch our thought. ★
★ *****

Rachel

By Agnes Scott Kent

(Used by permission of the
Evangelical Publishers)

(Continued from last issue)

Eden Desolated

She followed them out into the hallway and gazed after them with passionate regret. In the dim light, as the two settles were borne down the long, steep stairs, one man at either end of each, to Rachel's sickened brain they looked like coffins. She stood at the top of the stairway straining her eyes after them while her fingers clutched her throat convulsively. Coffins! Yes, that was exactly what they were—coffins. And in the first lay Max, and in the second one—herself.

By two o'clock it was all over. The last meal had been eaten—a cold, stand-up lunch of rolls and herring and onions, brought from the Kosher shop in paper bags by Max. The last suitcase had been closed, the last light turned off, and Max and Rachel, escorted by Mrs. Kalinsky and Sarah, were "moving out." Mrs. Kalinsky herself turned the key in the lock as the door closed forever upon their paradise. The heartbroken little wife, through blinding tears, stumbled her way downstairs—out into the cold, desolate rain. It was the thirty-first of December—the last day of the year—and the first anniversary of Max and Rachel's wedding.

They took a taxi to the house on East Eleventh Street. As they drove in silence through the dismal downpour, Rachel recalled bitterly her last trip in a taxi to Mrs. Kalinsky's home. It was in July—on that dreadful Sunday when her mother-in-law had returned from California. Rachel groaned aloud as she remembered. Oh, but that she might have stayed there—always!

* * *

"Abandon hope all ye who enter here." Had these words been blazoned in letters of fire on the lintel of the house on East Eleventh Street, they could not have scorched Rachel's heart more than already it was scorched and torn by retrospection and anticipation, as she mounted the steep steps, passed dully through the doorway, and was engulfed within in the home of Mrs. Deborah Kalinsky.

Mercifully, the first few hours were spent alone. Max, after hastily depositing the suitcases inside the door,

rushed off to his shop. Mrs. Kalinsky, stopping only long enough to give Rachel her first instruction, went off with Sarah in the same taxi which had brought them, to a meeting of Hadasah. Jacob was at work. The children were at the Hebrew school. Grandmother Kalinsky, as usual, was sleeping in her kitchen rocker. Rachel would not disturb her for the world! How good to be asleep! Would that she might have that sweet oblivion!

As in an awful dream she mounted the long stairs—four flights—in obedience to Mrs. Kalinsky's directions. She and Max were to share the top floor with Grandmother Kalinsky and the rats in the attic. A green skylight in the roof poured a weird light down upon the upper staircase as wearily Rachel climbed it. When at last she reached the top, exhausted, her way was almost blocked by her barrels and boxes which congested the hallway outside the attic door.

She entered her room, the front one . . . Her artistic soul writhed. In the dull light from the two northern windows facing the leaden sky, the outlines of the dark, old-fashioned furniture stood out hideously. Sickly green hangings clashed violently with the frayed blue rug. The heavy bed was covered with a canopy and spread of purple satin. Ugly china ornaments cluttered the marble-topped dresser and table. A stuffed red-velvet armchair, with the stuffing bursting copiously from the arms and seat, graced the center of the room. In one corner a rickety washstand held a cracked pink basin and an orange water-jug. The handle of the jug was broken off. Cheap chromos, each one dangling by a rusty wire at its own peculiar angle, adorned the walls, from which the dull tan paper was peeling off in many spots. A brass piano lamp, with a frayed rose silk shade, completed the scheme of the harmonious interior decoration.

With a bitter moan, Rachel flung herself face downward on the bed to shut it all out. Oh, if only she could shut out all thinking too! She tried to sleep but her brain pounded too heavily—also her heart. She tossed feverishly for an hour. Then she dragged herself up slowly and turned on the lamp. It gave a trace of comfort. But only for a moment. Still her brain pounded. She must do something—anything. Any activity whatever was better than this thinking. She went into the hall and started tugging at the boxes. She got one half unpacked, placing the contents—her table-linens—in a dresser drawer.

Then she heard noisy voices below. The children were coming in from school. Would they come upstairs, she wondered? Did they know that she was here? . . . But suddenly the voices stopped. The children had run out. Everything was quiet again—everything except the steady down-

pour of the rain upon the skylight and the scuttling of the rats. Rachel hated rats. She went into her room again and closed the door to shut out all of the distressing noises. She could not touch the boxes further. Later perhaps, but not now. It was all too sickening.

Once more she flung herself upon the bed, and this time she fell asleep. But it was a sleep without repose. Every kind of horror scuttled through her brain, much worse than the scuttling of the rats. Then the sleep became heavy and she was oblivious to commotion going on downstairs . . . She woke to see Max bending over her. Clumsily he tried to be comforting.

"Did you have a good sleep, Raychen? Come, dear, supper's ready. Mamma sent me up to bring you down."

"On no, Max, no! I don't want any supper! And I can't come down! O Max, I can't, I can't!"

Max looked unhappy. "Do come, Ray," he urged. "Mamma said so. Now that we are here, dear, it is best that we should always do as Mamma says. You know Mamma, Raychen."

Yes, Raychen knew Mamma well. But she was to know her better still.

She bathed her tear-stained face and rearranged her hair, then stoically she followed Max downstairs. She steeled herself for what might be awaiting in the kitchen—it did not matter what. Nothing mattered now.

What did await her was the unexpected. Reproach, scorn, cruelty, avoidance—Rachel was prepared for any one or all of these. But the actual staging of the drama swept her off her feet.

As she entered the kitchen, perfectly poised to outward view, but tumultuous within, a startling sight met her bewildered gaze. The long table was spread in holiday array with the best china, and adorned with flowers and candles. Around it were seated the entire Kalinsky family, sons,

(Continued on page 17)

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

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uplift of our young people
everywhere

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CHILDREN'S PAGE

"I DON'T LOVE YOU NOW, MOTHER"

Some years ago, a lady was sick for two years, slowly dying with consumption. She had one child—a little boy named Henry.

One afternoon I was sitting by her side, and it seemed as if she would cough her life away. Her little boy stood by the post of the bed, his blue eyes filled with tears to see her suffer so. By and by the terrible cough ceased, Henry came and put his arms around his mother's neck, nestled his head in his mother's bosom, and said, "Mother, I do love you; I wish you weren't sick."

An hour later the same blue-eyed boy came in all aglow, stamping the snow off his feet. "O mother, may I go a-skating? It is so nice—Ed and Charlie are going."

"Henry," feebly said the mother, "the ice is not hard enough yet."

"But mother," very pettishly said the boy, "you are sick all the time, how do you know?"

"My child, you must obey me," gently said the mother.

"It is too bad," angrily sobbed the boy, who an hour ago so loved his mother.

"I would not like to have my little boy go," said his mother, looking sadly at the little boy's face, all covered with frowns. "You said you loved me—be good."

"No, I don't love you now, mother," said the boy, going out and slamming the door.

Again the dreadful coughing came upon her, and we thought no more of the boy. After the coughing had commenced, I noticed tears falling thick on her pillow, but she sank from exhaustion into a light sleep.

In a little while muffled steps of men were heard coming into the house, as though carrying something; and they were carrying the almost lifeless body of Henry.

Angrily had he left his mother and gone to skate—disobeying her; and then broken through the ice, sunk under the water, and now saved by a great effort, was brought home barely alive to see his sick mother.

I closed the doors, feeling more danger for her life, than the child's, and coming softly in, drew back the curtains from the bed. She spoke, "I heard them—it is Henry. Oh, I knew he had gone—is he dead?" She commenced coughing, and died in agony—strangled to death. The poor mother! The boy's disobedience killed her.

After a couple of hours I sought the boy's room. "Oh, I wish I had not told mother I didn't love her. Tomorrow I will tell her I do," said the child,

sobbing painfully. My heart ached; tomorrow, I knew, we must tell him she was dead. We did not, till the child came fully in the room, crying, "Mother, I do love you."

Oh! may I never see agony like that child's, as the lips he kissed gave back no kiss, as the hands he took fell lifeless from his hand, instead of shaking his hand as it always had, and the boy knew she was dead.

"Mother, I do love you now," all the day he sobbed and cried. "O mother, mother, forgive me." Then he would not leave his mother. "Speak to me, mother!" but she could never speak again, and—the last words she had ever heard him say, were, "Mother, I don't love you now."

The boy's whole life was changed; sober and sad he was ever after. He is now a gray-haired old man, with one sorrow over his one act of disobedience, one wrong word embittering all his life—with those words ever ringing in his ears, "Mother, I don't love you now."

Will all those who read this, who still have their mothers, remember that every time they disobey their mother, they say by their actions, "Mother, I don't love you now"?—*Unknown.*

MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

"Next Wednesday is Mother's birthday," said twelve-year-old Phyllis quietly, one cold afternoon as the children were sitting around the fireplace in the living room. She and her twin brother, Philip, had been taking turns reading aloud from a favorite book, while little Elizabeth and Baby Peter played with their blocks on the hearth rug. There was a sudden si-

lence, and then Philip sighed as he said, "Her first one in heaven!"

Baby Peter began to whimper, "I want Mummie," while big tears gathered in his blue eyes and rolled slowly down his plump cheeks.

"Hush," said Elizabeth, who was five years old. "It's selfish to cry when she's so happy with the Lord Jesus."

"Let's think up just the nicest way to celebrate her birthday," Phyllis proposed, gathering Peter up into her lap.

"And let's keep it a secret to surprise Daddy," added Philip quickly.

"Oh, yes, yes," chimed in the two younger children; and when Grandmother peeped in a little later, they were all so happy and busy that she smiled and went back to her knitting without disturbing them.

And what do you suppose they planned to do? Well, they decided to have a real birthday party for Mother, even though she would not be there as at other birthdays. And they would try to do everything to please Mother, "because she really is alive with the Lord Jesus, even though we can't see her," Elizabeth told Peter.

Each one was to empty out his or her savings bank just as they had always done before Mother's birthday. But instead of buying presents, they were to put all the money together and send it to Mother's missionary friend in China. They would ask Grandmother and Auntie Lou and Uncle John to come to the party also, and to bring money for the missionary instead of presents for Mother.

"I know Mother would like that better than anything," Philip said.

Those whose greatest desire is to please God will set very few stakes in life and are perfectly willing to pull up those they do set, if necessary.



FATHER'S and MOTHER'S PAGE

Dear Fathers and Mothers:

This month, since it is Parents' Issue, I want to talk with you personally. I hope all the young people will listen in, for I am going to give you a little message that I want them to hear, and I want them to remember it down through the years after they have established homes of their own. Some things I have used successfully in the rearing of my own children were impressions that God gave me in my youth before I had a home.

Young people are going to school and training along other lines, but little is being done to train them for the greatest calling in life, that of parenthood.

It is said that the home is the first and greatest institution in the world. The church is next. We have great theological schools to train our men and women to supervise the work of the Church and that is fine, but how much greater would be the success of the Church if we would give some time in training our young fathers and mothers to rightly conduct the home. This war has opened our eyes to this need. Millions of our boys have been called into the service of our country and parents are crying all over the world, "Pray for my boy, he is unsaved." If something is not done for our homes now a few years later it will be alarming at the condition of the world. This is why we are advocating Mothers' Study Circles. Somebody must help to give them an insight into the responsibility that rests upon them.

Our young people are marrying so young. They do not give themselves time to train for life. Soon the honeymoon is over and they settle down to the responsibility of a home and the little ones begin to arrive. Some make it through all right, but the majority make a complete failure unless someone helps them. We pray that this message may cause you young parents to realize the wonderful possibilities of making your home "The Home Beautiful."

It is possible for you to send those little darlings of yours out into this world equipped for the service of the Master and no other service is worth while in this life nor beneficial in the next. You hold the destiny in your hands. God has a plan for every life and it is up to you whether or not you help them find the plan God has laid out for them.

Don't put the blame on someone else if they go wrong, for God says, "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." Prov. 22:6. If we believe God's Word then this has to be true. I have always said if one of my children is lost, I will say according to God's words, there was something wrong with his training somewhere. But I hear you say, "Oh, I can't believe that. There are Mr. and Mrs. Jones. I have never seen two better Christians in my life and they have a son in the penitentiary." Well, perhaps their mistake was not a mistake of the heart, but likely it was through ignorance. That is why our young parents need to study child training so that they may understand ways and means of overcoming these defects in their own homes that they have seen in others.

Let us draw a few imaginary pictures of home. Our first home is presided over by parents who are unsaved. They love their children and would make any sacrifice to give them the best of everything this world holds, but they do not love nor serve

God and so they know nothing about God. They have not been taught to pray. They grow up in the home to enjoy the pleasures of the world. One day the parents see the need of seeking God. They do so and their lives become shining lights for Christ and the Church. But Johnie and Mary are already caught in the web of the world and father and mother find it is not easy now to get them free from its entanglements. The training did not begin in time.

Another picture is of a beautiful young girl who is a devoted Christian and marries a young man who is unsaved. She tries to keep up her church attendance and duties and is successful for awhile until the little ones begin to come along. Burdens get heavy and with no cooperation she gives up and little Bobbie walks in daddy's footsteps. Mother is sad and broken-hearted and confusion takes the place of peace in the home.

Another beautiful picture is a picture of home. The parents are both Christians. Christ has first place in their lives and in the home. They love each other and walk hand in hand down life's pathway. When the little ones come along there is cooperation in child training. They talk things over and agree on what shall be done. They are sympathetic, each realizing the other has burdens and needs encouragement. A few years after marriage two little ones toddle at their feet prattling in their own way. From the very first the family altar has been established and now the little ones must be made to love the hour of prayer and devotion, so they are taught to say short Bible verses and to lead in prayer in their own little way. Father and Mother teach them how to ask God for the things they need and they are gently tucked into bed with a good-night kiss and a "God bless you." The family altar should be made attractive to children by giving them a part in it.

Do you not believe that children reared in a home like the last one will go out to bless the world? Which home is your home like? Young men and women, which home do you want your home to be like? "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers."

If your home is not a Christian home, you can make it so and start all over again. It is not too late. Jesus stands knocking at your door begging entrance. Will you let Him in?

LIGHTED PATHWAY HOME CIRCLE

Let us see what our heading means. The parents who read the Lighted Pathway are going to form a great circle which will perhaps reach around the world some day. Do you want to be in this circle? Well, if you want to, you can. Here are the qualifications.

First, I pledge myself to study everything possible to get information on how to build better homes. I will study carefully the page in the Lighted Pathway that is prepared especially for the mothers and fathers, and I will watch for suggestions in regard to other books and publications that will be found on this page.

Second, I will pray every day for the homes of our land and especially for the homes that are enrolled in our circle.

Send me your name and address and I will enroll you on our circle register. Whose name will be first? In our June issue we will give the names of the first six members.

We should soon have thousands of parents studying how to make better homes, and a great circle of prayer will rise to meet the need in our world today. Talk about patriotism! If we want a better world after while, we must work now with the future generation. Our parents need help—"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world."

Let us make this Parents' issue long to be remembered, as the beginning of this great circle of study and prayer for better homes. Mothers and fathers who do not have the cooperation of their companions may join alone. Please give the number of children you have. Young people who do not have children are eligible to join in this effort to build better homes for our country. You do not have to belong to any certain denomination to be a member. You are welcome if you are not a Christian, but desire to be.

Circle scripture, Deut. 6:1-9.



FOR POETRY LOVERS

OUR MOTHER

God lent an angel to the earth,
She came in lowly guise;
She was not even beautiful
To our unseeing eyes.

She swept and dusted, cooked and
darned

For all the heedless throng,
And ever as she worked she hummed
A little tuneless song.

She always had a healing word
For people in distress;
And though her hands were worn and
rough
Their touch was a caress.

At last her hair grew thin and gray,
Her work took over-long,
And oftentimes we did not hear
That little tuneless song.

God lent His angel to the earth
To ease its frequent strain,
But when He saw how tired she grew
He took her home again.

We missed her almost everywhere,
For with our opened eyes
We knew at last just who she was—
An angel in disguise!

—Charles Newman Hodge.

EVENING REVERIE

I love to recall in the twilight
The beautiful days gone by,
When we sat in the glow of the fire-
light,
Dear mother, sweet baby, and I.

The stories told then in my childhood,
Are fresh in my mind tonight,
As when alone in my childhood
I wandered in childish delight.

And dream'd of the joys hov'ring o'er
me,
Of days that were yet to come—
And the future that lay before me
Away from my childhood home.

Those old sacred words, "Now I lay
me,"
Have many times changed since then,
And the beautiful group of dear chil-
dren

Have all grown to women and men.

The face of our fair young mother,
Soon furrowed, alas, with care,
And now across death's cold river,
She beckons us home over there.

—Anon.

THAT DAD OF MINE

His shoulders are stooped with strife
and care,

His life's work is almost thru;
He sits alone in an easy chair
Dreaming of a home beyond the

blue.

Those snowy locks are a noble crown,
Those eyes are dimmed with the
years;

He calmly awaits the harvest Lord,
He knows no cares nor fears—

THAT DAD OF MINE!

Years ago when he was young
I was his pride and joy,
He always prayed that God some day
Would save his wandering boy;
God saw in him a life so pure—
His prayers are answered now,
He is ready for a crown of gold
To adorn his snowy brow—

THAT DAD OF MINE!

When I was but a lad so small
I thought my daddy grand;
I would be just like him,
When "I grew to be a man."
Those days are fled and vanished,
When I sat upon his knee,
But I look back on yesterday,
He was a pal to me—

THAT DAD OF MINE!

—Selected.

A TRIBUTE TO MY DAD

Mrs. J. H. Brock

Dear friends, this day brings mem-
ories
Of days that now are gone—
When both our dad and mother
Still lived to bless our home.
But now, dear friends, dear Mother
Has gone and left us sad,
And this memoir now I'm writing
As a tribute to my dad.

For mother now is with the angels
Enjoying heaven rich and rare,
Before she died she called us around
her
And asked us all to meet her there.
Poor daddy tried so hard to cheer us—
But we all knew his heart was sad,
And this is why this memoir
Is a tribute to my dad.

Daddy was so true and faithful,
He was always kind and true,
Tried to hide from us his sorrow
And that his heart was breaking too.
Oh, how he helped us bear our bur-
dens
When our hearts were lone and sad,
And this is why this memoir I write
As a tribute to my dad.

But time has healed our broken
hearts,
Other things our minds engrossed—
And we have grown accustomed
And learned to bear our loss.
But oftentimes we look at daddy
And those white locks make us sad,
And we all know he well deserves
This tribute to our dad.

THE FLOWER GARDEN

(Dedicated to Our Mother)

I passed a garden on my way,
The spot was lovely where it lay;
But all its flowers just as sweet
As those so near the crowded street.

I thought of lives so hid away
And little seen from day to day;
And yet they glow with beauties rare,
For they are lives of faith and prayer.

I thought of mothers as they work
Unselfishly and do not shirk;
So many kindly deeds they do
All to be seen by such a few.

Not all the public place can fill,
But all can do God's holy will
And bloom for Him in some small spot
And give Him praise whate'er their lot.

Sometimes the fairest flowers bloom
In lonely fields or forests gloom,
And oft a life most sweet and clean
Blooms where it is but little seen.

—Effie Taylor.

BLESSED SPRINGTIME

Beulah Osban

Pansies, violets and dandelions galore
Are flooding fields and vale and
moor;
These beauties are given from God
above,
They are tokens of His great love.

I love the spring and all its beauty,
For in it all I see my duty
To the God of love who can
Forgive the sins of fallen man.

God sent His Son to earth to die
Upon a cruel cross, and why?
To save us all from sin and shame
And to give us some day a new
name.

I'm living now in hope some day,
I will soon be caught away
From this old world of toil and care
To be forever with Him there.

IT IS MAY

By Elizabeth B. Jones

The robin is trilling his song of de-
light;
The sky is an archway of blue fringed
with white;
The green hills are smiling, the val-
ley's in bloom;
Azaleas are spilling their lovely per-
fume;
The wood thrush is singing his plain-
tive refrain;
The air's reminiscent of soft fragrant
rain;
The elm lends her tresses to breezes at
play;
Our God's in His heaven—
Today it is May!

The man who mistreats others is
taking poor care of himself.

HYMN STORIES

By CALVIN W. LAUFER



"O GOD, THE ROCK OF AGES"

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth was one of the most brilliant Christian poets of his day. As a student at Trinity College, Cambridge, he gave promise of an eminent career as a versifier. For three successive years he won the Chancellor's medal for his accomplishments as a poet. In his long and active ministry the promises of his student days were abundantly fulfilled. He became a prolific writer, and one of his books, "Yesterday, Today, and Forever," passed through twenty-six editions. He wrote many hymns, and of them about thirty are in common use. Perhaps his best-known hymn is "Peace, Perfect Peace," which has been translated into many languages and used the world over. "O God, the Rock of Ages," while not so widely known, is highly representative of the bishop's artistry.

Like Isaac Watts, Bishop Bickersteth was a scriptural poet—a versifier of the Word, whose lofty ideals and majestic truths he translated into couplets and quatrains of arresting beauty and convincing power. "O God, the Rock of Ages" is a fine example of his method. This hymn is a free, yet accurate, metrical rendering of Psalm 90, parts of Psalm 102, and Isa. 40:8. Because Isaac Watts' "Our God, Our Help in Ages Past," also based on Psalm 90, from the first was accepted as one of the greatest hymns of the Church, Bishop Bickersteth's hymn had to win its way. In this, however, it has succeeded, even if it required a generation to score.

Though the hymn in recent years has been used in connection with the nature and character of God, which

is equally true of "Our God, Our Help in Ages Past," it was designed for New Year's Day, or for the first Sunday after Christmas. It was so used by the bishop in "The Hymnal Companion," which he edited and which appeared in 1870. It is fortunate for the hymn that American editors have given it wider use by classifying it with hymns dealing with the idea of God and His Fatherhood.

"O God, the Rock of Ages" is an interesting study. As poetry it is quite superior. Its couplets are unforced, natural, and of flowing rhythm. The words are well chosen and exquisitely set. Nowhere in the verses is there any evidence of poetic embroidery: the poet's art is perfect in simplicity and charm.

The prevailing mood of the hymn is joyous and confident. There is no morbidity in it, even though it deals with the transiency of life, its shadows and tempests. On the contrary, it is a radiant hymn, full of rapture that inspires adoration and of fire to light the altar candles in the sanctuary of the heart.

Dr. John Julian, the great hymnologist, gives Bishop Bickersteth unstinted praise. Of his poetry he writes the following: "Joined with a strong grasp of his subject, true poetic feeling, pure rhythm, there is a soothing plainness and individuality in his hymns which give them a distinct character of their own. The poet's thoughts are with the individual, not with the mass, and many of his poems are best suited for private use."

Bishop Bickersteth, son of Rev. Edward Bickersteth, was born at Islington, England, January 25, 1825. He graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1847. Three years later he received the Master's degree. After taking holy orders in 1848, he became curate at Banningham, Norfolk, and then of Christ Church of Tunbridge Wells. In 1852 he became rector of Hinton-Martell and in 1855 vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead. "O God, the Rock of Ages" was written in the latter parish in 1860 and published in "The Hymnal Companion," a most renowned hymn book, in 1870. At the nomination of Gladstone, the author became Dean of Gloucester in 1885, and the same year Bishop of Exeter. He died at the ripe old age of eighty-one.

"WHEN PEACE, LIKE A RIVER, ATTENDETH MY WAY"

Few hymns, if any, were ever produced under more tragic circumstances than "When Peace, Like a River, Attendeth My Way." That a heart, suddenly plunged in sorrow,

and facing irreparable loss, could write so tenderly is nothing short of miraculous. Yet such is the case with this hymn, and the result speaks volumes for the Christian religion, which is never more satisfying than in the hour of bereavement.

The hymn was written by Horatio Gates Spafford, a professor of medical jurisprudence in Chicago, who had lost the greater part of his fortune by the fire which razed the city in October, 1871. However, it was not this bitter experience that occasioned the hymn, but another still more devastating to himself and his home. The great fire was followed by the sinking of the Ville de Havre, November 22, 1873, near the coast of Europe, which, though his wife was saved, involved the loss of his children.

On that eventful day, Mr. Spafford sat in his office in Chicago expecting word of the safe arrival of his family. He thought of the happiness which must be theirs as they journeyed, and how much greater would be their joy when he should join them a few weeks later. No message came until late in the day, and he was alone. It was from his wife, who cabled from Cardiff. It read: "Steamer sunk. Saved alone."

No one will ever know what transpired in that Gethsemane hour; but Mr. Spafford met it as a Christian. The walls of his home seemed to have tumbled down and only shambles were left. His beloved wife, who needed his love and comfort, was more than four thousand miles away. He was stunned; but if there were any remonstrance and bitterness in his heart, if he questioned the justice of God's providence, there is no trace of it in what he produced. In that tragic hour of loneliness and sorrow, the peace of God enveloped and possessed him, and this hymn, which has been a source of strength to countless thousands, was born.

"When Peace, Like a River, Attendeth My Way" is a hymn of resignation and spiritual peace. "It is well with my soul" is the dominant note. Sorrow may engulf the soul like a turbulent tide, still "it is well" with everyone who is anchored in God. Satan may buffet the heart with trial and the consciousness of sin, but Christ is present to help. Black clouds of disaster may hide sun and stars, but one thing is inevitable—they will "be rolled back as a scroll." His unconquerable soul, though he be a childless father and the sweet voices about the hearth are stilled, shall persist to sing—"It is well with my soul."

Unquestionably the hymn survives not only on account of the words but also because of its tune. This was written by Philip Paul Bliss, who was deeply impressed by Mr. Spafford's verses and gave them effective musical expression. He used the hymn

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HELPS FOR TEMPTED AND TRIED

DOES GOD CARE?

This is a query that comes from the lips of many, many people in this our day. It is hard for some to understand that God does really care and still permits to come all that is coming on the earth. They cannot conceive that a righteous God would permit to come the terrible wars, the floods, the sicknesses, the sorrows and the heart-aches that do come, if He did care. Looking at the condition of things with the mere eye of the common run of humanity, it surely does look peculiar, and it is hard to grasp why He does allow such awful things to come. Taking the far-flung vision, looking at things with the eye of faith, there is an altogether different aspect of things from what the natural eye sees. Yes, it is hard to see things come that do come, but has not God warned, has He not plead with humanity to turn from their sins and turn to Him? Is it not sin that is causing all these terrible things to come?

Let us remember that God is all-wise and that He can see much further than we can see. This is why things come. He knows what we need. He sees the tendencies to evil. He feels the rebellious spirit. This is why He permits all these strange things to come. They are all "need be's" for the help and blessing of those who will take them as from Him. There is such a thing as being benefited from everything that comes into the life. There is another thing of resisting all that comes, and fighting and rebelling when one cannot have his own way. How many there are who are in darkness and walk in blindness because they will not receive correction from the hand of the Lord God. They act like peevish youngsters when they are hindered in having their own way. How the tears do flow, how the "grumbles" roll, and how the nerves are ruffled. Why is this? Simply because God knows and sees that were they to receive all they want and all they desire in their foolishness, they would suffer still more than they do suffer.

"Does God care?" What a foolish question. Surely God does care. He is far more grieved when we choose our own foolish way than we are. He knows what it will lead to, and where

the path will end. He sees the trick of the enemy behind the attack. He loves men and women so much that He permits the hard lessons to come in spite of the feelings. "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trials which shall come to try you as though some strange thing had happened unto you," He tells His children. Peter learned this glorious truth through various experiences that came to him. He tasted the bitter. He had a heart of love for his Lord and therefore he came to Him in every time of testing and trial. The outcome was that Peter

became one of the "pillars" of the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ. What he writes may well be received with all sincerity. Let us profit by his messages and believe that "all things work together for good to them that love God." "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."—R.

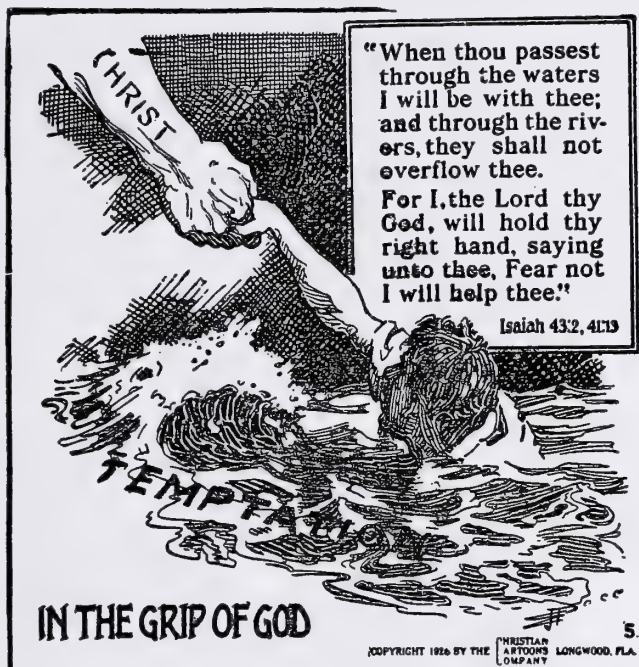
CASTING YOUR CARE ON HIM

There are perhaps comparatively few Christians who have entered into His rest and quietness (Heb. 4). You undoubtedly know what care is; you may feel it many times in a day. It is an evil, a great evil, a bitter result of the fall of man. At first Adam did not know it, but after the fall care came in. As thorns and briars naturally spring up from a curse-blighted earth, so cares and fears naturally spring up in sin-corrupted souls. Cares distract the mind, bring unhappiness, and hinder spiritual growth and prosperity. Christ says: "The care of this world * * choke the Word, and he cometh unfruitful" (Matt. 13:22).

In Philippians 4:6,7 the Apostle Paul gives us the cure for care. He says: "Be careful for nothing, but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God, and the peace of God which passeth all understanding (as well as misunderstandings) shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Some may say, "But how can I help being careful? I am weak, erring, not knowing what a day may bring forth." Satan is ever suggesting dark thoughts and fears. You may fancy that all is going wrong, going to wreck. You will soon find, by painful experience, that it is impossible to keep yourself from care. Even your best friends cannot keep you from it. God only can provide the cure and preservation, and here it is, "Be careful for nothing, but by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."

This means nothing less than that you shall be prayerful, but never careful. This is the remedy, this is the secret of uncaredness. When you

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MY HEART'S PRAYER

ARMINA FANDRICH

*Dear God, please hold my future
In those kind hands of Thine;
Help me to follow Thy will,
Not this weak mind of mine.*

*Keep me, and make me lovely
With the beauty from Thy face;
Give me the kind of sweetness
That time cannot erase.*

*Endow me with Thy riches—
The kind that earth can't give;
Give me those pearls of blessing,
That I may better live.*

*Fill me with love unending
For people of this world;
Help me to tell them truly
Of Thy flag of love unfurled.*

*Lord, I will love and trust Thee,
And thank Thee for all things.
To Thee, I give my life, Lord,
From which my joy bell rings.*



TREASURED GLEANINGS

FOR MINISTERS AND CHRISTIAN WORKERS

The Law Clerk's Bible

A Christian boy from the country came to town to fill the place of clerk in a lawyer's office. It was arranged that he should room in his employer's house. He had a little room of his own, and soon after his arrival, while he was unpacking, he happened to lay his Bible on the table. The lawyer came in to see if he was finding things comfortable, and on observing the Bible lying on the table, he turned to his new clerk and said, "Do you really carry a Bible with you, Harry? I thought you had more sense than to believe a Book like that. But we'll soon knock all that out of you up here, my boy."

Harry's cheek flushed. He felt his weakness, but he had learned in his quiet country home to bear witness for the Lord who had saved him, and it had been his daily prayer for weeks before removing to the busy city with its temptations and its snares, that God would give him courage to take a decided stand for Christ and His truth, at all times and in all circumstances. Here he was, while only a few hours under his employer's roof, called upon to declare himself or deny his Lord.

Harry replied respectfully but decidedly, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I do believe the Bible, every word of it, and I shall seek to own and obey its precepts and be guided by its teachings in this great city as I have sought to be in my country home." The skeptical lawyer did not want to argue with his clerk on the matter, so he passed it off with a hollow laugh, and remarked to his wife that his new clerk was a "revivalist" he was sure, for "he carries a Bible in his trunk."

From that hour Harry was strengthened to take his stand in that house as a Christian. The Book of God was his counselor and guide. By obeying its precepts he was kept from many a danger and defilement. He had many temptations, and the enemy whispered that his success in life would be endangered unless he did as others of the same profession. But Harry remembered the word spoken long ago, "They that honour me, I will honour," and he clung to the Holy Book. Riches gained by unrighteous means he was strengthened to despise, and rather than give up his Bible, or disobey its commandments, he was prepared to suffer. Do you love the Bible thus?—*Glad Tidings.*

The Dangerous Level

A young nephew of mine went out for his first solo flight in an airplane.

When traveling over his own house he suddenly crashed. His father ran to the end of the garden and discovered to his surprise and dismay that the airman was his own son. The boy was terribly injured, but thanks to modern medical skill and attention, he is now strong and well again. The cause of the accident can be summed up in a sentence—he was flying too low! That is the trouble with many Christians. They are living at a low level of Christian experience, and sooner or later the crash comes.—A. Lindsey Clegg, in *Youth with a Capital Y*.

How Five Soul-Winners Did It

A business man in Wales spoke to his office boy about his soul, and from that word a work began which won

TO LIGHTED PATHWAY CONTRIBUTORS

I want to have a heart-to-heart talk with you. I am sure after I make an explanation you will understand me better. First may I say, the Lighted Pathway has around 60,000 circulation and perhaps 150,000 readers.

So often I receive a letter saying, "Sister Harrison, I am sending you a poem or an article for the paper, will you please get it in the next issue of the paper?" They do not realize that hundreds of contributions are coming in every week and that I have only one issue of twenty pages each month. Then they will write in, in a short time, and ask why their poem or article was not in the paper. So many pictures and cuts come in each month and it is impossible to get them all in. Of course, it is natural for people to want theirs to be used, but it is not possible for us to use them all.

Will you please send in your contributions and ask the Lord to lead the editor of the paper to use the material that will glorify Him most?

We will not be able to use many cuts since our paper has been reduced to twenty pages. But you may send them in and if we cannot use them, we will turn them over to the Evangel, since it goes out four times each month and the Lighted Pathway only once.

Pray that God will undertake for us and give us back our thirty-six page paper again.—*Editor.*

his entire office force to Christ.

A merchant in England determined that no day should pass without his speaking to someone about Christ: in one year he had led scores to the Master.

An invalid Christian woman in Australia, for thirty years unable to put her foot to the floor, by means of her pen and prayer led forty people to Christ in a single year.

A Christian gentleman spoke to a young boy a few moments upon one occasion. That boy became a Christian and later a minister of the Gospel.

A Sunday School teacher took one of her class of boys for a walk on a Sabbath afternoon when the session of the school was over. She told him of her concern that he should become a Christian, and had the joy of seeing him yield his life to Christ. These all "redeemed the time."—*Selected.*

Without Seeing

God is trustworthy without being watched. We may always count on His being trustworthy without even asking Him to prove this to us—though He is continually proving this to us by His loving provision for all our needs. The Keswick calendar quotes the words of a Christian who was on a bed of pain and sickness and who was asked if he could see any particular reason for his suffering. "No," was the reply, "but I am as well satisfied as if I could see ten thousand. God's will is the very perfection of all reasons." That is faith, because it did not ask to see. God's love and God's will are as perfect today. Shall we not thank Him that this is so, and trust Him fully without trying to "exact" any evidence from Him? Only then can He bless us to the uttermost.—*Sunday School Times.*

Leaves or Blossoms

Dinnie M'Dole Hayes

My geraniums were growing finely, putting forth great rank leaves, but they were giving me no blossoms. So I did a seemingly cruel thing; I stripped off the finest leaves, that there might be a better growth; blossoms instead of leaves.

I think God does so by us sometimes. To all appearances our spiritual life is fine and flourishing; we are in our place at Sunday service and prayer meeting, our public testimony is good; yet He detects a lack of something higher and finer in our Christian life; and by some sharp pruning—a sudden bereavement here, a cruel disappointment there, the silence of a sick room, the isolation of a secret sorrow—He lops off the superfluous growth in certain directions so that He may bring us to sweeter and finer development.

Better in His sight is one fragrant blossom of holiness than a growth of the leaves of a lower life.



THE HOME ATMOSPHERE

MABEL BEALS

*"Home is where the heart is,
In dwellings great or small;
And a home lighted by love
Is the dearest home of all."*

Esther was passing the Cartwright home just as Marion Parker came down the steps. Linking arms the two girls walked slowly up the street. Presently Marion said, "Don't you always feel that there is something different about the Cartwright home? I can't define it exactly, but it's like entering a haven of rest to go there."

Esther shot a searching glance at her companion's face. Here was an opening for which she had been longing. Marion's home life was not happy, and the girl was not helping to make it so. A sweet, lovable girl among her friends, at home she was disagreeable and discourteous to the immediate members of her family, inclined to outbursts of willfulness and bad temper if her wishes were crossed. Certainly, Esther reflected, Marion's home was not restful, although the Parkers owned a beautiful residence in the best section of the city.

When Esther replied she spoke slowly and thoughtfully, choosing her words with care. "Each one of us is helping to make the atmosphere of the home we live in," she said. "Each one of us is putting certain elements into it. I think the members of the Cartwright family all put in love. And where love is there is always the flower of refinement and the fragrance of courtesy. The Cartwright home is small and its furnishings simple, but the guest who enjoys its hospitality never fails to return for another visit. Sympathy and understanding are the watchwords of that home, and envy and doubt and suspicion are unheard of. Truly it is like a haven of rest, for contention has no place in a home where love reigns supreme, as it does there.

"There is one great plane on which we all should meet, the plane of lovingkindness. Loving thoughts and abounding kindness ever come from hearts filled with love. The one place where kindness is a real virtue and a test of character is in the home. Here character is put to the supreme test and here it often fails. Washington Irving said that kindness makes everything with which it comes into contact freshen into smiles. No one is ever sorry for going a little too far in the direction of kindness, but regret always follows falling short of that goal. There is a sweet song, having in it these words:

*'And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.'*

"I have never seen any of the members of the Cartwright family in

such a hurry that they failed to take time to be courteous and pleasant, no matter what the circumstances. This probably accounts for the little motto which hangs in their hall where all may read as they go out or come in. It says:

"Let us take time for the good-by kiss. We shall go to the day's work with a sweeter spirit for it.

"Let us take time for the evening prayer. Our sleep will be more restful if we have claimed the guardianship of God.

"Let us take time to speak the sweet words to those we love. By and by, when they can no longer hear us, our 'foolishness' will seem more wise than our best wisdom.

"Let us take time to read the Bible. Its treasures will last when we have ceased to care for the war of political parties and the fall of the stocks, or the petty happenings of the day.

"Let us take time to be pleasant. The small courtesies, which we often omit because they are small or because we are in a hurry, will some day look larger to us than the wealth we covet or the fame for which we struggled.

"Since we all must take time to die, why should we not take time to live—to live in the large sense of a life begun here for eternity?"

"Love may be the guiding light of a home, even though it be ever so humble. The atmosphere of a home can never be gauged by its furnishings. Culture and refinement mean infinitely more than costly pictures and priceless rugs. And cheerfulness lifts the spirits more than a bountiful table.

"Paul tells us in First Corinthians to covet earnestly the best gifts. Following this, in Galatians, he tells us that the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance. The teachings of the Bible restrain us from envy, but the best gifts of life are those that we may all possess, hence we are exhorted to strive earnestly for them."

"I have always been blessed with plenty of the material things of life," Marion said, as they climbed slowly up the hill to the Parker home, "but I've missed the best gifts of life, the spiritual values, because I've been too careless and in too much of a hurry to cultivate them. I think I should like a copy of the Cartwright motto to hang in my room, and hereafter I am going to take time to put love into the atmosphere of my home, too."

—Herald of Holiness.

"Children, obey your parents in the Lord for this is right."

THE END OF THE ROAD

Mary Livingston-Smith

I leave my desk, with the busy cares,
And lock my office door,
And I take a breath of the fresh, pure
air,
As I'm out on the street once more.

Now I take a seat in the city bus,
As the cars go racing free,
To the end of the road I'm on my way,
To the end of the road for me.

Along the avenue broad and curved,
With hedges along the way,
By many a friendly house I pass
With colors bright and gay.

Here's one with a clever bit of fence,
And one that has shutters green;
Another with awnings of purple and
gold,
The prettiest I have seen.

But here I leave the crowd of men,
Turn in at the iron gate,
And up the walk with a hurried step
I rush as if 'twere late.

And here in the early twilight,
As the house comes into view,
The lights peep out from the windows
In a glorious retinue.

Up the broad steps in a flurry,
And in at the wide front door,
With handclaps and happy greetings,
I'm home to rest once more.

And the voices of the children
Ring out in merry glee,
"O daddy, I finished the boat I made;
I'm happy as I can be."

"I had a good violin lesson,
My teacher is surely swell."
"And, daddy, I got my finger hurt,
But now it is getting well."

And the flames of the fire are dancing bright,
And the crackling seems to say,
"I'm glad that you're home with us
tonight,
Glad that you're home to stay."

Then after the evening meal is o'er,
And the prayers once more are said,
After the five-year-old's story time.
The children are tucked in bed.

Yes, home is the end of the road for
me,
'Tis the end where my dreams come
true,
Where fancy flitters and air castles
rise,
And love gleams out anew.

The closer one gets to God the
farther away will one be from every-
thing that is unlike God or that is
distasteful to God.

The person who tries to win on the
demerits of others will fail because of
his own demerits.



BIBLE LESSONS

Program Outline

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on someone to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but interperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The subtopics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topics. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program, it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a Y.P.E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Jesus.

WATCHING YOU

SARAH BLANCHE MCGUIRE

Scripture Lesson: Phil. 2:15.

Thoughts for the Leader

As we go through this life we know someone somewhere always sees us, knows our life, just what we do and say. Our lives, our conversation make known to the outside world just what we are. If a true Christian, our lives will reveal it; if a hypocrite our lives will tell, and if a sinner they will know. Always be sure if anyone is deceived it is we ourselves and not the other fellow. Our lives show up right on our face and in the little actions day by day. Little do we realize just how much we reveal to the watching eyes around us, how much they gather from the little words, little actions. Always should we be on our guard to do nothing or say nothing but what we know God approves of. How wonderful to know always our lives are above reproach. Only then are we a blessing to our Savior. He gave His all for us, can we not live our lives to please Him?

THE SINNER IS WATCHING

Matt. 5:14-16

Though our place in the world may be a small one, if we are working for God, claiming to be His, the world has its eyes upon us, always looking for a mistake or an error somewhere that they can point their finger at. Let us not bring a reproach on our loving

Savior by one word or deed that would cause Him to bow His dear head in grief. We should be strong in love and faith and carry His message to a lost and dying world, knowing that one soul saved means rejoicing in heaven, means our Savior is pleased with us. It is a blessing for us to know one more soul has been saved and our Savior has not been nailed to the cross in vain. Many times one good word or deed will linger in a sinner's mind years after and may bring him to know his Savior. We will in no wise lose our reward, because the seed sown will bear fruit later. The sinner knows more what we say and do than we think, therefore let us remember to let our light shine at all times, be it night or morning, for someone somewhere is always watching.

CHRISTIANS ARE WATCHING

Heb. 13:17

Remember, the Christian man and woman are watching us, not trying to find fault, but through love for us. Christian love means bearing one another's burdens, therefore they are watching lest something may overburden us, watching so at the first shadow they may go upon their knees praying God to help us overcome the wiles of the evil one. If we do something a Christian ought not to do, how their hearts must grieve, and how hurt they must feel, knowing that the cause of Christ must suffer. When the real Christian sees the devil camped around us you may be sure he spends hours down on his knees praying God to help us to overcome. Whereas if we were not so easily tempted, our good brothers and sisters could spend those hours on their knees travailing for the lost sinner in sin. So let us keep under the blood that we may overcome and so help others to overcome and God's love and mercy will shine down upon us, that we may know we are pleasing in His sight.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE

Heb. 4:12, 13

And regardless of all else we know the all-seeing Eye is watching us in the darkest hour of the night. In the brightest day, the all-seeing Eye never sleeps but sees and hears all at all times.

Remember 2 Peter 3:11, "What manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness." So let us think on these things and keep ourselves unspotted from the world. If our lives are above reproach, no one can harm us no matter what he says. What shame there is on us if we hear things and know they are true. Otherwise we can go on knowing that God will fight our battles for us, for in Him we stand com-

plete. How good to know that His all-seeing eye is watching us, knowing if we have been true or false. Let us pray God that the all-seeing Eye will never be ashamed of us and that our lives will be lived to please Him. He will lovingly go with us through every trial and test.

REMEMBER THY CREATOR

TRUDIE JONES

Scripture: Eccles. 12:1.

Thoughts for Leader

Solomon gave us these words of wisdom after having tried the pleasures of the world. He was a king and had riches and wisdom. He didn't say, "Young people, indulge in the pleasures of the world until you are too old to enjoy them, then turn to God." He didn't say, "Get a good education and seek after wealth and fame," but he said, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Young people, there are only two ways before you. Let us look at each way so that you may be better able to decide which you will choose.

THOSE WHO REMEMBER

Matt. 6:25, 33

Those who remember God have His promise that He will provide for them in a material way. Some people would tell you that this is a hard world and that if you want your share of the world's goods, you must fight for it by any means, fair or foul.

Jesus said, "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. . . . But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

Remember the Lord and you can be sure of unfailing friendship. The friends you have in this world may fail you when you need them most. The prodigal son, whom we read about in St. Luke 15:11-24, probably had plenty of friends while his money lasted, but when he had wasted his substance and had to feed swine the Word tells us that "no man gave unto him." Oftentimes it is true in this life that those you depend on are only fair-weather friends. Love and serve Jesus and He will forever be a faithful and understanding friend. He said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

A HAPPY, SUCCESSFUL LIFE

Josh. 1:8

You will be happy if you seek Christ in your youth and live true to Him. Then He can mould your life and bring about the things that are best for you.

Rom. 8:28 tells us, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." By the examples of the Bible and the examples you see in this life,



you know it is best to remember God in your youth.

THOSE WHO FORGET GOD

There are many young people who have no time for God for they are seeking what they think is a good time. Who tells you that the worldly pleasures will give you happiness, joy, peace and contentment? The devil, of course. He makes you think that you couldn't enjoy being a Christian and leads you on to the so-called pleasures of the world. Young people, Satan is not going to stop when he leads you into little no-harm sins, as some people call them. No, he will dog your footsteps and tempt you deeper and deeper into sin until your life is wrecked and your soul is damned forever. God forbid that you should do so now, that you know that Jesus made a way for you to escape the snares that Satan has laid for your feet. Young people are wasting precious lives in sin and the result is unhappiness, sorrow, trouble, and discontent.

Some people are saved when they are old, but someone has said, and how true it is, that God will forgive your sins and heal your backslidings, but the scars are still on your life. Sin will mar you and leave ugly scars. Also someone has said,

*"The saddest words on tongue or pen
Are those little words,
It might have been."*

So if you serve the Lord from your youth up, you will not have to look back over your life and say it might have been different—yours will be a beautiful life because it is lived according to God's plan.

May these words bring you into the way of life. Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS

RUBY THOMPSON

Thoughts for Leader

Most children and young people feel resentful toward parental authority at certain times during the "growing up" stage. At that time we are prone to consider our parents' restraint as just a little too rigid and old-fashioned to be practical for us. But how would it be if we had no parents or guardians to direct our tender, young lives? Picture in your mind two bouquets of flowers. One contains lovely roses, tulips, peonies, and a great variety of other flowers, making a very beautiful bouquet. These flowers came from a hothouse or a flower garden which was very carefully tended. The other bouquet resembles weeds. In it is a rose with a single leaf that grew in a neglected corner, along the outskirts of a woods. It is a genuine rose, but it is by no means pretty. Do you know that the beautiful flowers in the first bouquet at one time grew just the same as the flowers in the other bouquet? But

they were removed from the roadside, and from the fields, and from the woods, and placed by themselves where they could be properly cared for and cultivated, and they grew more beautiful from year to year.

Boys and girls are very much like flowers. Those who are neglected, who are permitted to walk the streets, to fish on Sunday instead of attend Sunday School and church, to run out at nights and play with all kinds of company, these are the boys and girls who are like the flowers which grow by the roadside. This beautiful bouquet represents those boys and girls who have Christian fathers and mothers, who surround them by influences which are provided to make them pure in thought and upright in life, so that they may grow up to be good Christian men and women.

Let us consider some reasons why it is best to obey our parents.

IT PLEASES GOD

Eph. 6:1, Col. 3:20; Heb. 13:7; Luke 2:51, 52. Jesus always tried to please His heavenly Father and during His childhood years He pleased Him by being "subject" to His earthly parents. To have Christian parents is one of the greatest gifts a child could possibly possess. The best way to prove our gratefulness to God for them is by being obedient. God has always placed a high premium on obedience, and we know that no act of submission on our part will pass by Him unnoticed. He has pronounced a blessing on the obedient that extends even to children and young people. Why should we not court God's smile of approval upon us through obedience to our parents?

BUILDS A BACKGROUND FOR A SUCCESSFUL CAREER

Among the first characteristics our friends and employers look for in our lives is courtesy. An obedient child will have developed respect for his elders, a trait which will be a major factor in anyone's success. A child who will not submit to parental authority will find it very, very difficult to make successful adjustments for a real life of service. The child who may seem to succeed in running things his way in his own home will find that this old world doesn't have a place for him. We can help ourselves immensely by learning to "give in" to the will of our parents, who know from experience what is best for us.

A certain young man once had serious intentions toward a girl, but as he struggled with the question, "to propose or not to propose," he considered her attitude toward her parents. He saw that she spoke to them unkindly and was not considerate of their feelings or comfort. He rightly concluded, "If she mistreats her parents in this way, I can anticipate similar unkindness after marriage." He is now living happily with his wife, but the other girl remains unmarried. Sow the seed of disobedience and you

will reap unfortunate experiences down the line.

YIELDS AN ABUNDANT HARVEST OF SATISFACTION IN LATER LIFE

We may become irritated when our parents correct us and may think we do not have as many privileges or as much freedom as some of the other boys and girls, but we must remember that all this is done by our parents for our good, and later on in life we will see the value of it all and be very grateful to them for what they have done for us.

An elderly gentleman tells us that when he was a boy, in the little village where he lived they organized a cannon company of six or eight boys, who were to accompany the men who went to other villages to listen to political speeches before elections, and then to march in a torch-light procession. He was twelve years old and was asked to join. The boys were all to wear red blouses and red caps, and to his thought just then, nothing in the world was so much to be desired as the torch-light procession and the red blouse and cap, and to be permitted to march behind the drum and the fife, hauling the little cannon after them. He cried and felt ugly toward his father when he would not let him be one of the cannon boys. His father said that at night he ought to be at home and in bed, and not exposed to possible bad influences, the danger of catching cold and of other bad results which he could clearly see. When he grew to be a man, he saw that his father was right, and later when he journeyed back to his boyhood home and visited the cemetery, he frequently placed one elbow on the tombstone of his father and the other on the tombstone of his mother, and with his face buried in his hands thanked God that He had given him Christian parents who were wise and judicious enough not to let him have his own way in all things when he was a boy, but who had restricted him and guided him wisely and well.

So, boys and girls, it will be with you when you have grown older. You will be, oh, so thankful again and again that father and mother have oftentimes denied you things which you have most desired to have.

LIGHTED PATHWAY LESSON

Recently a girl wrote in saying, "Our Y.P.E. used the Treasured Gleanings for their program, each one choosing one for his talk, and it was very interesting." Try this this month, or take the different pages and prepare your talks from them. Our space is scarce now and we must do everything possible to make every word count. Then, I think I'd like a program like this anyway, don't you? Try it out a time or two and write me how you like it.



Amount Sent From Each State to the Fund for Sending Lighted Pathways to Soldiers

Virginia	\$101.23
Illinois	48.70
Florida	21.00
Georgia	15.00
South Carolina	13.00
North Carolina	13.00
Ohio	13.00
Alabama	13.00
California	10.48
Texas	10.00
Indiana	8.00
Mississippi	6.50
Washington, D. C.	6.10
Louisiana	6.00
Tennessee	6.00
Kentucky	6.00
Delaware	4.50
Maryland	4.00
Missouri	4.00
Oklahoma	2.00
Michigan	1.00
Pennsylvania	1.00
West Virginia	1.00
North Dakota	.70

EDITOR'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 2)

joy they lie awake at night planning for their future welfare, their education, their material and temporal gains, but are they considering the spiritual and eternal prosperity of their little ones? Are they lifting up Christ before them first, last, and always?

Perhaps many older parents who read these lines may feel a sense of remorse stealing over them because as they look back over vanished years they see the weak spots in the home from which their little brood has flown. How you would like to recall those years and mend the broken threads, but it's too late now. God alone can make your mistakes work out for good because you love Him. Do you love Him?

*"Backward, turn back, O time, in your flight;
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the far-distant shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silvery threads from my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep."*

NOTE: Some time ago a request came in for me to ask the young people to write on "Why I Like the Lighted Pathway." At the time I suggested this I did not know that my paper would be cut. Now I will publish just one article each month, so be patient until yours appears.—Editor.

WHY I LIKE THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Mildred Austin, Albemarle, N. C.

Why do I like the Lighted Pathway? Goodness, I can only *try* to tell why I like it. It is the best book for young people I've ever read! It just thrills my soul to know that you, Sister Harrison, have dedicated your life for the cause of the young people.

Being a lover of poetry, I can truthfully say the poetry is worth lots to me. I have many of the Lighted Pathway poems in my favorite scrapbook, and when I'm lonely I read my poems and find consolation—my loneliness is gone and I'm happy again.

Recently I sent my favorite brother, a lieutenant in the U. S. Army, the article, "Dear Soldier." Naturally, he isn't religiously inclined, but after reading the article, I received a very precious letter from him saying how much it did for him! Maybe nothing in the whole world could have helped him—but this did—and for the Lighted Pathway I'm thankful!

Were it not for the Lighted Pathway, I wouldn't know anything about what other young people are doing. Why, I find out everything almost! When I came into the Church of God five years ago I thought it a small thing with not many people attached, but I found out since, through the Lighted Pathway, just how big everything is.

The covers of the paper are so precious and you can be assured I have every single one as far back as 1938, and that's some'n, isn't it? Recently, while looking over my covers I could not imagine how many I really did have until I counted them. I had 59! And what's more—they're all so precious—every single one!

Sister Harrison, your Editor's Message is wonderful. Seems so personal and I feel, each time I read your message, that you're speaking to me—alone. I always read it first, then I feel I'm "fixed" for everything else in the Lighted Pathway.

The Lighted Pathway is so different from other religious magazines. Why, it has something for everybody, in all walks of life—the discouraged, tempted and tried, soldiers, old folks, mothers, fathers, preachers, deacons, Christians, missionaries, and hundreds of others! If a person were interested in only one thing, he could find it in the Lighted Pathway.

Treasured Gleanings are worth much to me. Short descriptive stories with some meaning are more helpful, in many cases, than long, boring sermons. I've received many helpful needs from the Gleanings that are treasures to me. In a recent Y.P.E. program, five different people read Gleanings and everyone said the program was the best given in our church in a long time. Why, there's plenty of programs in the Lighted Pathway besides the program outlines. On nearly

every page there's something good to be used in a program. There's always a poem, a reading, or a gleanings that can be used in any program!

'Bye, Sister Harrison, and you know I'm thankful for everything—you, all my friends, God's love and mercy, and especially the LIGHTED PATHWAY!

CALLING OUR YOUNG PEOPLE TO PRAYER

By REV. EARL P. PAULK,

Y.P.E. and Sunday School National Supervisor

Text, "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." St. John 14:14.

As national leader of our young people, I especially feel an overwhelming urge to call on our youth for a special week of prayer beginning Easter Sunday. Easter represents to us the resurrection of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and at this time we are prone to think of *new life, new energy, new victories*. At this extremely crucial time in which we are now living, I am of the profound conviction that if we are to have the *victory* that we look for and that we long for, *nationally, politically, economically, and spiritually*, we must pray and look to God. There is no greater group of people to call upon than our young people, who know how to pray and the value of prayer, and surely it will take prayer to bring about such victories.

There are two things especially that we need to pray for: First, and above all, is a *spiritual awakening*, a *Pentecostal* revival in every Church of God, every community, every state, and every nation of the world. Then we especially need to pray for our comrades who are in the armed forces, who are falling every hour on the battlefield, wounded to die—many of them—there on a *lonely field*.

THE SCOPE

Therefore, we are calling on you in your churches and in your homes to make every night and every day possible a day of prayer. Let it be on our hearts throughout this week: "O Lord, send us an old-time revival. Lord, bring us peace so that the lights can come on all over the world again and bloodshed will cease and mothers' boys can return home, and the name of our Lord can be proclaimed throughout the world."

If you are not kind, you are the wrong kind.

There is such a thing as hesitating too long when God asks us to undertake great things for Him.

"The one who is self-controlled in the little things of every day will not be found wanting in the day of greater responsibilities, greater opportunities or greater privileges."



Mission Page

A TRIP INTO THE TROPICAL WILDS OF SOUTHERN MEXICO

By J. W. ARCHER

(Continued from last issue)

The next week Luis, this young man of whom I have been speaking, was in Mexico City wanting to borrow money to buy a lot in a splendid location to start another building. I told him we never put money into anything without a thorough investigation. And what an investigation it proved to be! Word had come to me that he was working with the Methodists. So I visited dozens of families and asked the same questions. "Yes, they were Methodists. No, they had never thought of being members of the Church of God. Luis was in the employ of the pastor of the leading Methodist church in the city and was taking care of these works for the Methodists. They were always glad to have me visit them but they were active, loyal Methodists. They certainly enjoyed my teachings though, and hoped I could come again." Under pressure they admitted that the young man had borrowed money from most of them, on various pretexts. In fact, the Methodist pastor was so disgusted with this that he was going to dismiss him.

Well, we lost no time in telling him he was now a ship without a rudder. He begged us with tears to give him another chance. When that didn't work he grew angry and said he didn't care, he was going to teach in the Methodist Bible School. (The Methodists no longer have one; his bank job never materialized either.)

Well, here we come to a famous "Market Day" pueblo, and it is market day. See the hundreds of natives thronging the highway ahead; everyone loaded with something to sell or trade—chickens, hogs, corn, potatoes, chili, dried and green homemade rope, baskets, pads for burrows, peanuts, in fact nearly everything imaginable.

What's that?

Did you ever hear again from the young man we dismissed?

Well, we never saw him again. That was nearly eight months ago. Just last week a letter came from a state one

hundred fifty miles on the other side of Mexico City. It was from a stranger to us. But he said he had met us once and believed us to be people of mercy and love. He said Luis Medina was there; that he had been receiving pay from the Catholics to speak against the "Evangelios," as they call the Protestants. He told us he was drinking and would we not please give him another chance and save him from this awful condition.

I replied that we appreciated his interest. That we, too, had loved Luis, but we had given him every opportunity and had shown great patience with him. That my last words to him had been, when he had proved his life, he could return and have another chance. But until then we could only pray for him, which we were doing.

There is the market, that large city square in the center filled with hundreds of people. Notice the most of them are small, dark people—the men dressed in white cotton shirts and pants and the women colored dresses dragging the ground around their bare feet. They are mostly Indians from the various tribes around here in the mountains. They work all week for this market day. It is a big day to them. Potatoes are 16 centavos a kilo

here (fraction over two pounds) and in Mexico City they are 30 cents. At one time one could buy very cheap here, but the city merchants have commercialized it, coming here from the large cities to sell their wares. Serapes that were once fifteen pesos are now brought here from Mexico City and sold for more than we would pay there. The tourists, thinking they are getting a bargain in native products here, come from Mexico City and pay more than they would pay there for them. Wish we had time to go through the market, but the bus just halts here and goes right on.

This scenery looks much like the deserts of New Mexico and eastern California, doesn't it? except that here we are constantly passing Indians on foot and burrows and there are many of these dried up little pueblos of adobe and grass huts. Most of these people earn a meager living with their little patch of corn and by making string, rope, baskets, fans and numerous other articles from the fiber of the yucca and century plants. It is tedious work, but they have a lifetime in which to do it. You will notice these women we are passing with their babies slung in blankets on their backs and weaving with their hands as they walk. They seem always to have a baby on their back. These people suffer much, bearing one child after another. Fifty per cent or more of them die from diseases and exposure. They come home, wet from the rain and sleep on mats on the floor in the same clothes.

Those little huts which so poorly shelter them from the weather look picturesque from our bus window, but tomorrow night we will be living in one of them. The saddest part of all is that none of those people know the peace that is found in Christ Jesus.

Here we come to the fork in the highway. We will keep straight ahead to the south-east. That highway bearing off to the northeast leads to the port of Vera Cruz. About two hours' ride up that highway one comes to the city of Perote. From there a dirt, two-wheel road (or mud road when it is raining, which is much of the time) leads off across the valley, through a pine forest and downward through canyons and mountains into some of the most picturesque parts of all Mexico. It takes a day to travel fifty miles by car, if you make it in a day. Far down there, near the ocean, where you have to leave your car and go by foot or horse, we

(Continued on page 18)

CHURCH OF GOD ON THE AIR IN CUBA

Dear Sister Harrison:

We have begun a gospel broadcast here every Sunday in which many young people participate; they are very eager to sing and help all they can. We are broadcasting for the salvation of souls, the advertisement of the Church of God and the advancement of the cause of Christ. _____ from _____ Eastern War Time (same time as in New York) _____ CMKW long wave, operating on _____. We shall be so happy if all of you young people, and older ones as well, will try to tune in and be sure to write us if you get the program. This station is heard in the States, we are told, so we hope many of you will be able to join with us in this thirty minutes of worship each Sunday evening. If you are unable to get this station on your radio, at least you can pray for this service at that time. At the leading of the Lord, we have begun this work in faith believing, yes knowing, that God will supply the means to carry on with it as long as it is His will for us to continue the broadcast. Not only will we be grateful to you, but we feel sure that the Mission Board, too, will appreciate your contributions, if you feel led to send an offering for this particular purpose. If you do not feel led to send an offering, surely the Lord will burden you to pray for us. May God richly bless each one of you is our prayer.

HOYLE AND MILDRED CASE, Calle Corona 808,
Santiago de Cuba, Cuba.

NOTE: This letter was censored and the time of the broadcast was cut out. We hope sometime accidentally you may tune in and hear Mildred and Hoyle.—Editor.



LETTERS FROM OUR TRAINING CAMPS

Camp Shelby, Miss.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a soldier in the Army and I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. I have been a Christian only since last July and was inducted in the Army October 13. I have found it hard here but the Lord has been good to me.

I married a good Christian girl who had prayed for me many years and I would just reject the Lord, but I see the need of Him more now than ever before. I feel the Lord has a work for us to do. So everyone who reads this be sure and pray for us for we need your prayers.

I am not discouraged for I know the Lord will take care of me, but I do get hungry to be in a good old-time holiness meeting.

I joined the Church of God and was baptized while I was home on my fourteen-day furlough. I tell you, it will pay every boy in service to begin thinking of his soul and where he is going to spend eternity, but it seems to me they think of everything else, so pray for me that I will be a blessing and stand true until Jesus comes. —Pvt. Curner E. McDearis, Co. G, 338th Infantry, A.P.O. 85, Camp Shelby, Miss.

— — —
Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a lonely soldier sitting here in the camp reading the Lighted Pathway that some little boys gave to us on the train while we were being transferred from Alabama to Virginia. I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway very much.

I am not a Christian, or I might say I am a backslider. I once knew the love and peace with God, but somehow I let the devil slip in and rob me of that peace.

As I was reading the letter the girl wrote to the boys in training it touched me very much. I am glad to know that there is someone praying for us in service who are fighting for the freedom of our nation.

I would like to receive letters from Christian friends. Pray for us boys in service.—Pvt. General L. Dalton, Btry. K. 246th C. A., Fort Story, Va.

— — —
Dear Sister Harrison:

I can't express just in words how much benefit I receive from reading the Lighted Pathway. Many of us are separated from loved ones and the old home Church of God, of which I am a member at Flint, Mich. It seems the Lighted Pathway is just a touch of home, while in the Army.

I want to say to those who are about to enter the service of their country, God is able and willing to take care of everyone through all circumstances, if you will serve and put

your trust in Him.

I would be very happy to receive encouraging letters from Christians everywhere. To everyone who writes to me, I will send a little tract I have written entitled "The Unpardonable Sin" which also has my picture. May the Lord bless all of you.—Pfc. Leo G. Stein, Co. B, 2nd Platoon, 3rd Gen. Hosp., Camp Rucker, Ala.

OUR SOLDIER BOY

My heart was so heavy when he was drafted that day,
And all I could do was to fast and pray.

I would think of the great blessing,
The comfort and joy,
When he came into our home, that
sweet little boy.

I taught him the scriptures at the age
of three;

His favorite was, "Lovest thou me?"
He started to school at the age of five.
I asked the Lord to help him and in
Him to confide.

Bad habits, such as tobacco and booze,
None of these things he was never
known to use.

Early in the spring of nineteen and
forty-one,
His service for His country was then
begun.

We said, "Son, they take you from us,
how can this be?"

We needed him, you see.

He said, "Try to be content without
me,

For in just one year I'll be free."

At that time we all thought that was
the way it would be,

But the months that were added were
heart-breaking to me.

I know the army is needed at this
very hour,

Unless the nation could say He is the
head principality and power.

Col. 2:10.

*Composed by a soldier boy's mother,
Mrs. F. A. Whitefield.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

I think the Lighted Pathway is one of the best papers that I have ever came in contact with. I find it to be a great blessing to me. I have been in the Army about fifteen months and I have been trying to live for Christ. I have just finished reading your message and it is true about the prayers of the Christians, I know. I can feel the effects of the prayers of all my Christian friends, and I appreciate all prayers that have been sent up in my behalf. If I have to go across, I want to take the Lord with me; if I don't get to come back I can have the

assurance of meeting all of my friends on that great resurrection morning.

May God bless you in your work is my prayer.—Pvt. Clarence Thornhill, Hq. Btry, 94th, Armd. F. A. Bn., A.P.O. 254, c/o Postmaster, Los Angeles, Calif.

— — —

Squadron B-22 Training Group,
Jefferson Barracks, Mo.,
March 14, 1943.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am writing this letter to let you know how much I appreciate the Lighted Pathway. I am now in the Armed Forces of the United States and have been since February 6, 1943.

Mother sent me the latest issue of the Lighted Pathway and truly I did enjoy reading it. I have been a reader of the Lighted Pathway for about seven years and, truly, it is the best religious paper for the young people that I know of. In my opinion, my months that are spent in the service would not be complete if I did not get my copy of the Lighted Pathway.

It seems that looking over it and reading it is a daily habit of mine since mother has sent it to me. I keep it under my pillow, just where I can get hold of it any time I have a chance to read. Also, I have noticed a copy of it in our recreation room at the post. Truly it could not be placed in a better place than a soldier's recreation room—just where he spends most of his leisure time, and it is accessible to all who care to read it.

At the present time I am stationed at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., just outside of St. Louis, Mo. I am a member of Army Air Forces and am at this station for my training and other special duties which I will be called upon to perform while I am in the Army.

This is my second time to be in the Army of the United States and truly I can say that I am proud to be back in the uniform again. I put one enlistment of three years in during peace time and now I am back to help do my part to preserve the freedom and religion that we all love and cherish so very much.

When I receive the Lighted Pathway it is to me almost like receiving a letter from home. I have been in Bible School for two terms and it seems that the paper lets me know just what our school is doing for the young people who are fortunate enough to have the privilege to attend. Also, it lets me know what the students who have finished school are doing, and it seems to draw me in closer contact with the ones that I attended school with when I was there.

I would appreciate hearing from

(Continued on page 16)



any of my many friends who are out on the battlefield for Christ and the ones who are now wearing the Army, Navy or Marine uniform. I will do my very best to answer every letter that I get from anyone.

A letter is appreciated very much when one is away from home and the friends that you once were so closely associated with in civilian life. One makes many friends while in the army, but no one can ever take the place of your parents and friends that you were with in church and in your daily walks of life.

I am sorry to say but at the present time I am not a Christian, but have been in the past and I certainly hope to be one before very long.—Sincerely, Pvt. Paul E. Sells.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I wish to express my heartfelt appreciation to you as Editor of the Lighted Pathway. I always enjoy reading your little paper. It is surely a blessing to anyone who reads it. The Evangel is also a wonderful little paper. I read every word in both of them. They help me when I am lonely and discouraged.

I am not a member of the Church of God, but I regret that I have rejected the opportunity. I have friends and loved ones who are members of the Church of God. Some of them don't know that I am in prison. Please pray for me. I will appreciate prayers and encouraging letters from Christian friends. — John Coleman, 35752, Fort Pillow State Farm, Fort Pillow, Tennessee.

A Gideon For Ten Years

On Sunday, May 21, 1933, I personally enlisted as a Gideon and received my first roll of fourteen papers.

Since then the Lighted Pathway has always been in my possession each month. In my estimation, it ranks with the best religious literature of today and quite frequently I turn to it in search of new thoughts that I find are always helpful to me in my ministry. Most every phase of life is exemplified and climaxed by interwoven encouragement in God, that one can't help from feeling good when reading its contents.

On this my tenth anniversary as a Gideon, I sincerely remain a booster to all it stands for.—Rev. Marvin E. Porter, Rt. 1, 728 Mildred Ave., E. St. Louis, Ill.

Love can see the best in man even though she has to look through the worst in him to do so.



MOTHER'S GOOD-BYE

*Sit down by the side of your mother, my boy,
You have only a moment, I know,
You will stay till I give you my parting advice,
'Tis all that I have to bestow.*

*You will leave me to serve your country, my boy,
By the world you have yet to be tried;
But in all the temptations and struggles you meet,
May your heart in the Savior confide!*

*Hold fast to the right, hold fast to the right,
Wherever your footsteps may roam;
Oh, forsake not the way of salvation, my boy,
That you learned from your mother at home!*

*You will find in your satchel, a Bible, my boy,
'Tis the Book of all others the best;
It will teach you to live, it will help you to die,
And lead you to the gates of the blest!*

*I gave you to God in your cradle, my boy;
I have taught you the best that I knew;
And as long as His mercy permits me to live,
I will never cease praying for you!*

*Your father has gone on to heaven, my boy,
Oh, how lonely and sad I shall be;
But when far from the scenes of your childhood and youth,
You will think of your father and me.*

*I want you to feel every word I have said,
For it came from the depths of my love,
And, my boy, if I never behold you on earth,
Will you promise to meet us above?*

—Selected.

Divine love in the soul will keep the mind full of pure and wholesome thoughts about the worth-while things of life.

Faith in God is the strong weapon man can use to tear down the strongholds of Satan and build up the kingdom of God.



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[The following text is extremely faint and illegible due to the quality of the scan. It appears to be a collection of lines of text, possibly a list or a series of paragraphs, arranged in a structured format.]

RACHEL

(Continued from page 3)

wives and grandchildren. Mrs. Kalinsky's two dearest friends, Yetta Cash and Sophy Yasnik—the unfailing news-reporters—were there as well; and of course Grandmother Kalinsky also. Mrs. Deborah, in the seat of authority and honor at the head of the table, was attired in her festive orange satin.

Upon sight of Rachel, five or six of the children rose and ran forward screaming excitedly to greet her, "Auntie Ray, O Auntie Ray!" Mrs. Kalinsky, beaming expansively, motioned Max and Rachel to the vacant chairs on either side of her. As they reached them she embraced first Max and then Rachel with gushing effusiveness. Then she presented them to the assembled company as the guests-of-honor of the evening.

"Mein dear childrens und mein leetle grandchildren und mein two dear friends, certainly it iss to-night ve all vus vunderfully happy. It iss tonight that mein darling sohn—mein Maxie—und mein darling leetle daughter Rakkell iss came home to lif mit uns."

"To live? For good?" Excited exclamations ran around the table.

Rachel was speechless. But speech from her or from anyone else was quite unnecessary. Mrs. Kalinsky ably filled the gap.

"Ja, for gut—for alwavs. Mein darling leetle Rakkell she iss not so strong, und it iss too hard for her to keep house all alone yet. Also the stairs by her flat iss too steep for me to climb, und mein darling Rakkell vants that Mamma should be always mit her. Und so ve all haf make it up together that Maxie and Rakkell they shall both came here. It iss a beautiful surprise vvhich I haf keep all veek for efery vun."

Thus was explanation given and thus was it accepted. Curious and excited cross-examination failed to shake it. The strange and sudden action was given further plausible defense: "Mein Max is going for to make his business bigger; und he can safe it so much money, gifting up his flat."

Rachel said nothing. There was nothing to be said—certainly at least not now. Even her present dumbness was kindly and reasonably explained by her solicitous mother-in-law:

"Mein dear little Rakkell—she has had all day such a dreadful headache—all the packing und the mofing it has been so very hard. Ve vill excuse you, darling, to go right after supper back to bed yet."

It was a merciful release. Through the ordeal of that first awful meal Rachel clutched eagerly at the hope of quick escape at its conclusion. Therefore when the last nut was cracked and the last glass of tea was sipped, she fled. She did not even

wait to speak with Ben and Esther or to heed the children flocking around her. Max would explain when she was gone.

Back to the hideous room beside the attic with the rats she went; and there for a full week of feverish days and nights she stayed. Every one was very kind to her. Attractive trays were brought and every attention possible was shown by different members of the household. Mrs. Kalinsky was the kindest of them all. Her devotion was as untiring as it was unctuous. Rachel's keen intuition perceived her tactics well. By her flattery and indulgence she would cajole her daughter-in-law into meek submission; and she would allay from the other Kalinskys all possible suspicion regarding the true state of affairs between them. Sarah alone, outside of Max, was in Mrs. Kalinsky's confidence. For reasons of her own she would never let anyone else know of the disgrace which had threatened their proud family honor. By disdainfully ignoring all reference to the painful subject of Rachel's recent treachery, its evil consequences could best be stayed, and Rachel brought back to paths of orthodoxy.

Rachel was grateful for this respite. She felt too ill, too utterly broken-hearted for open combat. But something warned her that the respite could not be enduring. Permanent peace between her and Mrs. Kalinsky was possible on only one condition: complete submergence of her personality in that of her dominating mother-in-law. Rachel's fearless, independent spirit never could submit to that, especially in the realm of faith. And the claims of Christ, as Violet Hamilton and the Saramoffs had presented them, had stirred her to the depths.

She was in no position yet to defend them. Not even could she define clearly to her own heart and mind her answer to them. Complete silence regarding the entire subject was the necessary present program. And yet—even in spite of all that her interest in the Christian faith had thus far cost her—it gripped her thought tremendously.

As she lay through the days of fever and prostration, with anguish of mind and heart, there seemed to persist an undercurrent of longing that Christ Himself might be made real. Somehow she seemed to feel that were He actually present, were He indeed the true Messiah, He could help and comfort even now in this dark hour . . . Later, when she was stronger she would try to talk alone with Max . . . perhaps Max would understand her . . . and together they might find Him.

Through the weary weeks and months that followed, Rachel gradually accepted the inevitable new order of existence. She fitted dumbly into her place in Mrs. Deborah Ka-

linsky's home. And the place was that of household Cinderella. Mrs. Kalinsky herself and the capable Sarah were constantly off upon their various Zionist committees; and the task of cooking and dish-washing, cleaning and scrubbing, even of the family washing, fell frequently to Rachel's unhappy lot. But she accepted it, as she accepted all else now, with utter apathy and deadness. If she were tired, it did not matter. If her head ached, that didn't matter either. It always ached. If Mrs. Kalinsky was ingratiating, or if beneath her sinuous caresses Rachel was conscious often of the adder's fangs, it was all the same. Her heart was dead, and nothing else was either here or there.

Max she scarcely ever saw alone. Mrs. Kalinsky took good care of that. Rachel was not to be trusted: that fact she was never allowed to forget. Nor was Max allowed to either.

She seldom saw her friends now. A little one had come to bless Ben and Esther's home, and Esther was held in the sweet captivity of motherhood. In the painful new surroundings of the house in East Eleventh Street Rachel's other friends were ill at ease. And Rachel had no heart herself to visit.

One friend supremely she longed for—Violet Hamilton. And the Saramoffs as well. All trace of them she feared was lost, for Violet would never venture another visit after that last disastrous one. And Rachel could not go to Rivington Street, for two good reasons. First, she dared not go. And second, the distance was too great from East Eleventh Street for Rachel in her present weakened condition to walk. And carfare she had none. Max was making his "big money" now but not five cents even could Rachel call her own. With no household budget, Max was assured by his mother that Rachel had no need for money. Mrs. Kalinsky herself provided all her clothes and other personal requirements. And Rachel was too proud to ask anybody for a cent.

In her terrible loneliness, Rachel's one solace was poor old Grandmother Kalinsky and her Hebrew Bible. Since her mother-in-law had burned Rachel's New Testament on that dreadful day of the discovery, Rachel had had an unquenchable longing for the Word of God. Especially did she yearn ardently that she might see the New Testament again—a vain longing in the home of Deborah Kalinsky—but in the Old there was at least the promise of the New; and together with the aged Jewish woman, through many hours Rachel searched its pages diligently.

(To be continued)

The Bible does not merely tell us what we ought to be, but points out how we can be what we ought to be.



HYMN STORIES

(Continued from page 7)

widely in evangelistic meetings. Mr. Bliss was a man of outstanding personality: Dr. John H. Vincent considered him one of the handsomest men he ever met. He had a wonderful bass voice and knew how to reach the heart. To hear him sing some of his own hymns, like "Almost Persuaded," "The Light of the World Is Jesus," "Hold the Fort," "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning," and "Jesus Loves Even Me," was a spiritual event. Because of his effective singing, he was a favorite of such evangelists as Major D. W. Whittle and Dwight L. Moody.

As this hymn began in tragedy, so it closes. Mr. Bliss, the composer, and his wife, lost their lives in a railroad accident, through a bridge collapsing near Ashtabula, Ohio. The wreckage caught fire, and both perished without a trace. Major Whittle went to the scene of disaster in the hope of identifying their bodies, but found nothing. "They have completely gone," he wrote, "as if translated like Enoch."

A TRIP INTO THE TROPICAL WILDS OF SOUTHERN MEXICO

(Continued from page 14)

have a number of churches. Also in the pueblas on the road leading down through the canyon, that would be between the port of Vera Cruz and the port of Tampico on your maps, we have some churches.

As I have explained before, Mexico City is built on a high mountainous plateau some two hundred miles long. In whatever direction you seek to leave that plateau, you drop rapidly down through beautiful canyons and mountains until you level off on the plains below. Where we are going, we will come out into tree-covered tropical plains, lined with high mountain ranges. To the east you would level off just a few miles before reaching the Gulf of Mexico.

The sister of the Governor of Mexico lives in Perote. Her son is a member of our church. Soon he and his mother are going with our Assistant Overseer to see the Governor, for permission to hold conference in any part of Vera Cruz we wish. It is a large state extending for hundreds of miles along the Gulf of Mexico. We have about twenty-five churches in the state. We will visit some of them in the extreme south of the state.

About an hour's ride ahead, down there where you see those mountains rimming this plateau, we come to the dropping off place. But we will not drop there, for there is only a terrible dirt road. Our highway makes a half circle back and follows up one of the canyons. We will rise about two thou-

sand feet and then drop rapidly down the steepest highway grade, I suppose, in all the world. Anyway, I have traveled all the mountain passes in the United States and there are none to compare with it in steepness. At the end of this plateau, where the highway turns, we pass the edge of the city of Tehuacan where they have a well known mineral water, and produce some of the leading soft drinks of Mexico. Extra Poma, made out of apple juice, Kemon, made from cactus apples, and Tehuacan which is pure mineral water carbonated. All are carbonated soft drinks. The Mexicans are very fond of the carbonated mineral water. One of our members, a business man of Mexico City, drinks Tehuacan in place of plain water for the water is so often bad. When he went to the United States with us he became very thirsty for a bottle of Tehuacan. I told him we had no such drink there. Then one day I had an inspiration. "Come on," I said, "I'll get you a Tehuacan." I led him to a drug store soda fountain and said, "Give this man a glass of carbonated water." He drank it and was quite pleased. He said it tasted just like the Tehuacan.

We are circling just above Tehuacan now. The bus does not go into the city. See that large, beautiful, Spanish style hotel there and the swimming pool. That is the famous mineral water from whence they get the water used in these soft drinks. It is one of the regular tourist stops. But we aren't regular tourists, are we? for we have already passed it and are climbing into the canyon.

(Continued in next issue)

CASTING YOUR CARE ON HIM

(Continued from page 8)

find yourself overwhelmed with cares, run at once to the Refuge of your soul. If you are oppressed, pray like Hezekiah: "Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me" (Isa. 38:14). Have confidence in Him. Pour out your soul to Him. Pour out your confidence in Him. Pour out your heart without reserve before Him, exercise the habit of constantly looking to and trusting in Him. So it was with Christ. He said: "The Son can do nothing but what he seeth the Father do" (John 5:19). Thus it should be with us; we should look to Him, casting all our cares on Him, and then He would direct our steps, and "In the multitude of our thoughts within us our comfort would delight our souls." Then we would have abiding rest and quietness, then would these words be fulfilled: "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but in me ye shall have peace."

Try this from day to day in all your cares and trials, personal, family, spiritual, temporal, public and private. Bring all to the Lord and you will constantly have rich, varied and

precious experiences of His love, faithfulness, and power. If you are ever prayerful, you will not only *not* be careful, but you will always be peaceful. Make your everyday requests known to God and you will enjoy peace.—R.

LIGHTED PATHWAY RATING

Sold for April Total

Alabama	2,402	16,425
Arizona	86	470
Arkansas	471	3,769
California	583	2,994
Canada	126	1,053
Colorado	42	93
Delaware	224	1,263
Foreign	188	1,453
Florida	3,033	17,805
Georgia	6,718	43,809
Idaho	168	906
Illinois	4,117	17,285
Indiana	1,021	3,246
Iowa	127	945
Kansas	308	1,758
Kentucky	2,080	13,924
Louisiana	450	3,664
Maine	126	863
Maryland	736	4,919
Massachusetts	42	300
Minnesota	28	652
Michigan	1,265	5,664
Mississippi	931	5,165
Missouri	668	3,896
Montana	126	1,022
New Jersey	182	1,008
Nebraska	14	140
New Mexico	63	609
New York	182	768
North Carolina	5,375	38,889
North Dakota	268	3,291
Ohio	1,267	8,905
Oklahoma	366	2,650
Oregon	140	1,173
Pennsylvania	744	5,446
South Carolina	9,772	71,081
South Dakota	98	782
Tennessee	2,732	20,059
Texas	1,376	14,815
Virginia	4,460	16,525
Washington	242	1,686
Washington, D. C.	276	1,224
West Virginia	1,855	13,890
Wyoming	56	210
Wisconsin	28	42
	55,562	356,545

March Prize Winner

Evelyn Moore, Cottage Hill, Ill., is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5.00 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

Honor Roll

V. B. Ellis, Greenville, S. C.
Edwin M. Mortenson, Columbia, S. C.
Beatrice Carroll, Greenwood, S. C.
Claude M. Beam, Lindale, Ga.
Mae Couch, Fort Mill, S. C.
Hattie Jackson, Calhoun, Ga.

Nearly everyone has advice to give away but the doctors and lawyers.



GLINTS OF KNOWLEDGE

Churches and Saloons

It is reported that there are 210,000 churches in the United States as against 430,000 places licensed to sell alcoholic liquors—in a land that still has the boldness to label itself "Christian."—*King's Business*.

No Bible Reading

A "Gallup Poll," suggested by the American Bible Society, revealed that 41 people out of every 100 in the United States have not opened a Bible for at least one year. — *The Gospel Message*.

Camphor Trees

With 15,000 matured trees already flourishing in Los Angeles County, California, plans are under way to make the country self-sufficient in camphor, thereby replacing the \$32,000,000 yearly supply heretofore imported from Japan and Italy.—*Ledger*.

Five Sons Ministers

The Protestant Voice, of Fort Wayne, shows the picture of Rev. Clark Callendar, a minister, and five sons who are also ministers. The father must have made a success of the ministry for his sons to have been faithful to follow in his steps.

Dog Population

Do you know that there are 12,000,000 dogs in this country? They eat as much farm produce as is grown in the New England States, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland—enough food daily to fill a freight train four miles long.—*The Imperial Magazine*.

If travel cost one cent per thousand miles, you could circle the globe for 25 cents. At the same rate, a one-way trip to the moon would cost \$2.38, and to the sun \$930. But your fare to the nearest star (not counting the planets) would be \$260,000,000.—*Moody Monthly*.

Boys and girls, under voting age to the number of 700,000 are enlisted in the army of criminals in the United States.—*The Gospel Minister*.

How Will He Fare?

"For nine years a Christian man, on his way to a Methodist church, passed the home of the Smith family in which Joseph was growing up to be the founder of the church of the Latter Day Saints, commonly called the Mormon Church, at Salt Lake City, never calling on the family nor inviting Joseph to the Sunday School. One may wonder how he will fare at the judgment seat of Christ."—*Pillar of Fire*.

Delinquency of Young Girls

According to the National Prohibitionist, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, in reporting on her countrywide tour of war industries before a press conference, said: "Delinquency among 13, 14, and 15 year old girls is on the increase. Their mothers have gone to work and left them without supervision. Neighborhood boys have taken over the jobs of big brothers gone to war. This has led to great increase in the number of illegitimate children born to these 'under 20' war worker girls," she said. And according to Time 150,000 young American girls disappeared into an infamous life last year.—*Selected*.

Striking Facts About Africa

Africa comprises nearly one-fourth of the earth's land surface.

Africa is four times the size of the United States, and ten thousand times as large as the state of Rhode Island.

It is as great a distance around the coast of Africa as it is around the world.

Every eighth person of the world's population lives in the Dark Continent. The blacks double their number every forty years and the whites every eighty years.

Mohammedanism is spreading very rapidly throughout the entire continent. Every third person in Africa is a Mohammedan. There are over 4,000,000 of them south of the equator. Within the next twenty years millions more will have gone over the Islam unless the Christian Church bestirs herself.—Rev. J. E. Crowther in *Evangelical Messenger*.

German Arrogance

An exchange shows that the arrogance of the Hun twenty-five years ago and today are the same. German literature and her teachers and preachers would convince anyone the practice of terror in any form was condoned by German orators and writers as far back as memory runs.

"No nation in the world can give us anything worth mentioning in the field of science or technology, art or literature which we would have any trouble doing without." — *Professor Winer Sombart*.

"When Prussian power is in question I know no law."—*Bismarck*.

"The whole history of the world is neither more or less than a preparation for the time when it shall please God to allow the affairs of the universe to be in German hands."—*From a speech by an educational authority in 1917.*

"We thank Thee, Lord God! Thy

wrathful call obliterates our sinful nature; with Thine iron rod we smite all our enemies in the face."—*Fritz Philippi*.

"Not only North America but the whole of America must become a bulwark of Germanic Kultur, perhaps the strongest fortress of the Germanic races. . . The lands will be settled upon by people of Germanic blood, the non-Germanic inhabitants being driven into reservations or at best to Africa."—*Klaus Wagner*.

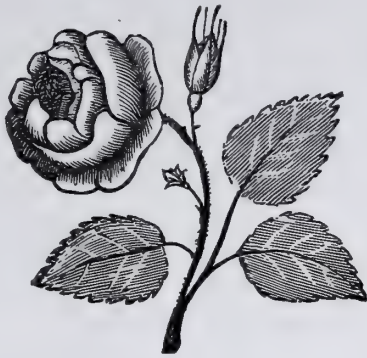
The Allies have carried the war to Axis territory to the extent of destroying or seriously crippling 2,000 essential war plants and rendering 1,000,000 people homeless.

Three million babies were born in the United States last year. Many of the mothers of these babies are wives of soldiers. There are more than a million army wives. It is estimated that a million mothers of children under ten years of age are working in the labor force.

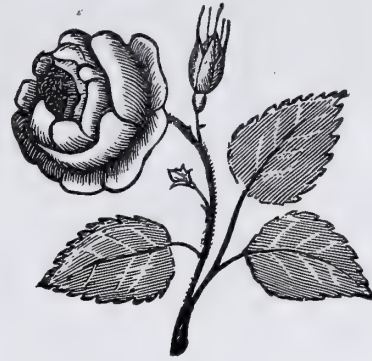
Release Figures on London Bombing

The ministry of home security has issued *Front Line* 1940-1941, in which for the first time the details of the attacks upon Britain from the air are given. We can discover what both London and the other cities had to endure. It is plain now what were the facts, and they are terrible for anyone with any insight. Until the end of 1941, 190,000 bombs were dropped and 43,000 civilians were killed. The story is told from the first Dockland raid onwards. That September (1940) London was bombed every night by forces averaging 200 planes. There were 5,730 killed. But the three greatest raids on London, of which we see the scars, were in April and May, 1941. The last of the three was the most serious. On May 10, 1,436 were killed. How London suffered can be judged by these figures: "In London twice as many houses were made uninhabitable up to mid-1941 as in the whole of the rest of the country—making London's ratio of destruction, in proportion to population, eight times as great as that of the balance of the country." But other cities, especially the ports, suffered heavy attacks. The worst hit of the ports was Liverpool, where more than 4,000 were killed in seven nights. But the story tells, in figures which speak for themselves, how the firemen in the first 22 nights attended 10,000 fires. The widespread character of the raids which some cities had to bear can be illustrated from the records of Portsmouth. Out of 70,000 houses in that city, 63,000 suffered damage.—*Edward Shillito*.





I Have a Boy



Hugh Marion Pierce

I've a wonderful boy, and I say to him, "Son,
Be fair and be square in the race you must run.
Be brave if you lose and be meek if you win,
Be better and nobler than ever I've been.
Be honest and fearless in all that you do
And honor the name I have given to you."

I have a boy and I want him to know,
We reap in life just about as we sow,
And we get what we earn, be it little or great,
Regardless of luck and regardless of fate.
I will teach him and show him, the best that I can,
That it pays to be honest and upright, a man.

I will make him a pal and a partner of mine,
And show him the things in this world that are fine.
I will show him the things that are wicked and bad,
For I figure this knowledge should come from his Dad.
I will walk with him, talk with him, play with him, too,
And to all of my promises strive to be true.

We will grow up together, I'll, too, be a boy,
And share in his trouble and share in his joy.
We'll work out our problems together and then
We will lay out our plans when we both will be men.
And oh, what a wonderful joy this will be,
No pleasure of life could be greater to me.

—New Rochelle, N. Y.



The Lighted Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR



Vol. 14

JUNE, 1943

No. 6



"Thy
Word
is
a
Light
Unto
My
Path"



THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

Here we are stranded in a little station between Cleveland and Atlanta, so while we are waiting these five hours we are thinking of you. Our reason for being here is because we missed the bus. Well, I think I could find no better way to pass the time than talking to the large group



of young people who are before me in my imagination, and especially on something that will give you joy and that will give those around you joy. Now I know you want to know just what that is, for most of you who read this paper are anxious to bring joy to the world. To go through life without joy would be hard, I am sure.

I think we will use a triple subject, "Thoughtfulness, Sympathy and Kindness." Someone might think, Why use three words? Would not just kindness be sufficient? No, I think not. There are people who are kind at heart who are not

thoughtful. They mean to be kind but are so absorbed in themselves that they forget to be kind and to offer sympathy. There is never a day that we do not have a chance to do some good deed, give a smile or kind word to some traveler by the way.

I wouldn't want a day to pass without an opportunity of this kind. This morning here, where I have five hours to wait, I heard two young girls talking. "We have never traveled on the bus before," they said, "and we do not know just what to do." I took them into the bus station, got directions for them and put them on their bus and they went on their way rejoicing. That was just a little thing, wasn't it? but it meant much to them. We meet much of this along the way, but do we always think to be kind and sympathetic?

I wondered why I had to have this long wait here when, as I started on my way, I asked God to help me and care for me and direct me. I wondered why, when I needed to reach my destination at noon today, that I was delayed. So here I am writing to you down here in a drug store instead of in my office, or instead of meeting my appointment in Atlanta. I do not know why, only some of my experiences this morning—the coldness and indifference of people—have made me able to write to you out of the fullness of my heart. We want you to remember, boys and girls, that every hard experience can be made a stepping stone to something worth while. Every disappointment may be turned into God's appointment if we are willing to have it so.

We realize we are talking to thousands of boys and girls who are working in stores, factories and other places where you meet the public. The world is full of people who are sad, discouraged, and need sympathy and kindness. You may think, Oh, I wish I could do something great for God. God did something great for you when He put you in the place where you can touch the lives of people.

Did you ever go into a dry-goods store and meet a bright face at the counter, with a smile, and a, "What can I do for you?" It seemed that a ray of sunshine had peeped through somewhere and had entered that sad heart of yours which

had been saddened by the trials that had come your way. Then she made every effort to help you to find just what you needed. If it was a millinery store, she didn't put just any unbecoming hat on your head and say, "That looks beautiful," but, "No, that does not look so good, let us try this one." Finally she places on your head just the hat that was made for you. Well, you left that store feeling like one does when in the heat of summertime he has had a cool, refreshing bath. You have been bathed in kindness and you just wouldn't go anywhere else to do your shopping. You want to go back next time. You want to see that bright, shining face again. My, what an asset to any store or place of business to have a girl or boy like that. I often wonder why some people hold a job, with their long faces and grouchy ways. That clerk by your side in the store or the boy or girl by your side in the factory may have a heavy heart and a word of cheer and a smile from you will mean everything.

We always feel that we must say a word to the boys in the service of our country, who are fighting for our freedom. I am seeing, in my imagination, the different railroad stations as they are crowded with our young boys and their mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, wives, sweethearts and friends to see them off. There are tears flowing freely. Bless their hearts. It is perhaps the saddest time of their lives. Many have never been away from home before. They come into the camp that you are in. Don't tell me there is no opportunity of serving Christ in your ranks. It is the greatest opportunity of your life. Speak a

kind word to the boys. Go out of your way to do it. The discipline they must pass through is so hard compared with the love at home. They need you, boys, and you need the service to bring a blessing to your own heart. Let "Others" be your motto and you will find that it will not be hard to live a Christian life serving your country. Some of our boys write in, "I can't live a Christian life in the service." It is easy when you are thoughtful, sympathetic and kind to those around you, forgetting self and thinking of "others."

Now, last but not least, is our message to the Church. Oh, how we as a Church need to be thoughtful, sympathetic and kind. The world is a troubled old world. If ever there was a time when they need help to carry their burdens it is now. The same kindness shown by the girl in the store as a clerk is needed in our churches. I fear we do not always find it. Men and women, boys and girls come to your church for that sympathy their sad hearts crave. Do we give it to them? What do we do for the stranger who comes into our midst? Does

he say, "I want to come back to this church, they are so thoughtful, sympathetic and kind"? God, help us.

We often hear people say, "Oh, I wish I had something to give. I wish I could help build that church or I wish I had money to give those in need." Well, it would be nice to have plenty of money to make folks happy by doing something especially nice for them in a financial way, but Peter said, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee."

We have kindness and the ability to help people. Give these things. They are perhaps of more value even than money. Give a kind word, any encouraging word, to some disheartened soul. Give hospitality. Give friendship. Many who are money-poor are rich in these other things.

(Continued on page 16)

OUR COVER PAGE

Come with us to our back yard to see our lovely rose bush. This picture was taken last summer. Perhaps you would like to spend an evening with us there as we have a barbecue pit and we can enjoy a good hamburger fry or wiener roast. But please don't all come at once for I am afraid my yard wouldn't hold you all. It would take acres and acres and acres to accommodate all of you. But say, will it not be wonderful when we all get to heaven? There will be room enough for all. Come on, friends, and let us be sure not to miss that wonderful time and place.

The young lady in the picture is our daughter, Mary Elizabeth, and her appearance on the cover page of our paper will be a complete surprise to her. She is on the teaching staff at Sevierville Bible Training School and College this year.

We are very sorry that we failed to give the story of the picture and poem of "Mother's Good-Bye" in the May issue on page sixteen. The mother and son are Sister F. J. Lee and Flavius Joe, wife and son of one of our most beloved General Overseers.

Young Flavius Joe left the next day after this picture was made for the service of his country. This poem certainly sounds just like Sister Lee, for she is a wonderful mother. Pray much for her in her loneliness, as this leaves her all alone.

—Editor.

Rachel

By Agnes Scott Kent

(Used by permission of the
Evangelical Publishers)

(Continued from last issue)

Rachel and Grandmother Kalinsky were kindred spirits in their loneliness and—to her great joy Rachel discovered it—in their trust in God and in the Messianic hope. The aged mother-in-Israel, beneath her silent inconspicuousness, was conspicuous before her God for her great piety and faith, as daily, in reverent and zealous prayer, she waited for the consolation of her people Israel. In deepest secrecy, but with trembling gladness, as alone together they frequently sat either in Rachel's room or hers upon the top floor of the big house, Rachel told her all that she knew herself of Christ as the Messiah; and the dear old Grandmother received the good tidings with great joy. These little secret hours were Rachel's greatest comfort.

And then suddenly even this comfort was taken from her. Grandmother Kalinsky died. It was Rachel herself who found the dear old soul asleep in her accustomed rocker, early one morning as she came down to make the breakfast. Grandmother Kalinsky had stolen down alone in the night for her warm place by the stove. There she had fallen asleep as usual—but this time it was that last sweet sleep, from which awakening she would behold her own Messiah face to face.

In the orthodox Jewish home there followed the traditional eight days of mourning. They were terrible days for Rachel. All the shades were closely drawn and the house was hushed and weird. No member of the family went out of doors. Friends and neighbors all came in to mourn with them, sitting around the dreary parlor on boxes, or on the floor as they wailingly intoned the *Kaddish*—the Jewish prayer for the dead—while the long wax candles burned heavily. Amid all the perfunctory and professional evidences of sorrow, one heart there was that grieved sincerely—Rachel's.

The days of mourning ended, Rachel slipped back into the usual round of heartless household tasks, with the ugly room upstairs her only oasis between them. This room was very dreadful to her now. Besides its hideousness and the noise of the scuttling rats, it now held an added horror. It was just across the hall from the recent abode of death. Rachel had

no fear of death as such, but the room so lately connected with it conveyed to her—very lonely now without the dear little Grandmother near her—an uncanny and depressing atmosphere.

At last the long, sorrowful winter drew to a close, and the return of the robins found Rachel just a bit more white, more thin, more sad than when she first had come to East Eleventh Street.

With the balmy days of spring Rachel ventured on occasional short walks. Her favorite one was over to Fifth Avenue and home again by way of Wanamaker's. The great store fascinated her—even though with her empty purse its appeal was hopeless.

One day her eye was suddenly caught by a striking window display of English Bibles. There were several stacks of them in the background, and in the center foreground were half a dozen rare editions. On either side were open Bibles—open at various places in both the Old Testament and the New. Eagerly Rachel read all the text . . . then read it yet again.

The effect upon her was a quickened longing to possess a Bible—Old and New Testament together—for herself. Fight it down as she might, the longing would not be denied. A Bible she had to have. But how attain the impossible?

For days and nights she pondered over the problem—making many secret trips to the Bible window in the meantime—and finally the solution flashed upon her. And before her resolve could falter she put it into execution.

Carefully watching her chance, she stole up to the attic one afternoon, when Mrs. Kalinsky and Sarah were out and the children were at school, and there selected from among her household goods, a large, square, wooden box. It was very clumsy and it was heavy, and it excited wonderment and curiosity as Rachel hugged it in her arms and carried it along the street. Nevertheless ten long blocks she went with it—to a Russian place she knew in the lower Ghetto. There, exhausted and breathless, she deposited it upon the counter before the astonished gaze of the dealer in Russian brasses, who opened it at her command.

The dealer's eyes grew eager and Rachel's eyes grew misty, as he drew from its folds of cotton-wool and tissue paper—her precious samovar. A bargain was quickly struck; the dealer eagerly seized his new art treasure; Rachel seized the crumpled ten-dollar bill he gave her in exchange. The samovar was easily worth fifty. The dealer's eyes grew big with satisfaction. Rachel's dear eyes grew wet with grief as she went out.

Back over the ten long blocks she retraced her weary steps, then steadfastly onward still another four or five, until she came to Wanamaker's.

The clerks in the bookstall watched in admiring wonder the beautiful young Jewess as she searched diligently among their handsome leather Bibles, reading hungrily in the meanwhile from page after page of the New Testament. At length she found the Bible that exactly suited. The price, too, was exactly right—ten dollars. The exchange was made, and Rachel carried home triumphantly her dearly-purchased treasure. Sur-reptitiously she made her entrance through the upper doorway, her package carefully concealed inside her coat. Happily the coast was still quite clear, as Rachel found for the forbidden Book a safe hiding place within the attic.

* * *

No longer were her hours lonely now. Eagerly she treasured every moment she could spend within her ugly room when, as frequently happened, she had the house to herself. She would wait till she was absolutely sure, then she would draw the cherished Bible from its niche of concealment, and carry it lovingly to her room. Then, carefully locking the door as a further precaution, she opened the sacred Volume and pored over its pages hungrily.

She set herself to diligent and systematic study. One goal was ahead of her. She was going to get this question settled definitely and conclusively once for all: Was Jesus Christ truly the Son of God and Israel's Messiah, or was He not? Were His claims authentic or were they blasphemous and false, as she had always been taught, and had believed until she met Violet Hamilton? She could not rest satisfied in mind or heart until she knew.

Hers was a quick and steady brain; her perceptions were clear and rapid, and her deductions therefrom were logical and sound. It was not many days, therefore, before she had arrived at a definite intellectual conviction that the claims of Jesus Christ were true.

Her assurance brought entire peace
(Continued on page 17)

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Devoted to the general welfare and spiritual
uplift of our young people
everywhere

Published Monthly at the
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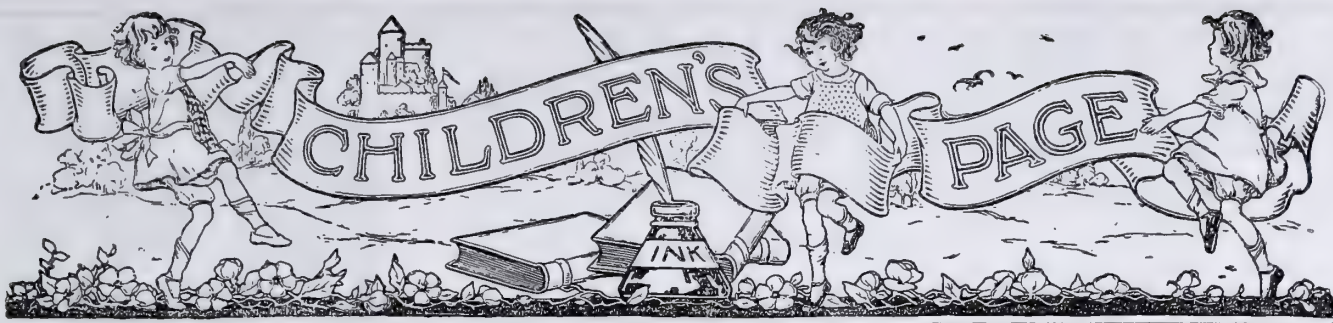
ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor
Cleveland, Tennessee

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Dear Children:

I am going to talk to you a little while this month. It has been some-time since I wrote to you. I remember when I sent out our first issue about fourteen years ago that I wrote a whole page to the children. I did so long to help the children. Now, the ones I wrote to then are away out somewhere, perhaps on the battle-field. I wonder if what I wrote to them has helped them at this time when they need help? Well, we do not know. We hope it did.

Some day you will grow up and you will perhaps have to go to war, too, if not one kind it will be another, for as long as we live in this world we will have some kind of conflict and we will need to be strong in order to meet it. We want to make a special effort through the Lighted Pathway to help you to be strong and we want you to notice on the Father's and Mother's Page that we are starting a Happy Home Circle. If father and mother should try ever so hard to have a happy home it would be impossible to do so without your help. Now, when they send in their names, they are going to send in yours and we are going to put your name in our roll book just like theirs.

We have been telling them what papers to order to help them and we are going to tell you what we want you to do. We are publishing a little paper just for you here at the Publishing House and every month I choose the material for this paper. Of course, I try to think of just what the children of today need and choose the stories that I feel will be a blessing. I hope your Sunday School will see the need of placing this good literature in your hands. We are going to expect to see the members of this Happy Home Circle realizing the need of good reading for our boys and girls. At some churches where they are getting these nice little papers we have noticed that the children tear them up and throw them away. Well, that is because their fathers and mothers have not brought them up to appreciate good literature, but your daddy and mother are different for they belong to the "Happy Home Circle," and the aim of the circle is to study to show themselves approved unto God, and they are going to encourage their children to do this also. Just remember, if your daddy and mother join, then that makes you a member, too. Now, of course, we are going to have a good and a profitable time.

I think we are going to give the Happy Home Children a space in our Junior Jewels to write letters and tell

about your happy home, and what you are doing to make it happy. Don't you think that will be interesting? This is going to make us extra work but if we can help to make a few happy homes it will be worth it.

Now we will give you one story this time and we hope it will make you a better boy and girl. You see in this story how Sallie made everybody unhappy by being so slow. How can a home be happy when there is someone in it like that? Is there anyone in your home who has a fault that is making the home unhappy? After you join the Happy Home Circle, I am sure you will try to be different.—
Editor.

BEHIND-TIME SALLIE

Inez Brasier

Sallie Cole was the jolliest little girl in the whole block. That is, she was most of the time, and every one liked to have her around. But she had one fault that tried her poor mother and made her brother really cross. She

was never on time. Day after day it was the same.

"Wash the dishes quickly, dear," Mother would say.

"Yes, Mother!" But Sallie never did. She would stand with her hands in the dishpan, playing with a cup or a spoon, and dream for an hour.

"Sallie! What are you doing? Have you finished the dishes and swept the crumbs around the table?"

"No, Mother. I'll get it done right away," was the answer every day, but it would be an hour before Sallie had the dishes washed and the crumbs swept.

And school days were worse.

"Breakfast is ready, Sallie."

"But, Mother, I'm not dressed yet," and Sallie kept every one waiting while she put on her shoes and washed her hands and face.

It did not matter to Sallie, not even when big brother Jack promised her a nickel each morning that she was ready for breakfast when Mother called.

"Now look here, little behind-time sister, you will be late to school again," he scolded.

Sallie only laughed. "It really doesn't matter if I am late. Anyway, you wait to give me a ride, so I almost always get there when the bell rings."

But this morning brother Jack did not wait to give Sallie a ride to school. He was so cross he hurried away to his office and left her to walk. She was late again, and Mr. Marks, the principal, was in the room when she came in.

"Why are you always late?" he asked sternly, and Sallie had to tell him in front of all the children and her teacher.

Now, you would think Sallie would do better after that, but she did not. She still dreamed and loitered and took a long, long time to do things.

One morning after the summer vacation began, Mother received a letter from Grandfather Cole. "I shall be there Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock to take Sallie to the farm with me," he had written.

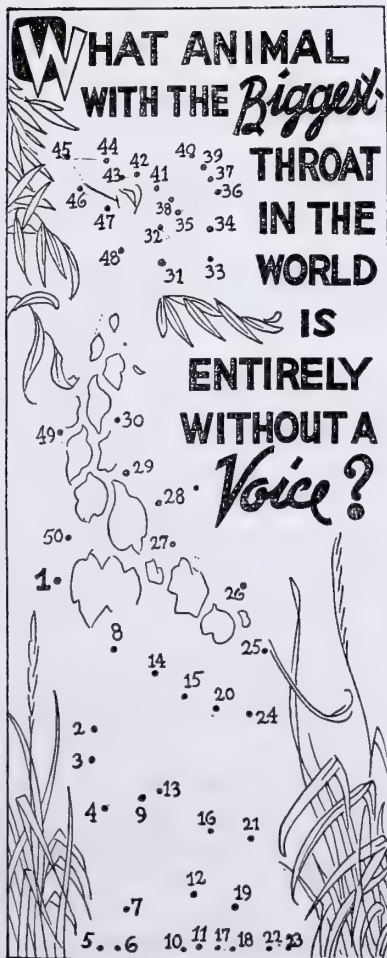
Now, Grandfather's farm was the nicest place in the world. There was nothing that Sallie liked to do better than to stay there in the summer time with Grandfather and Grandmother. And today was Tuesday.

Mother went into the kitchen where Sallie was supposed to be washing dishes. As usual, she was just dreaming, with her hands in the dishpan.

"Hurry, dear," Mother said, "or you will not get through before—"

Mother did not finish what she had started to say. She turned quickly and

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FATHER'S and MOTHER'S PAGE



Home, Sweet Home

Dear Parents:

These days we are thinking much about world problems and each of us is anxious to do our bit toward helping in this great world conflict. I am sure it is the duty of some of us to think also about the future generation. If we neglect this, what will conditions be when this war is over? We will have a world full of young people who are not capable of carrying on the great affairs of our nation. Then bear in mind that when we are turning our attention to the child training we are being patriotic. We get letters from young mothers asking advice and expressing regret that they cannot get out in the Lord's work. Bless your hearts, mothers, you are doing the greatest piece of work that it is possible for anyone to do when you are training the future generation. You might see many souls saved if you could be free to go forth in winning souls for the Master, but what if you did this and after a while your own little household went astray? You might lay up money for future use and be very proud of your bank account, but there will never be anything so satisfying in this world as a little brood of children to send forth to bless the world. How about making this a study for the next few years and see what we can accomplish? This article will perhaps help to convey the thought we are trying to bring to you.

Here are some papers that will be very helpful to you, and are very reasonable in price. "The Mothers Golden Now," price 25c per year; published quarterly by David C. Cook, Elgin, Ill. "Baby's Mother" is another wonderful paper for mothers, price 50c per year. Address the Standard Publishing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Parent's Magazine will be a great help to you. Address, Parent's Magazine, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y. Price \$2.00 per year.

In sending for any of these magazines always mention "The Lighted Pathway." Just say, "I saw in the Lighted Pathway your magazine recommended for Mothers' Study Circles."

May the Lord bless you and may our Happy Home Circle grow in number and interest until it will be a great blessing to our nation. Join our circle and work with us to make a better world.—*Editor*.

OUR FIRST SIX MEMBERS

Mrs. Grace Elwood, 607 Ash St., Key West, Fla.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Self, 911 33rd Ave., Tampa, Fla.

Mrs. Olive Ledford, Gid, Arkansas. Rev. and Mrs. Lee Holdman, 4224 Vista Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Fred Durham, Rt. 1, Middlesboro, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Adair, Rt. 3, Huntsville, Ala.

EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS FROM MEMBERS

A SAD LETTER

Seeing you are forming a "Home Circle" I am anxious to join, as I am a mother of twelve children, ten living. A circle like this would have been a great help to me in bringing up my children. I thank God my home was a prayerful home in the training of my first children, but husband backslid and my last children were deprived of the blessing of a Christian home. All are unsaved, one in the hospital with a broken leg, one in Beckley, W. Va., and one in prison with a broken heart. He has five little children to be brought up in this world. I have three of them, ages two, five, and six. So you see I need all the help I can get.

NOTE: Do mothers like this need the help this circle will give? Let us pray for this dear mother and her boys and girls. I am not giving the name. Have not asked permission.

I want to enroll in your Circle and help pray for happy homes. God knows they are needed.

I would like to join the Home Circle. I have seven children ranging from twelve to seven years of age.

I want my name on the Home Circle. I do want to bring my babies up to please the Lord.

I notice your suggestions on Home Circle. I want to enroll. I will pledge to study and do all I can to make a better home.

We want to join the Lighted Pathway Home Circle. Although my husband does not claim salvation he wants to do his best to help me bring our little four-year-old daughter up to be a useful and loved Christian girl. Yours for success.

NOTE: Notice this husband, although unsaved, is brave enough to want his name on this Circle Roll. Just three husbands have sent in their names.

I wish to join the Home Circle as I feel that this is a very needful thing. Mothers need to be taught the value of child training.

Have just finished reading about your Home Circle and I think it is something really needful. You may add my husband and me to the list.

NOTE: Thanks for another brave daddy.

I wish to join the Home Circle. I am the mother of two fine little boys,

ages two and four. I am twenty-seven years of age, my husband is thirty-two. I wish to live up to the pledge.

NOTE: Yes, we have some daddies who are interested in making happy homes. There are many little mothers who have to carry the burdens alone.

HOME TREATMENT OF WORLD PROBLEMS

Margaret Conn Rhoads

Lois had been a girl who could handle several activities, as well as get her lessons in college, so I was sure she would be doing much in her home. Now that she had a goodly sized family I was anxious to hear if she continued to keep outdoor interests along with her busy home duties. It was with unusual pleasure that I looked forward to a stop-over visit with her.

"Yes," she answered my query, "I do have a great interest in world affairs even though I am closely held to one spot most of the time. I am working strenuously and zealously for world peace every day of my life."

There was a large household with Lois as not only the guiding hand but the housekeeper and the manager as well. Where could she find time to spend on a huge world problem as far-reaching as world peace? Where did she get the time to make a study of all this problem involved? I urged her to explain in detail.

"Oh, I see you are picturing me studying all the intricacies of international relations, racial habits and standards, locality difficulties and varying laws governing different nations. Well, that is a far cry from my efforts in trying to work for world peace. You may belittle my efforts when you know what I am really concentrating my attention on, but to me it seems a wise beginning in bringing about a future generation who can visualize a world in some degree of comfortable harmony.

"I believe that all problems of this kind originate in the home and that there is where we all should begin to start our reform. The small child who is taught to live in harmony with his child playmates will grow into the adult who will have, through practice, learned to covet peace and fairness. When a quarrel arises on the playgrounds in our yard I don't treat the matter too lightly. I see to it that the children on both sides of the argument think fairly and decide on a fair solution. I aim to instill into the consciousness of each child a fair-thinking attitude of mind that will make him see and understand both sides. When Johnny is asked to share his new wagon for a few rides I want him quickly to grasp the kindness of graciously doing this and the fact that some day he will be asking this playmate to share some of his new toys. When a wrangle over a ball game occurs I want my children to be fair enough to go into a discussion of the matter, keeping calm and weighing all sides impartially. I teach implicit rights of people for their own property, at the same time showing the children their advantage if they make that property (if it happens to be

(Continued on page 18)



HELPS FOR TEMPTED AND TRIED

WORDS OF COMFORT

A. W. Luse

In this world of trouble and discouragement we all need words of comfort sometimes. Thousands of unfortunate people have taken the gloomy route of suicide to get out of this world because no one prayed for them and spoke words of comfort to them. Some discouraged souls have given up salvation and no longer walk the Heavenly Pathway, all because some kind-hearted brother or sister failed to do their duty by speaking words of cheer and comfort to them.

Rouse ye up, O Christian soldier, and cheer your faint-hearted comrade in the warfare of King Immanuel! "Help somebody today," as the song enjoins. Drive away sorrow from the heavy-hearted by a few words of comfort. You can lift a heavy load from the heart of a brother or sister passing through a valley of depressing trial, by a few words of real godly cheer. The question is, Will you do it? If you do so, you will be laying up treasure in heaven.

Present circumstances that press so heavily against you may be a tool in God's hands to mold, modify, and purify you in a spiritual way and to fit you for a work of importance lying ahead of you, and also to enable you to more fully sympathize with some other poor sufferer in like distress as you are. See Romans 8:28 and just believe it; yea, rest upon it, for it is true.

You may not like your present circumstances, but be comforted with the thought that "all things work together for good to them that love God." Praise the Lord Jesus!

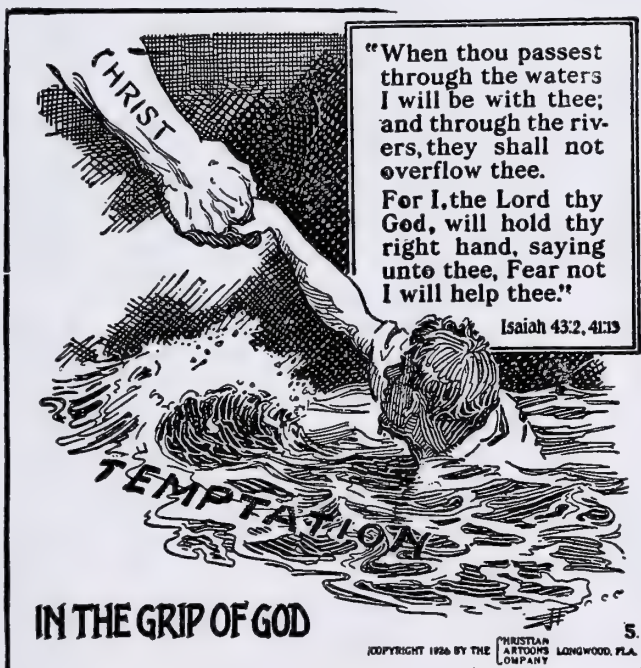
Please remember too that God's way is best even if it does lead through rivers of grief, great losses, cruel disappointments, and shocking calamities. In the long run some good may grow out of all life's unpleasant trials. Praising God for our trials will help us to bear them. Amen.

And don't complain because of obstruction, for obstruction may actually count for progress. You may be held back for a purpose, a wise purpose. You may have your hopes and plans blasted and torn to pieces, that God may give you something better than what you had hoped for. So be it.

You may be kept back physically or financially that you may be helped and advanced spiritually. Despise not your trials for they have a purifying effect upon you. Suffering has a purifying effect upon a person. To-day God sits as a Great Refiner; and

after He has refined you you will come forth as gold, more valuable, and more useful. The refining fire of trials is necessary to our purification. Some good may come to us too, even from our dark, discouraging periods. It is claimed that a certain amount of darkness is necessary for the proper growth of vegetation. The old saying has it that "the darkest hour is just before dawn," and there is some truth in it.

To you, O melancholy one, I say, Cheer up; for there are better times ahead for you if you just remain willing and obedient to your heavenly Father! Another comforting thought is this: This world of woe, trouble, and distress shall not forever last. We are promised new heavens and a new earth. Praise the Lord!



TRUST

Margarette Dobbs

I traveled down a lonely road—
The shadows lurking here and there;
The way was slippery and rough,
Was I afraid? No, God was there.

I steered my barque to open sea—
The waves were dashing mountain-high,
My ship tossed, fretful, restlessly;
Why should I fear? My God was nigh!

The dearest one on earth to me
I saw laid underneath the sod;
My grief seemed more than I could bear;

Was I alone? No, there was God!

He's everywhere that I might be:
Above the clouds—beneath the sea;
Why should I fear, though dark the night?

Still—there is God, the beacon light.

REJOICE

It is only some people who are lighthearted by temperament. More have to fight for it if they are going to "come out strong." "Well, cheer up!"—the glibly spoken words are almost resented by one who is thinking hard and suffering. "I'd like to see you cheer up," he says in reply (his mind says it, if not his tongue), "if you were in my fix! Show me some reason for being cheerful!"

Many have found it, but not in the words of glibness. "Gazest thou upon me, thou shalt be filled with joy eternal," was the whisper Edward Carpenter heard in his soul. "God above all graces, God above all crosses," was the way a fine woman put it to herself a few years ago. She was a person out of whose experience with spiritual possibilities has come some very beautiful glimpses into the larger truths of life. Not prosperity, not happy conditions, not an easy-going temperament—such things are not what is wanted, but a triumph in the soul.

The thought comes out to the reader in the loveliest of Paul's letters, Philippians. "Rejoice!" is the word. But if the reader stops there he feels as he does when he is facetiously told to cheer up. "How can I rejoice?" he says. "Life is very hard with me." Paul answers: "You don't read far enough. I didn't say 'rejoice,' and leave it with that. I said, 'Rejoice in the Lord!'" "But I have so little, when others have so much." "Rejoice in the Lord!" "But I am full of sickness and pain." "Rejoice in the Lord!" "But my beloved plans and eager desires are knocked out from under my feet." "Rejoice in the Lord!" "But I am filled with anxiety for those I love." "Rejoice in the Lord always; again I will say, Rejoice."

That is a very different thing from rejoicing because of prosperity, or because of bodily vigor, or because long-standing problems have been solved. The rejoicing is in the thought that before all things and after all things, beneath all things and round about all things, is the everlasting Father from whom all things come and to whom all things belong.—By W. R. in *The Congregationalist*.

Like a Star that shines afar,
Without haste, and without rest,
Let each one wheel with steady sway
Round the task that rules the day,
And do his best.

—Goethe.



HYMN STORIES

"I NAME THY HALLOWED NAME"

By Calvin W. Laufer

In the private files of the late Dr. Louis F. Benson is a folder on "I Name Thy Hallowed Name." It contains original and final drafts of the hymn, a letter urging him to write a hymn of prayer, and a note defending a line which had been held in question. At the top of the final manuscript and across one of the corners appeared these words: "Written at Dr. Laufer's request to fill a gap in the new Junior Hymnal of the Board of Christian Education."

Immediately above the hymn is this title—"When ye pray, say 'Our Father.'" The date is written at the bottom, "Corrected draft made Saturday, October 30, 1926." Whatever other circumstances had to do with its writing, and some are gratefully recalled, are not divulged; these are now known only by the friend who requested the hymn and to whom he refers in his note. The delight the author had in writing a hymn of prayer for Juniors, the emotions that quickened his enthusiasm, the thrill which was his when he delivered the manuscript, and the joy that kindled his eyes when it was associated with a suitable tune, are pleasant memories.

"I Name Thy Hallowed Name" is based upon the Lord's Prayer, which supplies its framework and determines its content. "I bring Thee a new day" assumes that prayer is the daily habit of a soul which still needs to learn how to approach God and to be kept from sin and shame.

The second stanza is a lyric gem, which is frequently removed from its setting to grace an article or a prayer. Petition could not be more nobly expressed, or voice such lofty desire. The stanza makes a beautiful good-morning prayer with which to begin the day:

*Thy kingdom come to me,
And build within my heart
A shrine for me, a throne for Thee,
A temple set apart.*

The petition, "Thy will be done," is expressed with choice poetic artistry, and indicates how the earthly life may have more of heaven in it:

*Thy will be done by me
In little things, close by,
That so my home on earth may be
More like Thy heaven on high.*

"Give us this day our daily bread" is covered by the fourth stanza, and is given an unselfish slant that involves the broadest possible Christian charity. In substance, it says, "Give me my daily bread that I may be able

to share and serve and forgive."

*Give me my bread today,
Enough to keep me strong,
Enough to share; and help me pray
For those who do me wrong.*

"Lead us not into temptation" is exquisitely expressed in the fifth stanza, in which appears the much-debated couplet:

*If any tempt me, lead
To purer air above.*

However, Dr. Benson defended the lines in person and by letter. His argument is stated thus: "The line objected to is, I believe, the only possible interpretation of the difficult clause, 'Lead us not into temptation.' The only way of escaping temptation is by lifting our desires above the things that tempt us in the lower air to purer air above."

*If any tempt me, lead
To purer air above;
Thy power is gentle in our need,
Thy glory is Thy love.*

Up to the printing of the "Junior Church School Hymnal," Dr. Benson hoped that "his friend" might write a new tune for it. But his hopes did not materialize. However, the tune "Trentham," with its rich and fluent inner harmony, supplied exactly the intimacy which his hymn required, and of it he heartily approved.

"'I Name Thy Hallowed Name' is a hymn that is destined to live," is the opinion of Dr. Hugh T. Kerr, who has come to use it frequently and recognizes its literary beauty and excellence. Many people are of the same mind, and thank God for having inspired one of His beloved servants to write it. "He being dead, yet speaketh."

"HE LEADETH ME: O BLESSED THOUGHT!"

By Calvin W. Laufer

The background of "He Leadeth Me" is the Twenty-third Psalm. Much of the psalm's simplicity and tenderness, confidence and peace, are reflected in the song. Gleaming through its lines is the face of the Good Shepherd, who knows His dependent children and cares for them with a love that cannot fail. That this should be so is partly accounted for by the circumstances of its origin and the time at which the hymn was written.

The hymn was written on the evening of March 26, 1862, immediately after a prayer meeting in the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia, at which time the author, Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore, a preacher of recent ordination, delivered a discourse on the Twenty-third Psalm. The dominant thought which the speaker stressed was: "He leadeth me beside the still waters." As the great Civil War was in progress and there was no promise

of early settlement, many religious people were depressed, and needed exactly the kind of help the shepherd psalm could provide.

At all events the address Dr. Gilmore made was so well received that, as is often the case with worth-while themes, it was discussed after the service in the home of Deacon Wattson, where the young preacher and his bride were entertained. During the conversation the words of the hymn came to his mind and, with the exception of the last two lines of the refrain which were added by the tune maker, he wrote them just as they stand today. The verses were confided to Mrs. Gilmore who, thinking well of them, sent them without the author's knowledge to the Watchman and Reflector, in which they appeared December 4, 1862, signed Contocook. About three years later Dr. Gilmore was invited to preach in the Second Baptist Church of Rochester. "On entering the chapel," he writes, "I took up a hymn book, thinking, 'I wonder what they sing!' The book opened at 'He Leadeth Me,' and that was the first time I knew my hymn had found a place among the songs of the Church!"

The author, who graduated from Phillips' Academy, Brown University, and Newton Theological Seminary, wrote other verses. This, however, is the only hymn by which he is remembered. Though a great writer in various fields, notably rhetoric, logic, and oratory, he never again rose to the spiritual and literary heights that produced "He Leadeth Me." The hymn has been translated into various foreign tongues and can be heard in almost every part of the world. As a song of trust, courage, and faith its acceptance is as wide as Christendom.

The wide use and popularity of "He Leadeth Me" are due in large measure to the fluent, gliding tune of William B. Bradbury, with which it is always associated. Under Mr. Bradbury's choral leadership and influence as organist and publisher of song books the hymn got a good start. He wrote the tune in 1864 and died in 1868; but he lived long enough to know that he had composed a tune which had won the hearts of Christian people far and wide.

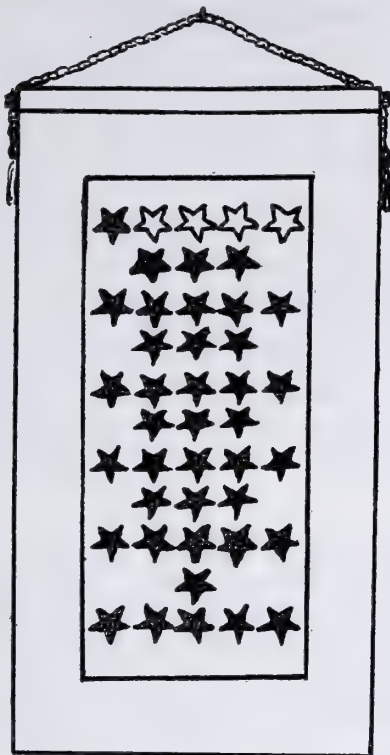
The First Baptist Church of Philadelphia, which stood at the northwest corner of Broad and Arch Streets, has been displaced by the large office building of the United Gas Improvement Corporation. In honor to the hymn and its author, a bronze tablet was placed on the building. On it appears the first stanza of "He Leadeth Me." On it are also the circumstances of the writing and then this significant sentence: "The church and the house (of Deacon Wattson) stood on the ground now occupied by this building." The tablet was erected June 1, 1926, and is visited and read by people from all parts of the world.

A fine tribute to the hymn appeared in one of the Philadelphia newspapers on the morning of February 15, 1941. Among other things the article said: "The beautiful verse quoted on the marker carried me back across the vista of the years to long ago when

(Continued on page 17)



Bible Training School and College, Sevierville, Tennessee



I NEED THE PRAYERS

*I need the prayers of those I love,
While traveling o'er life's rugged way,
That I may true and faithful be,
And live for Jesus every day.*

CHORUS

*I want my friends to pray for me,
To bear my tempted soul above,
And intercede with God for me;
I need the prayers of those I love.*

II

*I need the prayers of those I love,
To help me in each trying hour,
To bear my tempted soul to Him,
That He may keep me by His pow'r.*

III

*I want my friends to pray for me,
To hold me up on wings of faith,
That I may walk the narrow way,
Kept by our Father's glorious grace.*

April 8, 1943

Dear Ex-student in the Service:

We wish that you could have listened in at B. T. S. last night. Our service flag was dedicated. The ceremony was simple, but so impressive that we want to tell you about it.

The curtain opened on the Girls' Glee Club standing in V-formation in front of the flag with its forty-three blue and four silver stars—a scene we can never forget. It made us realize just how much we have missed you; it spoke to us of your loyalty and devotion to the right, your willingness to give your life, if need be, for the liberty that is dear to every American. As these thoughts raced through our minds, the girls started singing "I Need the Prayers of Those I Love." The plaintive plea filled the auditorium, but we did not hear the voices of the Glee Club. The echo of your

voice seemed more realistic, and when your names were read between the second and third verses, we were sure that you were repeating the request to us.

Then Brother Tharp prayed for you. No doubt, you recall many of his great prayers, but this must have been his greatest. A more powerful prayer could not be uttered. The anxiety, the sincerity, which together prompted every word, were felt by the entire audience, and all of us were weeping long before the prayer was ended. As we listened, we wished that every boy in service could have heard those words freighted with love and compassion. We wished that all of you could have felt the undercurrent of dynamic faith and trust that surged through every petition. We wished you could have heard because

we believe that no one who heard that prayer will ever lose faith, or fear that God will not take care of him.

But in the midst of our futile wishing, we realized that the power of the prayer was reaching out to you. We knew that the guardian angels whom Brother Tharp asked to be sent to comfort and sustain you in the time of trouble would be with you, no matter how far away from Bible School you might be sent. Our faith soared upward to meet the love of God—like the exultant mounting up of wings—soared upward until it came in contact with the love of God. That means power for you, for the faith of man and the love of God are power—power that is able to keep that which we commit to Him.

(Continued on page 16)

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL AND COLLEGE, SEVIERVILLE, TENN.

The Church of God Bible Training School and College announces its twenty-fifth annual Commencement Exercises on May 23, 26, and 27. In many ways this term has far exceeded all previous years and plans for the greatest program in the history of the school are being made.

The following is an outline of the programs:

Sunday, May 23

9:00 a. m. BACCALAUREATE SERVICE

Wednesday, May 26

10:30 a. m. FINAL CONSECRATION SERVICE for Student Body

8:00 p. m. CONCERT Departments of Music and Speech

Section I—V for VICTORY

Star-Spangled Banner Congregation

Salute to Flag

Songs Girls' Glee Club

Tribute to Ex-Students in Service

Prayer Rev. Zeno C. Tharp

Play: *This Night Shall Pass* Speech Club

Section II—Songs of Praise Boys' Glee Club

Section III—THE OLD HYMNS

Reading: *I Love the Old Hymns* Harold Cato

Songs Selected Choir

Reading: *The Last Hymn* Mary E. Harrison

Section IV—Instrumental Selections

Section V—Negro Spirituals Mixed Chorus

Thursday, May 27

9:45 a. m. COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Processional

Alma Mater Student Body

Commencement Address F. W. Lemons, School Board Member

Presentation of honors and diplomas Rev. Zeno C. Tharp

Junior College Response, Beatrice Coley, Valedictorian

School of Business Response, Marian Smith, Valedictorian

Academy Response, Claude Phillips, Valedictorian

Christian Workers' Division Response, Claude Phillips, Valedictorian

2:00 p. m. SINGING CONVENTION

4:00 p. m. FACULTY RECEPTION for Parents in College Library

8:00 p. m. SENIOR PLAY—"CECILIA"

The Senior Class has decided to turn back the pages of Church history and view the life of Saint Cecilia, one of the most widely known of all the Christian martyrs. The play moves steadily forward through her trials to the climax wherein she must choose between her religion and idolatry.



TREASURED GLEANINGS

FOR MINISTERS AND CHRISTIAN WORKERS

Expecting the Best

A girl and three men got off a streetcar in Indianapolis one night recently. Two of the men looked like thugs.

The girl, a little apprehensive, turned to the third man and asked him if he would walk home with her. He complied courteously, going all the way to the door. There he stopped and said: "Lady, when I got off the streetcar, it was my intention to hold you up. But when you asked my protection, I didn't have the heart."

Expecting the best of a man often turns him into the kind of a man you would like him to be.

The Load

"I recently watched a man," said the minister, "who was carrying heavy loads up a flight of stairs, and marveled at his strength and skill. It seemed incredible that one could carry such weights and be none the worse for it. Half the load the man carried would have injured an ordinary man. I asked him how he did it.

"There's a knack to it," he said. 'You have to learn it. It isn't strength so much as it's adjustment. You've got to know how to get under the load, and there's only one right way of doing it.'

"Adjustment is no less important for burdens of another sort. There's a knack to it," a way of carrying our troubles that make them seem lighter. If the load is breaking us, we should readjust it.

"It was to the weary and heavily laden that Jesus offered rest. Beneath His own tremendous load He nevertheless found peace and joy. He has the secret of adjusting, and He offers it to all who are willing to learn it."—*Youth's Companion*.

Argument Ex Concesso

A non-Christian soap manufacturer was walking with a Christian minister. Said the soapmaker, "Apparently the gospel which you preach has not done much good in the world, for it is still full of wicked people." The preacher was mulling over this criticism when, passing through the more neglected section of the city, they observed a dirty child making mud pies. The preacher said dryly, "Apparently soap hasn't done much good in the world, there is still much dirt, and many dirty people." "Oh, well," said the soapmaker, "you forget that soap is useful only where it is applied." "Exactly," said the preacher, "so it is, too, with the gospel which we preach."—*J. R. R.*

Life's Supreme Moment

A whole destiny depends upon a single choice. In the Alpine mountains of Switzerland there is a spot where you may throw a chip in one direction and it will roll on by way of the Danube to the Black Sea. Throw

it in another direction and it will travel down the Rhine to the North Sea. Cast it in yet another direction and it will go by way of the Rhine into the Mediterranean. Although these three seas are so far apart, and three chips thrown from the same point have such widely separated destinations, the ultimate destiny of each chip is determined, in the first instance, by the direction in which it is cast.

It is the same with life. One day Peter, James and John decided to throw in their lot on the side of Jesus. A young society star, too, heard the call of Christ. And with what diverse consequences! The first three found life more abundant. The other is lost to history.—*T. Howard Crago*.

Brain Regulates Brawn

Whenever we see a highly finished work wrought by common, uneducated workmen, incompetent of themselves to plan a cathedral, chisel a statue, project a triumphal arch, or achieve any other artistic results, we know intuitively that behind their ignorance and incompetence there hides the genius of a master, who dreamed out the fane, the arch, the statue, the tapestry. The rude, mechanical workmen are the hundred hands of labor that move obedient to the one head of inventive, creative genius. Some controlling mind and will are back of the merely mechanical movements that without guidance could never produce such a result. Brain has been the regulator of brawn; muscle has obeyed the mind.—*The Gordian Knot*.

Security of the 'Rooted' Life

Walking along a wooded path in the mountains of Switzerland I saw an interesting tree. On a steep slope a huge boulder was lodged underneath a tall pine, lifting the main trunk several feet from the ground. It was fairly sitting on top the rock, yet it shot straight upward fifty feet. The roots of the tree had spread themselves over the rock and had gone down deep into the earth around, so that the boulder lodged at its very heart could not dislodge it. Afflictions, sufferings, sorrows, temptations, trials, doubts and disappointments roll in upon us, but they cannot overwhelm us if our faith spreads itself out over them and sends its roots down deep into the rich soil of God's great, eternal facts.—*Ruth Parson*.

Not After the Pattern

A short time ago a Salvation Army captain was preaching in Hyde Park (London) when a man in the crowd interrupted him. "We haven't anything agin' Jesus of Nazareth," said the interrupter, "but we have something agin' you Christians because you ain't up to sample."—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

Reform Does Not Rectify the Heart

The scene is laid in a sawmill. Here is a crooked log. The heart in the middle of it is crooked. The owner looking at it says to the sawyer, "I want you to run down that side, and then this side, and then the other." After doing that he has a straight stick. But the heart of that stick is just as crooked as it was before it was sawed.

Here is a man who says, "I have been in the habit of swearing; I will saw that off. I have been in the habit of lying; I will saw that off. I have been in the habit of cheating; I will saw that off. I have been in the habit of staying out late nights; I will saw that off." He saws off the four sides, but his heart is just as sinful as ever. Exterior change will not do; interior renovation by the indwelling Christ is necessary.—*A. T. Howell*.

"Thy Will Be Done"

A mother, who had an only child, said to Mrs. Pearsell Smith, "I do not care to pray, 'Thy will be done,' because I am afraid God will take away my little boy, or will send me some heavy trial." Mrs. Smith replied, "Suppose your child should come to you and say, 'I want to be and do just what you desire today,' would you say to yourself, 'Now is my opportunity to make this child do all the disagreeable duties I want done. I will just take advantage of his willingness to please me by cutting off his pleasures today and keeping him at hard discipline?'" "No, no," said the mother, "I would give him the best I can possibly plan." "And can you think that God is less just and loving than you?"—*Great Texts*.

Not Dead!

At the funeral of Dr. A. J. Gordon in Boston, Dr. A. T. Pierson said that the telegram announcing his death came at three o'clock in the morning, and, being unable to sleep, he read the New Testament through from Matthew to Revelation to see what it said about death. And he noticed that after the resurrection of Jesus the apostles seldom used the word death to express the close of a Christian's life, but "sleep," "at home in the Lord," or "depart," "loose the moorings," as of a vessel about to set out on the sea.

What a comfort to the Christian to think of the loved ones as being "asleep in Christ," instead of having ceased to be.—*Harry H. Crawford*.

Unselfishness

Bishop Thoburn was one of the world's greatest missionaries, and served over fifty years in India and the Far East. But the world does not know so well that his brother stayed at home and worked and saved to send him through school, and to get him ready for his lifework. That brother, like Peter's brother, Andrew, did not become famous. He stayed back on the farm and made his brother famous, as Andrew helped Peter, who became the great leader. If they could not do great things, they could help others close to them to do them.—*Pilgrim Sunday School Quarterly*.



Coals of Fire

CAROLINE S. COLEMAN

The theme of "heaping coals of fire" on the head of one who has done you an injury, may be considered a hackneyed subject. But it is God's Word and it cannot go out of date; neither can it be improved upon. Solomon the wise reiterated the statement, "If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee" (Prov. 25:21, 22). Centuries later Paul quoted the first part of this statement in his marvelous Epistle to the Romans, but adds to it, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good" (Rom. 12:21).

This is just one way that God brings out the theme of forgiveness, and of a forgiving spirit, which *must* be manifested by every Christian if he expects his testimony to count for Christ. The very essence of the Christ-life seems to radiate a spirit of forgiveness. He who cried on the Cross in the midst of excruciating pain, "Father, forgive them," never expected His followers to hold aught against the world that could not be forgiven. Over and over in God's Word the duty of forgiving injuries is dwelt upon and in that prayer Christ taught His disciples, they were to always ask, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."

It is easy to talk glibly of the spirit of forgiveness, but quite another matter to really exercise that spirit. It is especially hard for young people who have not learned wisdom from experience, to forgive those who have injured them. It is a sad thing that even mature men and women, professing Christians, with "high seats in the synagogues," even are so hard-hearted, proud, and haughty, that they boast of "never forgetting or forgiving" an offense.

Now such a spirit is good evidence that the professed Christian is not a true believer, but a lip-Christian only. Still it is possible for even a believer to be unforgiving for a time, yet in time he will realize his fault and remove from his mind, with God's help, all the old feelings of hatred, envy, strife, and resentment which clutter up his life and cause unhappiness. If we have known the joy of coming to Him for pardon for our own sins, how can we maintain an unforgiving spirit toward others?

A young girl, high-spirited and impetuous, was offended because of a friend's thoughtlessly spoken criticism, and for two years the two formerly fast friends were as strangers. The offending girl at length asked the other friend's forgiveness, but was met with a cool stare. One bright day the Holy Spirit came into the heart of Mary, the unforgiving girl, and now all was changed. Mary could hardly wait to get to her friend. With a bursting heart she cried, "Forgive me. I was the one at fault for being so easy to take offense."

You see, when you have the light of the Spirit you will not argue about who is at fault. Even though the other

person may have been the aggressor, you will still be all the more eager to cry, "Forgive me."

Two brothers were drawn apart by a quarrel. Neither would relent and each suffered in silence for many years. One day death laid a hand upon Jim, and John, an old, white-haired man, came back to the home where the two had played as barefoot boys in the happy companionship of childhood. "Oh, if we had only met each other half way," John cried, brokenly. Years of companionship and brotherly love might have been possible if only the brothers had met "half way."

The Christian should always be willing to go more than half way. Forgiveness should be practiced "until seventy times seven," saith the Lord Jesus. So thoroughly must the believer exercise the forgiving spirit that the offense is literally forgotten and never again brought to mind. "I can forgive, but I cannot forget," is an oft-repeated expression. Suppose your precious child is disobedient and rebellious, even saying hasty words that sting and hurt? You not only forgive the child's offense, but it actually passes from your mind so completely do you ignore it. So it should be with your brothers and sisters in Christ—love them as He expects you to love them, and you will soon be able not only to forgive but to forget. It is only those who are so filled with the Spirit that they have no room for grudges, ill-will, and bitterness, who are truly forgiving Christians.

There are just two kinds of Christians—spiritual Christians and carnal Christians. The former live yielded lives, separated unto Him. The latter are trying to hold onto the things of the "flesh," that is, worldly things that are not in keeping with the Christian life. Such a Christian is the

LAY IT DOWN

Mrs. E. Goudie

If you hold a bitter memory
Of a real injustice done;
Straight, point blank upon its victim
And you feel that you're that one;
Get upon your knees, dear pilgrim,
Stay there, pray the matter through,
It is really most amazing
How the victory comes to you.

The hurt which seemed so dreadful
Will look petty, weak and small;
As time goes on a-winging
It will fade and die, that's all.
But a little grudge, if nourished,
Spoils a diamond for our crown,
Oh, we can't afford to hold it,
Brother, sister, lay it down.

Lay it down, and leave it lie there
Ere its tantalizing cries
Cause revenge to fill your being
More cruel than you'll realize,
Naught is gained by complicating
God's displeasure, and His frown,
Traveler, to the bar of mercy,
Oh forgive, and lay it down.

—Gospel Banner.

one who is unforgiving. The mean, petty spirit which goes with an unforgiving nature belongs to the flesh. Back yonder in the old days before you first found the Lord, you perhaps knew such feelings. Satan, the god of the world, had you in his clutches then. Now if you have truly become a child of God, all the power of Satan can never undo that marvelous transaction. You are still a member of God's family despite all your faults and shortcomings, and you are a new creature. But never think that Satan is going to turn away and leave you in peace. He did not leave even the Lord Jesus alone, but must try to tempt Him to do wrong. Satan will still try his wiles to lead you into sin, and although he cannot rob you of your birthright, he can rob you of your blessing—the spiritual blessing that comes from a life lived in close fellowship with the Lord. If you listen to the deceiving Satan and refuse to exhibit the Christlike spirit of forgiveness, you will not only be deprived of much spiritual blessing, but you will lose your influence. Think what it means to fail in your testimony for the Lord. "And ye shall be witnesses unto me," saith the Lord. Our great privilege of witnessing to Him before our fellow men—gone, because of a stubborn, hard heart. What an unutterable tragedy. Yonder is a boy walking in the paths of sin, flinging his life away in wild orgies with wicked companions. That boy was in your Sunday School once, but he dropped out. "Why did you quit Sunday School, Tom?" someone asked. "Oh, some of the folks in that Sunday School were so mad at one another they wouldn't speak when they met on the street. I just lost confidence in the whole thing." Think of that—a soul on its way to death because you and Jane, and John and Will, were all at "outs," and so little minded that you could not forget your differences for Christ's sake.

The day swiftly approaches when hidden things shall be revealed. All must stand before the judgment seat of Christ, not to be judged for our sins if, through the new birth He has our sins laid upon Him. There is "no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." But the Christian shall be judged and rewarded—or deprived of reward—according to his "works." Everything shall be brought to light in that day—and, oh, if all the little secret meannesses and malices and unforgiving attitudes of our old carnal self to which we have clung have not been discarded—what a shameful thing it will be! What sorrow to have to confess that we were unwilling to forgive others their petty offenses when our Lord and Savior long ago suffered a shameful death that our own sins might be forgiven and forgotten! God grant that we may let the Holy Spirit have His way with us.—Gospel Herald.

Our stock of old issues of the Lighted Pathway is exhausted. We are very sorry if you failed to get yours, but we have received many orders that we were unable to fill.—Ed.



BIBLE LESSONS

MAN IS A FAILURE

HOPE GOODMAN

Scripture Lesson: Rom. 3:23.

Thoughts for the Leader

The Bible is a clear mirror for man to look in and see himself as he is before God. As we look into this mirror we all see ourselves alike—a complete failure. In this mirror we find the whole world has become guilty before God. From the very beginning until the present we have broken God's law on every hand. However, God knows our weakness and saw fit one day to rescue us and to fix things so we could succeed in life, but only through the precious blood of Jesus.

ALL HAVE FAILED

It is hard to face the fact that we are all failures, that "there is none righteous, not one." Rom. 3:10. It is natural to think we are just a little better than our neighbor. A social card player exalts himself higher than the gambler. A light drinker thinks himself much better than a drunkard. And when a man realizes his neighbor's finer character than his own, his aim is to drag him down to his level, just as a drunkard in the company of one who does not drink tries his best to persuade him to take just one drink. But it is written, "For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all," Jas. 2:10.

So we see we have all failed alike. Understand, of course, that we don't pretend to say it is worthless to be temperate. It is far better to be an honest, upright citizen than of low moral character. However, man from the beginning has failed. Adam yielded to the forbidden fruit. The children of Israel promised to keep the law, but as soon as Moses and Joshua turned their back they were worshipping the golden calf. Man was tried under the judges, but he failed; under the prophets, he still failed. And even God's Son came down from heaven to show us a better way to live, but we actually crucified Him. However, that death was in God's plan. Jesus bore our sins, our wretched failings, and that death brought us under the dispensation of grace. But man is still a failure. Look around us today, an adulterous, drunken, life-destroying generation. A stupid failure, without God!

WHY HAVE WE FAILED?

If we have all failed, why? It is an inheritance. Adam failed in the beginning. The old Adamic nature has come down through the ages. Therefore, we are all failures alike. And, though it be hard to believe, we shall all perish unless we turn to the great Deliverer of our souls. I gather it was also hard for the people to believe Noah when he told them the lawyers,

doctors, drunkards and harlots would all perish alike if they didn't enter the ark, but they did. There was no difference. Hence, it is exceeding better to realize now that we are failures and that our only refuge is in Jesus, than to push the thought aside and face God without remedy.

A REMEDY FOR OUR FAILINGS

If my point has been followed, then we conclude we are all failures—all sinners. We have all broken God's laws. Can we go to heaven like that? No! Never! But how thankful I am that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. Christ died for the ungodly. Some of you say, "Why yes, but I'm so bad He can't save me." I dare you to try Him! Jesus raised Lazarus, dead four days, just as easily as He did the newly dead son of the widow of Nain. So I am sure He will save the wicked man as easily as the moral man.

God loved us first and saw our need of a personal Savior, henceforth Jesus died for us so we could accept Him and overcome our failings. In closing let us leave with you this question, "Is your life a failure, or has your heart been cleansed of its failures with the precious blood of Jesus?" Remember, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John 3:16.

REPENTANCE

MRS. ELLA JACKSON

Thoughts for the Leader

What is the meaning of repentance, that is, demanded by our Lord for our salvation? Isn't it a change of mind such as leads one to be sorrowful of sin enough to confess all sins to God, forsake the ways of sin and turn to God to live for Him?

"Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord," Acts 3:19.

"The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe the gospel," Mark 1:15. Count the cost of living in sin; you may not enjoy it another day. "Boast not thyself of tomorrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth," Prov. 27:1.

WHO ARE CALLED TO REPENTANCE?

No one is excused from repenting of his sins. From the lowest outcast to the king in his palace, all are guilty in the sight of God who have not repented, and are counted as one class, that is sinners. Read Luke 13:1-5; Matt. 16:24-27.

Sometimes people of high society, who are sinners and able to keep their sins covered, feel themselves much above the one who has been overtaken in crime. But they are all in God's sight sinners, all sentenced to the

same place, all waiting for their term to begin, except they repent, where there is no retrieve nor pardon. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon," Isa. 55:7.

*Behold, a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knock'd before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.*

HOW TO REPENT

We have in the Psalms an example of how David repented, Psa. 32:5, "I acknowledge my sin unto thee and mine iniquity I have not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin."

The wise man of Proverbs said: "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy." Prov. 28:13.

Read St. John 1:12. We must come to Christ by repenting, believing and accepting Him as our Savior, then He gives us power to become His children. He gives us of His Spirit—therefore we are born of God, having eternal life within us.

*O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.*

WHEN TO REPENT

"Seek the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near." Heb. 3:15.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." 2 Cor. 6:2. Read Luke 12:19.

It is dangerous to wait. God says, "My spirit shall not always strive with man," Gen. 6:3. "Prepare to meet thy God," Amos 4:12. "Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." Matt. 24:44.

*Come to the Savior now,
He gently calleth thee;
In true repentance bow,
Before Him bend the knee;
He waiteth to bestow
Salvation, peace and love,
True joy on earth below,
A home in heaven above.*

DO BACKSLIDERS NEED TO REPENT?

"Now the just shall live by faith, but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him." Heb. 10:38.

Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God. Heb. 3:12.

So then because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth. Rev. 3:16.

Sub-topic: How to return to God: Confess to God. 1 John 1:9. Submit to God. Jer. 3:12.

*Father of all, we urge as our strong plea
Thou lovest all, Thy erring child may be
Lost to himself but never lost to Thee.*



FIRE

GRACE CHURCHMAN
Leader's Thoughts

We find that Webster says "fire is heat and light evolved by ignition and combustion, intensity of feeling, zeal." Since fire is all of this, and since we know fire is so useful and vital, yet so destructive, it is not a great wonder that it is included in the salvation of the soul. We find that John in prophesying of Jesus said, "And he shall baptise you with the Holy Ghost and fire." This is commonly referred to as the "Holy Ghost fire," and how we need to have more of this fire in our lives. But we wish to discuss the characteristics of fire.

FIRE IS ATTRACTIVE

Exodus 3:2,3

Fire is attractive. Here in our scripture God called Moses' attention through the burning bush. When Moses saw the fire he was attracted to the bush, then he realized that the bush was not being consumed as it usually is and then God spoke to him. In the spiritual, as well as the natural, fire is attractive. Think of the excitement when there is a fire in town! Almost everyone rushes down to see it. And so when there is a spiritual fire in town (where people are praising and magnifying God and living godly) people come to see. Many come to scoff or criticize but often while there God speaks to their soul. They may do like Moses, try to make excuses, but God will not accept them. But this one thing we do know—fire is attractive.

FIRE PROVES

1 Kings 18:24

In our text the prophets of Baal and Elijah, the prophet of God, were proving which God was God. The one who answered by fire the people were to worship and, of course, the Lord of heaven was the real God. Here fire proved just as it does today. The fire of God proves that we are children of God and helps us to prove that there is a reality in Christ. The nominal Christian has a form of worship, but they do not have the fire which attracts and helps other people. They have a form but do not have the fire to prove they are right.

FIRE PURIFIES

Mal. 3:2

"Like a refiner's fire." Take gold nuggets (or raw gold), heat to an intensive heat and then all the dirt, gravel, and other impurities melt and the gold stays. And you no longer have raw gold but pure gold. The fire did not hurt the gold, no, indeed not, it is much more attractive and is much more expensive since it has been purified.

Today people need purifying. They have walked in the way of the world until they have rock and dirt mixed in with the gold (which could be called their soul). They need God to put them in His refiner's fire (of salvation), and when they come out, if they have let God have His way, they are more beautiful and now their lives are pure and clean because they have been purified by God's refiner's fire.

FIRE IS A DEFENSIVE WEAPON

Judges 7:20,21

Here we have the climax of the recording of Gideon and his three hun-

dred soldiers, three hundred men against an army whose camels were too numerous to count. Seemingly an impossible task, yet an easy victory! The task was easy because they obeyed the Lord and let their lamps (fire) burn. The Midianites became afraid and could not fight back. They thought the Israelites were even a larger army than their own because they saw the light from their fire. Had Gideon not used the fire as a defensive weapon, they would have been defeated. Just as it is today. Many people would not permit a holiness church in town if it were not for the fire of God. (In some way they would manage to disregard our "Bill of Rights" given us by our government.) Although the world has the children of God outnumbered, they are afraid of the fire of God. So we find that fire is still a defensive weapon.

FIRE MELTS, ALSO UNITES

In Psalms 107:26 we find, "They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths, their soul is melted because of trouble." Psalms 147:18, "He sendeth out his word and melteth them; he causeth his wind to blow and the water to flow."

Psalms 133:1, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

God melts our hearts by his word and by trouble that comes our way. But just as it takes the fire to bring out the true beauty of the jewel, so it takes God's fire to bring out the beauty of unity in our lives. Fire melts the dross of selfishness, of hatefulness, and everything unlike God from our lives and we can live in true unity.

SOWING AND REAPING

SARAH BLANCH MCGUIRE

Thoughts for the Leader

How often do we stop to consider how great a thing a little seed is. In it contains material to do great things; it can grow and grow until it becomes a very large tree or vine. Do we sometimes think of God's Holy Bible as a seed? A seed if rightly sown has the power to do very great things. It contains the substance whereby man may be loosed from the carnal nature into a holy man of God. The seed is the life; if it should rot away there is no chance of a crop, so let us be very careful that our seed planting is done in the way God would like to have it done. Let us nourish it on the Word of God that it may grow thereby.

FALLOW GROUND

Jer. 4:3

Always remember before sowing the seed the fallow ground must be broken up. It can be plowed, but if we neglect to sow the seed our labor is in vain. We first have to pray a heart in tune to receive the things of God. Our own lives must show the beauty of Christ within, before we can impress those around us. The love of Christ in us will do more for a lost soul than all else. We cannot pick out those we like the best to tell them this wonderful blessing, but God intends us to seek out those who are honest-hearted, even if they haven't much of this world's goods. We are not seeking a reward in this world but a home in heaven.

SOWING SEEDS

Psalms 126:6

After breaking the fallow ground the seed must be sown. With how much care do we sow this seed? Let us be very careful; it is a dangerous thing to sow this seed in a careless and indifferent manner. Often we try to enlarge the seed, so people become disgusted and turn away. Sometimes, not using enough seed, we let precious souls, for whom Christ died, go hungry. Crying out for bread we give them a stone, and they turn to the beggerly elements of this world to take away the dissatisfaction that is within. Many times we try to help God in His sanctifying work.

We cannot improve on God's work, but God can improve our work until it is the perfect product He wants it to be, then how glad we were that we were instrumental in being of some help to our Lord. There are many ways of sowing seed. Mention some of them.

CULTIVATE

After the seed has been planted and begins to grow we have to cultivate it or it may wither down and die. We have to pray over it and help it to grow, taking care that our own lives grow in grace. Sowing the seed was just the first step, but we must help it to grow until rooted and grounded in the Word of God, there is no danger to the seed. We can help by prayer and love, keeping ourselves in the center of God's will. Bring out your own thoughts on how to cultivate.

HARVEST

John 4:36; Gal. 6:7-9

Harvest time will find us by the great white throne ready to receive our reward. Has the seed we have sown rotted away? Has it fallen on rocky soil or has thorns and thistles choked it out? How our hearts will bleed if no seed of ours has brought forth fruit. How our hearts will rejoice if our labor has brought forth a good crop. Let us be more careful how we sow this precious seed that it may do the most good to our fellowmen and also to ourselves.

Amount Sent From Each State to the Fund for Sending Lighted Pathways to Soldiers

Virginia	\$37.40
Kentucky	37.10
Florida	19.00
Georgia	17.00
Ohio	16.00
West Virginia	14.00
Pennsylvania	13.20
South Carolina	9.20
North Carolina	8.00
Alabama	8.00
Missouri	6.90
Washington, D. C.	6.00
Minnesota	5.00
Arkansas	5.00
Wisconsin	2.90
California	1.66
Delaware	1.00
Illinois	1.00
Mississippi	1.00
Louisiana	.52
SHARE	

Nothing man has ever constructed has become so famous as the old rug-



FOR POETRY LOVERS

HOW MUCH FOR HIM?

Kathryn Blackburn Peck

I would not follow the gay, mad crowd,
Nor watch with a wistful sigh
The dancing throngs with their
shallow songs,
As they laughing pass me by.
I would not long for the brilliant light
That soon—all too soon—grows dim,
For 'tis not, "How much can I be like
the world?"
But—"How close may I walk to
Him?"

I would not long for a kingly house,
Or apparel rich and rare,
Nor sigh for a treasured heap of gold,
Or for costly jewels to wear;
But joy in a cottage clean and small,
And a lawn with hedges trim—
For 'tis not, "How much can I keep for
myself?"
But—"How much may I share with
Him?"

I would not seek for the easy task,
Or the sunny side of the street;
I would not pray for a lighter load,
Or a smoother path for my feet;
But I would ask for courage to take
the cup,
Though filled with myrrh to its
brim—
My prayer not, "How to escape the
load?"
But—"How much may I bear for
Him?"

A-FISHING

Velma Crawford

The disciples walked along the shore
Of Galilee one night,
Bewildered, sad, and lonely
And in a sorrowful plight.
"I go a-fishing," Peter said,
"I've nothing else to do."
And straightway answered all the rest,
"We go a-fishing, too."

Strange words were they from fol-
lowers,
Who once had left their all
Of bait and boats and fishing nets
To heed a Stranger's call.
But now their hopes were blasted;
The king they hoped to crown
Had died a death of thieves and rogues
On a cross outside the town.

The kingdom had not come to them,
For which their hearts had yearned;
Small wonder, in discouragement,
They back to fishing turned!
They fished all night, but 'twas in
vain;
When, lo, upon the shore
At morning's dawn, there stood the
Christ
With fish enough and more!

O soul, look up, when clouds of grief
And deep despair hang low.
Be tempted not to leave His work
And back to fishing go.
But buckle on the armor bright,
And plunge into the fray;
Be faithful unto Him who called,
For soon will come the day!

AROUND THE CORNER

Around the corner, I have a friend
In this great city that has no end,
Yet days go by and weeks rush on,
And before I know it, a year is gone,
And I never see my old friend's face,
For life is a swift and terrible race.
He knows that I like him just as well
As in the days when I rang his bell
And he rang mine; we were younger
then,
And now we are busy, tired men,
Tired with playing a foolish game,
Tired with trying to make a name.
"Tomorrow," I say, "I will call on Jim,
Just to show I am thinking of him."
But tomorrow comes and tomorrow
goes,
And the distance between us grows
and grows.
... Around the corner, yet miles
away ...
"Here's a telegram. Jim died today."
That's what we get, and deserve, in
the end,
Around the corner, a vanished friend.
—Selected.

THE BETTER WAY

Ben L. Byer

It's easy enough to talk back
When someone has said a mean thing,
But the person worth while
Is the one who can smile,
In spite of the hurt of the sting.

It's easy enough to strike back
When someone has struck hard at you,
But the person who wins
Is the one who just grins,
No matter what others may do.

It's easy enough to turn back
When many quit climbing and stop,
But the person with grit
Who never says quit,
Will some day be found at the top.

HIS WAY IS BEST

Mrs. A. V. Childers, Kannapolis, N. C.

It's best for me that trials come,
Heartaches, sorrow and pain;
We learn the lesson He planned for us,
If we forget—we must learn again.

His way is not always our way,
But His way has proven best;
Happy are we at the close of life's day,
If we have passed the test.

MY TESTIMONY

Along life's dusty road,
Burdened with sin's great load,
I met the Christ.
Weary I was indeed,
But Jesus sensed my need,
He knew my load was great,
He knew sin's weight.

As I behold this One
I felt myself undone,
All so undone.
"Have mercy, Lord," I cried,
"It was for me You died;
Have mercy, Lord, on me,
From sin set free."

Quicker than thought He came,
True ever to His name,
To save from sin.
He broke each fetter strong,
To my heart gave a song,
A song of praise to Him
Who saves from sin.

THE SINGING KETTLE

"Up to its neck in water,
And boiling water, too,
Yet the kettle keeps on singing—
That's what we ought to do;
Next time we're in some trouble,
Almost up to the chin,
We'll think of the singing kettle,
And a little song begin.

"It helps, when feelings are boiling,
To let off lots of steam,
By whistling and singing with courage;
Things aren't as dark as they seem.
Kettle, you merry creature,
Scorched by the callous fire,
Teach us your power of molding
Your moods as the days require.

"Up to your neck in troubles?
They haven't swept over your head;
Sing like the steaming kettle,
Till all your troubles have fled.
Singing will sound so pleasant
To any who may hear;
The kettle does not but his duty—
But doesn't his singing cheer?"

—Publisher Unknown.

BUTTON UP YOUR LIPS

If you heard a bit of gossip,
Whether false or whether true,
Be it of a friend, or stranger,
Let me tell you what to do.
Button up your lips securely,
Lest the tale you should repeat,
And bring sorrow unto someone
Whose life now is not too sweet.

If you know of one who yielded
To temptation long ago,
But whose life has since been blame-
less,
Let me tell you what to do.
Button up your lips securely,
His the secret; God alone
Has the right to sit in judgment,
Treat it as to you unknown.

Sometimes life is filled with troubles,
Oft its burdens are severe,
Do not make it any harder
By a careless word or sneer.
Button up your lips securely
'Gainst the words that bring a tear,
But be swift with words of comfort,
Words of praise and words of cheer.

—Charles N. Hodge.

Contentment

*Submitted by Pfc. Don E. Blaine, Bat-
tery "C," 203rd Field Artillery, Fort
Bragg, North Carolina.*

Oh come, come and dream with me
On the sandy shores of the southern sea,
Where moonlight and music cast a spell
And lovers of life have stories to tell.

Since time began war has struck life
And tales have been told of terror and
strife;
But we live only once, and living, we see
The glory, the sweetness, of tranquility.



MISSION PAGE

A TRIP INTO THE TROPICAL WILDS OF SOUTHERN MEXICO

By J. W. ARCHER

(Continued from last issue)

Now get set for a breath-taking view and a hair-raising descent, for in a moment we will round a rising turn and suddenly find ourselves at the jumping off place. Here we are! Look below you there into that half-mile-wide valley. Here, folks, over on this side of the bus. That valley is about 6,000 feet below us and we will be down there in twenty minutes. See the highway winding like a snake below and the trucks and cars crawling like snails up the grade. But we won't crawl. In fact the driver is shifting down now to help his brakes. Down we go! Whee! Hold on or you will land on the other side of the bus! Getting dizzy and ears stopped up? Well, that will all be over in a moment and we will really be in the tropics, for we drop in a short twenty minutes from the semi-arid plateau to the warm, damp, brush-and-tree-covered mountains and valleys of the tropics. Notice how green the mountain sides are there below us after the dry-sage-brush-covered mountains and valleys back up above.

There we are already; we will continue to drop gradually, but the road is straightening out. Now yawn, if you can, and that will force pressure of air in your ears from within and will unstop them so that you can hear normal once more. We are now at about four thousand feet above sea level, half way between the ocean and the high plateau. The climate is really ideal here. It gets hotter than Mexico City, but never as cold, and one can breath great gulps of fresh mountain air here, while we have noticed in Mexico City that if you climb one flight of stairs you have to gasp for breath like a runner.

I like it here. If it were not for having our headquarters in Mexico City, which is looked upon by all Mexicans as the head of everything and almost as a holy city, I would want to locate here. In the next twenty miles down this valley we will pass through several quite modern cities for Mexico, pressed so close together that one does not know when he has left one and entered the next. Mexico's greatest cotton mills are here, because of the water power from the mountain rivers. Right off there to our left there is a large river coming right out of the mountain, clear and cold as ice. It is presumed that it comes from the great volcano of Orizaba, which we cannot see from here because we are in a canyon surrounded by steep mountains, but tomorrow I will point it out to you in the clear of the morning from our hotel window. We will be looking back up on it from here.

Here is Ciudad Mendoza, formerly named Santa Rosa. David Arcos, our former overseer and now national evangelist, lives here. He and his workers pastor six or eight churches

in this section. That low Spanish-style building there is his home and church. There they are now! Wave at them, everyone! We can't stop now, but I wrote him that we would stop on the way back up. His mother-in-law owns all this land around here. It is a city now, but it was once a Hacienda (ranch and ranch house of wealthy Mexicans). That long stucco building is constructed in a square, with well and garden in the center and living quarters opening into it. On the back side of the square is a large, long, high ceiled building, which is our church.

This lovely city through which we are now passing, with its wide park centered main street, is Orazaba. It is the leading city of this industrial center, with a population of about twenty thousand. I do not know why our workers have never opened a church here. They have talked much about it and David's church is just fifteen minutes back up the valley from here. We have brethren here and churches all around but none here. Perhaps it is waiting for one with a special burden to start the work. There is certainly a splendid opportunity here. Most of the people work in the factory and could support a church.

Notice now, that for the first time since entering this beautiful valley, we are passing into the country again. Hidden among those tropical trees, and behind those neat little flower-covered homes are small farms of bananas, coffee, corn, oranges, etc. The topography is different here than anywhere else I have ever seen. Canyons cross canyons in a deeper cut, like a great network. We are dropping into one of those cross-cut valleys now. We will rise on the other side and continue down this wider valley through which we have been traveling. See those large green bushes under those trees with the red and blue berries on them. Those are coffee bushes. These berries are picked and dried until the juicy outer layer comes off; then the seed within the coffee bean is dried and sold for coffee.

You see everything has turned so tropical. The trees are covered with moss. And those lily-like plants growing out of the crotches of the trees in so great profusion are, in some cases, orchids. See way up in that big tree! There are two orchids in bloom. They are quite common and cheap here. At the top of this grade we come into the puebla of flowers. It is Fortin, famous for its gardenias. All those little bushes, looking like dwarf orange trees, covered with large white flowers, are gardenias. Notice how the air is laden with their odor. When we come to the bus stop, the salesmen will pile all over us, offering to sell us baskets of about fifty gardenias for one peso or more, and they surely are worth it, for we pay twenty-five cents for just one in the states. But this is where they are produced and the market price is twenty-five centavos. Don't get excited and buy from them. There is a

little Christian girl here, a member of our Church in this puebla; she will give us the right price. There she is now, come on! O Consuela, we want some gardenias. See that sweet smile on her face when she recognizes us. The first thing she will do is to ask for Sister Archer. No, Consuela, Sister Archer could not come this time, but she sent you her love. Here are your gardenias, young folks. Those big round tubes they are carrying are hollow tubes made out of the thick watery bark of the banana stem. They are filled with gardenias. By keeping the tube wet the gardenias will keep for many days, their stems being pressed into the damp fiber. That big, new Spanish-style, stucco hotel over there is a stopping place of American tourists.

The bus is honking to go on. Oh, so they gave you girls some garlands of gardenias to put around your necks! It is one of the happy customs of this village, if they happen to like you, but if you act like a rich snooty tourist the garland would likely be of garlic. From here it is only a few minutes' ride to the end of the paved highway at Cordoba. In fact, it is the end of most everything representing modern civilization. From Cordoba south to Guatemala the only thing very modern you will see is the railroad and it was more modern forty years ago than it is now. They use outmoded engines and coaches on a very wobbly track. It will take us six or seven hours to travel the ninety miles to Tres Valles, where we will leave the train.

Look how the canyon has widened out here to some two miles, and the thick tropical trees and brush have been cleared away to make these pretty little farms. The people are noted for their cleanliness in this part of Mexico. You will notice the men passing us on the highway have on fairly white clothes in spite of the fact that it rains much and they have to walk and work in the mud. Those sandals they all wear are simply made from a piece of old tire cut in the shape of a sole and strapped to their feet with rawhide thongs.

That large, beautiful stucco is said to be the home of the president's brother. A number of wealthy people are building country homes here. They stick out like a rag on a sore thumb among these humble little cottages.

Here is Cordoba. We will bounce down these narrow streets, which were built before anyone dreamed of autos, to the hotel and then we'll eat. And I'll guarantee you are all plenty hungry after traveling for eight hours with nothing but some sandwiches. This is an old, old city. See how high and large this hotel dining room is, nearly as high as a modern two-story building. You will find the hall and rooms of the hotel the same way. They really built their rooms spacious when this was constructed centuries ago. I guess when they left their cramped little huts they went to the other extreme of roominess. But this is really the old Spanish influence in construction. We will get a large room with three

(Continued on page 17)

LETTERS FROM OUR TRAINING CAMPS

April 14, 1943

Dear Sister Harrison:

I know you are quite busy these days, but I would like to write you a few lines in regard to the Lighted Pathway.

Mother subscribed for the paper for me and I have been receiving it for several months now. I can truthfully say it is a consoling piece of literature. I used to live in Cleveland, as a little boy, and have watched the paper being printed, but I couldn't realize the value of it until I enlisted in the Merchant Marine and was stationed away from church and its influences. When one has been accustomed to a Christian home, and has lived a life spent mostly in the church, it is quite a hardship being placed in the service, where one meets all races of men, from every walk of life. Then is the time the Lighted Pathway can be deeply appreciated. I have been reading it and passing it on to my friends in the Service, and believe me, it has proven a blessing. It is getting to the place now that I can hardly finish reading it without someone asking for it, but for that I am glad. I would rather this paper get into their hands than any paper I know. The men in the Merchant Marine are facing great dangers in this war, and are dying by the minutes on our merchant ships, so we can't tell just when one little article of the paper might mean the saving of a soul.

I will close for now, wishing you the greatest of blessings and praying that God will supply you with sufficient strength to keep this great paper going, as I am quite sure that God's approval is on it.

An ardent admirer,

Joseph L. Milligan, S 1/c USNR
USMTS Sheepshead Bay,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Watch Office, Barracks B-7.

— — —

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in the name of our Savior and soon-coming King.

Let peace dwell on the earth again, O Lord!

I had an experience today that thrilled my soul. Chaplain Fisher conducted service for us today down by the side of the Atlantic Ocean. We sat in a semi-circle on the grass as he spoke to us. He reminded us of the fact that Christ often used the seashore for His sermons to the people in His day.

As the chaplain proceeded with his message, I thought upon the times Christ stood upon the sand and preached the gospel to the unsaved. I am made to realize the greatness of God and His creative power when I look on the great Atlantic Ocean. Even as I write I can hear its roar as it lashes upon the sand. O God, help me to know more of thy greatness.

I am in the U. S. Army Air Corps here in the sunny state of Florida. I don't mind being here and feel I am in the center of God's will. Of course, I meet with a lot that isn't pleasant

for a Christian, yet God graciously helps me.

I am a member of the Church of God at Higden, Ark. We have a fine church and Sunday School there. Our pastor and his wife, Brother and Sister E. C. Pace, have really worked hard there, and we pray for God to continue to bless them and the church.

Sister Harrison, may I have the pleasure of dropping a bouquet in

THE THOUGHTS OF A HOMESICK SOLDIER

(Dedicated to my loved ones and friends back home and those I have met since I have been in the service of my country.)

*In the twilight dim a soldier boy stood
And his mind wandered back to his childhood.*

*Out in the distance his eyes did gaze,
Back to the times of those good old days.*

*He could see his mother with eyes of brown,
Up there she lives and wears a golden crown;
Yes, now she has gone to the land above
Where there's no hate, but all is love.*

*Just to see the big moon in the fading blue
Made this boy homesick, yes, lonesome and true—*

*True to the ones he left behind,
Each one so understanding and kind.*

*In that late afternoon, there he stands,
A few teardrops fall on his hands.
He thinks of his grey-haired dad so dear,
Wishing and longing that he were near.*

*He cries, "OH WHY should this thing be,
That takes us from home, both you and me!
That takes us boys from loved ones and friends?"*

*There's only one answer, "It's this world
that has sinned."*

*We all know that war is a terrible thing,
Bloodshed, sorrow, and tears it brings.
But we as American men must face,
So as to win VICTORY in this mad race.*

*As this boy thought in his patriotic way,
He remembered his mother had taught him to pray;*

*A prayer in itself could save this old world,
Then the Stars and Stripes would ever be unfurled.*

This boy is stationed near an Oklahoma town,

*A number of friends there he found;
All were for him, this soldier boy,
Ready to offer words of comfort and joy.*

*All this helps in his lonely hours
It tends to hold back the eyelid showers.
Now a friend that will help a friend in need,
Is truly an asset, a friend indeed.*

—By Sergeant Thomas W. Worthy
March 25, 1943.

your path? Your work, the Lighted Pathway, is the best magazine that I have had the pleasure of reading. It is food to the soul, strength for my weakness, joy for my sorrow, a friend in my lonely hours, a messenger of peace and good-will. I have

read the Lighted Pathway since 1937 and feel I can't do without it. My mother sends it to me from home.

Let all the young folk pray and strive for a better world when this conflict is over. Pray for all in the armed forces.

I would appreciate letters from any Christians who wish to write, especially B. T. S. students of 1937.

—Yours in the service of the Lord
Jesus Christ and my country, Pvt.
Ruff L. Gentry, Flight S.A.A.F.T.T.C.,
418th Training Group, Miami Beach,
Fla.

— — —

Dear Sister Harrison:

A few weeks ago we organized a young men's organization here on this base, which has taken the name of "Service Men's Christian League." The president who was elected had to move out before we were completely organized, therefore the base chaplain asked me to be the president since I would not be moving for some time. The purpose of this organization is to keep the men interested in doing something for the Lord. The first program that was given by this organization was taken from the October, 1942, issue of the Lighted Pathway. We used the topic, "The Efficient Life."

Sister Harrison, it is sometimes hard to live the kind of life that is pleasing to God. There have been times when I have been so tempted that I was almost to the breaking point when the Lord would come to my rescue and again help me over the rough spots.

We have religious services on this base every night during the week and four services on Sunday. There are several young men here who are interested in living the kind of life that God is pleased with. Every night that it is possible for us to do so we get together after the service and talk about the Lord and pray for some time. This has been such a source of blessing that I felt that you would like to know about it. Sometimes we stand in the middle of the road to pray before parting for the night and sometimes we come over to the chaplain's office (I am the base chaplain's clerk) and have a wonderful time talking about spiritual things. (A good Christian friend of mine just a moment ago left the office. Before he left he suggested that we have a word of prayer. We had wonderful fellowship together while he was here.)

I was drafted while attending the Bible Training School and College. I have been in the army more than a year and am just as determined to serve the Lord today as I was this time last year. This experience I am getting while in the army will make me a better worker for the Lord whenever I do get started in the work for which He has called me.

Almost every time my mother writes me she sends something that she has clipped from the Lighted Pathway or from the Evangel. I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway very much and since coming into the army

(Continued on page 18)



My Message to Those in Our Country's Service

The way of the cross leads home. *"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life."*

Greetings to those in our country's service. It is impossible to write every one of you a personal letter, and I feel impressed to write and tell you of One who loves you, One who went to Calvary's cross and died that you might have life.

We, who are at home, realize your love and devotion to Old Glory. We know you have given up many loved ones to go fight for our freedom. We appreciate you very much and want to do something to make you happy. We are praying for your safety and most of all we are praying that the Lord Jesus will save you.

It was a great love God had for you and me that He gave His only Son, that whosoever will may be saved. That takes in the whole world. And Jesus willingly gave His life on the cross, shed His blood for a world of lost people. Jesus said in John 15: 13, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Jesus proved His love, didn't He? He laid down His life for you and me. He led the way to everlasting life.

You, too, soldiers, have proved your love to us. You have given up everything, that we here in America may have freedom in our nation to worship God. Say, you may have many honors for your bravery and it is due you. You deserve honor, and we do honor you. But we are concerned over your soul; that is why we want to do something for you. You need Jesus, you are facing the enemy, and you need the love and protection of God. Won't you come to Him, that He may go with you and keep you from harm?

Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me," John 14:6. He made the way clear. He paved the way from earth to heaven.

He stated in John 14, "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

As we have told you, Jesus went by the way of the cross. He is with His Father. He said He would go prepare a place for those that loved Him. He has a mansion up there for you, not built with hands. But say, you will have to go by the way of the cross. No, you don't have to die as Jesus did, but you will have to kneel at the cross, die out to sin, and He will save you. The light from the cross still shines as a beacon light for you.

Won't you, soldier, kneel at the cross? Christ will meet you there. Come while He waits for you. Bliss there awaits, harm can ne'er befall those who are anchored there. Kneel at the cross, Jesus will meet you there.

We are burdened for you many times that you know nothing about.

We would like to kneel at the cross for you, but you will have to pay the price. We can only pray for you.

There you are out there somewhere, who I once had the privilege to tell about Jesus. I trust you will come by the way of the cross. I have your names on my prayer list and I am praying that you will come to Jesus. He has pardon for you.

Say, soldier, sailor, or whatever you are, you may not have a good father at home praying for you. You may not have a devoted sister or brother, wife or some loved one; but you have a dear old mother praying for you somewhere, don't you? She may live at the foot of the hill; she may live by the roadside; she may be that brown-eyed mother out there in the lane; she may be that silver-haired mother in the cottage on the hill; wherever she may be, she is calling on God for you. She spends sleepless nights for you, soldier. She spends hours praying for your safety. That heart of hers is heavy for her boy. She has suffered much for you and would do anything in her power to make you happy.

Say, you could make her happy too, if you would come to Jesus. The light still shines in the window for you. Mother still prays for you there. Why not come to Jesus? leave with Him your care. Can't you hear her as she prays to God for her son?

Oh where is my boy tonight?

Oh where is my boy tonight?

My heart o'erflows, for I love him he knows,

Oh where is my boy tonight?

Listen, soldier, come to Jesus, come while He waits for you. Can't you come saying, "I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, now I'm coming home; the paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home"?

Can't you answer mother's prayers for you, and say, "Angels, take this message to my mother, God has saved her wandering boy"?

I trust you will come by the way of the cross. I'll be looking in the Lighted Pathway for your testimony, saying you have come to Jesus.

If you have a request of prayer, or you want to be saved, I'd like to call your name in prayer. I would be glad to add your name to my prayer list. If you are interested in your soul and want prayer, write to the address below.—Miss Mae Vess, 67 Wanoca Ave., Baltimore, N. C.

Editor's Message

(Continued from page 2)

The curious thing is that money often comes (not necessarily riches) to those who are liberal givers of such things as they have. Peter had to admit it is more important that we have spiritual values to dispense than material values. But if money comes to us, the training we have received in giving these other things will have prepared us rightly to use our riches. We may be poor because we have not

developed the spirit of giving. The niggardly giving of our spiritual blessings may have closed the door to the inflow of blessing that otherwise might have been ours.

Let us saturate our lives with these three attributes, Thoughtfulness, Sympathy and Kindness, and God can use us.

B.T.S. and College

(Continued from page 8)

And as the Glee Club sang "Take My Life and Let It Be," we felt that you were committing your all to the Lord. Again we heard your voice raised in a prayer of personal consecration. May that prayer never leave your lips; may its power keep you true. We are behind you one hundred per cent. May God bless and help you.—Sincerely.

NOTICE

We are so sorry that we have not been able to use all the material you have sent us. Please make poems and articles brief as possible so that we can use them, and please be sweet about it if yours is not used. Don't fail to pray that God will undertake and that we may have at least eight more pages right soon.—Editor.

A PRAYER

When I come to the parting of the ways, O God, give me an open mind and a willing heart. Enlighten me by thy Holy Spirit and speak to my soul. So dwell in my heart that I shall feel thy power of renewal and be quickened to right action. Teach me that thy way is best for me, and leads to fullness of life here and to incomparable glory in the hereafter. Lead me in the hour of decision to act wisely and in obedience to thy will. Make me very sensitive to thy presence and enable me to go forward with a thankful heart. Forbid that I should walk in any way but thine, or do any work but that which will help my fellow men to a greater knowledge of thee. I ask it in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ, my risen and exalted Lord. Amen.

Forgiving and Forgetting

The other day a good friend of mine insisted that he could "forgive, but not forget."

I told him he reminded me of Uncle Mose. The old slave was supposedly on his deathbed. He desired to make his peace with eternity. His master was called. Said he, "Now, Mose, are you quite positive you have forgiven all your enemies? How about Sam Brown? Do you freely forgive him for the great injury he has done you?" To which Mose replied, "Massa, if I'se gwine to die, den I forgib him; but if I gits well"—rising in his bed—"I'se gwine beat wildcats out'n dat niggah!"

Some Christians are no farther along the way of life than that poor ignorant slave who could "forgive, but not forget."

They say crime ends at the electric chair, but wouldn't it be better to begin at the high chair?



Mexico Travel

(Continued from page 14)

beds in it for the girls and another for the boys. You will find the beds of the old iron-bedstead, hard-matress style. We could have stopped at Fortin and got modern beds, but we would have paid a modern price too. Then, too, you may as well begin to get used to it, for this is the finest thing in the form of a bed that you will sleep in for two weeks. From here on it will be walking, or riding horseback all day, lying down weary and sore at night on a mat on the ground or a burlap stretched tightly between two poles set on crossticks for legs and wake in the morning and perhaps many times in the night, just as tired and sore as you retired.

Well, let's eat! Sweet music to hungry young people and preachers. My, you all look so happy and bright after washing up. Seems good, too, to stop after so long a ride, doesn't it? Then the thought of a good meal to healthy hungry people is refreshing, providing you know you can have the meal at once. The cooking here is Mexican style but clean and good. The service is Mexican style too. That means that you cannot get water until the end of the meal. Oh yes, you can ask for it two or three times, but you will be fortunate if they bring it before your meal is done. You see the Mexican, especially the servants, has a sort of one-way-track mind. Once they learn to do a thing one way, it is much easier to change servants than it is to change one's method. The Mexicans seldom drink water with their meals, hence the servant will have forgotten your order before she reaches the kitchen. Her mind will be on the next thing on your regular order. All Mexican meals are served in courses, even if they cannot afford anything but beans. They will have bean soup, then beans, then fried beans. You never put two things on your plate at once. After each course your plate is taken away and a clean one brought. You will notice also that they always leave a clean plate at your place and serve the other plate on top of it. They never serve you a drink of water at a house without putting the glass on a saucer.

Well, you can't read the menu very well, so I will read it to you. There is no a la carte service. It is one straight meal and you get everything on the menu. The first is vegetable soup, rice, then eggs any way you want them, then fish, then beef or pork, as you choose, cooked in Spanish style tomato sauce. Next comes fried or stewed beans, a dessert of Mexican sweet bread, sweet fruit pulp made into a loaf, or ice cream and you finish with a half-sized cup of black coffee. If you like coffee with your meal, you will have to order it black, for the only coffee the Mexicans drink is about three teaspoons of a thick coffee syrup and the rest of the glass, not cup, filled with hot milk.

No one is so much like the Lord as he whose heart is filled with true love.

He Leadeth Me: O Blessed Thought

(Continued from page 7)

my parents used the lovely hymn. . . . I gazed at the tablet in surprise. . . . My reading awakened dominant memories. . . . And I was grateful that in these days of distress and anxiety 'He Leadeth Me' will revive and strengthen the many people passing by." So many another feels.

Rachel

(Continued from page 3)

of mind. The questionings, the doubts, the strange perplexity were all removed. Her intellectual assent to Christ's Messiahship was now unqualified and clear.

But this was not enough. Her mind was satisfied but there yet remained a deep heart-hunger, indefinable but real. She longed that she might know Him for herself—that she might experience Him as a living, vivid Person, even as Violet herself so wonderfully knew Him. The Christ of Bethlehem, of Galilee, of Bethany—she revered profoundly and accepted as the Son of God. But He lived long ago—and Him they crucified. It was a living, present Christ she longed for—One who might draw near to her even now in this dark hour as Comforter and Friend. Oh, that she knew where she might find Him! Her heart cried out in ardent longing.

It was one evening early in April that this longing reached its climax. Rachel was in her room, exhausted after her hard day's work. Max and his mother had gone to the movies. Max had gently urged Rachel to accompany them but she had been too tired. Jacob and Sarah were away. The children were asleep. Rachel was weary and heartsick. A peculiar sense of loneliness enfolded her. Oh, that she might find Him—the living Christ—even now as her Consoler. Fervently she lifted up a prayer: "O God, reveal Him to me! Reveal Thy Son from heaven. I know He is Thy Son, and Israel's true Messiah. I know it, dear God, I know it. But I want Him for myself—my own Messiah—my Savior and my King! O God, reveal Him to me even now!"

She was kneeling at her bed, her Bible lying open in front of her. The light from the rose-shaded lamp cast a warm glow over her upturned face. Her eyes were luminous and soulful.

In answer to her ardent petition, the Spirit who guides into all truth opened her eyes to behold wondrous things out of God's law, and ordered her steps in the Word where she sought to find the living, present Christ. Verse after verse He tenderly revealed to her, His own voice whispering to her eager heart each promise and assurance:

"I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore . . . I am the resurrection, and the

life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live . . . Before Abraham was, I am . . . Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today and for ever Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here: for he is risen In him we live, and move, and have our being. . . . I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you. . . . Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. . . . And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely . . . Surely I come quickly. . . The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."

Rachel felt a warm glow within her heart . . . there seemed to be a Presence drawing near . . . she waited breathlessly.

She turned off the lamp, that she might better see. She buried her head in her arms and closed her eyes that she might shut out every thought save thought of Him. Again and yet again His voice rang clear in tones that thrilled:

"I am the resurrection, and the life . . . I am he that liveth, and was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore. Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The room was entirely dark, Rachel knew. The lamp was out and the shades were closely drawn that not a ray might penetrate.

Yet gradually her heart became suffused with light. Flickering and faint at first, then ever richer and warmer it glowed, until it burst into a heavenly radiance—a light even as the light of resurrection morning. It was the resurrection morning in Rachel's joyful heart! For in that moment, as she hearkened to the Spirit's voice declaring unto her the Word of God, and as she opened wide the door to Jesus Christ, receiving Him by faith as her Messiah—her Savior and her Lord and King—in that moment the darkness of Judaism fled before the Dawn—the Light streamed in—and Rachel Kalinsky passed from death to life.

(Continued in next issue)

Life's Blessings

Nothing raises the price of a blessing like its removal; whereas it was its continuance which should have taught us its value. There are three requisitions to the proper enjoyment of earthly blessings—a thankful reflection on the goodness of the Giver, a deep sense of our unworthiness, a recollection of the uncertainty of long possessing them. The first would make us grateful; the second, humble; and the third, moderate.—*Hannah More.*



HOME TREATMENT OF WORLD PROBLEMS

(Continued from page 5)

theirs) a benefit to all.

"With the constant contact of foreign children that almost every American school playground affords, I teach my children to look for the unusual and the good in each strange child. When they sense that to these small playmates they are standing as American citizens and that these little foreigners have come to this country to make it their home, they feel a direct responsibility and pride in living up to the best American ideal they know. I encourage them to find out about the country the strange child has come from and we go into a study of this country in our home to more carefully understand this child's viewpoint.

"We stress the injunctions of the Bible as to brotherly love, showing how that command applies to all peoples. When we study history we teach a willingness on the part of our children to admire other nations for their progress and ideals. While we stress loyalty to our own land we point out definitely that all the world is striving to become closer minded, intelligently allied, and with the good of all humankind at heart.

"Neighbors and nations are not such a cry apart. *The child who dwells in harmony in early days will abhor the thoughts of war as a means of settling affairs.*

Daily fairness in small matters will lead the child to a habit-forming way of looking calmly into disputes and differences and intelligently studying things out before demanding rights he may not possess. *So you see I feel strongly that I have a problem here in my home, my immediate neighborhood, and my town that is worthy of serious, daily attention. It will be from the teachings of the mothers of today that the coming generations will learn to covet peace and work for it, and I for one am at the job right now."*

I was impressed and thrilled at the earnestness of this diligent mother. I tried to visualize every mother in the land with just such a program. Peace in the home, peace on the playground, peace in public relationship, indeed peace in the heart of every child. And more even than that—a determined desire to be fair and far-seeing enough to know that the quarrel on the vacant lot playground settled in the big bully way is only the forerunner of the wrong way of settling graver matters in life.—*Mothers Golden Now.*

Behind-Time Sallie

(Continued from page 4)

went out on the porch to watch for Grandfather. Soon he came. He talked with Mother. Then he peeped into the kitchen.

"Why, why, Grandfather! When did you come?" Sallie cried.

"I came just now, Sallikin, to take you back with me but I see you haven't your work finished. And I can't wait," Grandfather replied.

"Oh, please, please wait! Just a

minute!" Sallie begged. "I'll be done right away, if you will wait. Please, Grandfather."

"Can't do it this time, Sallie. Why, it is three o'clock now, and I must get home," and Grandfather went away in a great hurry.

Poor Sallie! She put her head down on the table by the dishpan and cried and cried. To think she could not go with Grandfather all because the dishes were not washed. And Grandfather had said quite loudly that it was three o'clock.

Then she stopped crying. Whose fault was it she could not go? Hadn't Mother often said, "Get your work done, dear?" and hadn't brother Jack always called her "Little Behind-Time"? Well, they never would have another chance to say such things, she promised the cups and saucers as she finished the dishes, oh very quickly.

She kept her promise and the next time Grandfather came she was all through with her work and ready to go with him to the farm.

And when the school-bell rang in September she was there on time, ready to march in with all the other children. Not once all that year did Miss Lane have to say, "How is it you are late again, Sallie?" — *Junior World.*

Please clear up your account. If accounts are allowed to run more than two months without payment, further credit for papers will not be granted.—**The Church of God Publishing House.**

LETTERS FROM OUR TRAINING CAMPS

(Continued from page 15)

I have kept almost every copy that I have gotten hold of.

Will you please pray for me that I will do His will regardless of the cost? —Benjamin H. De Lay, Hq. Sq. 11th A.D.G., 12 A.F., A.P.O. 528, c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Why I Like To Read the Lighted Pathway

I like to read the Lighted Pathway because it is a paper that is different. I like to start with the Editor's message and read it through until I finish with Glints of Knowledge on the last page and then sometimes I find something real good on the cover. No matter what your problems are you can find something to help in the Lighted Pathway.

If you should ask me what part of the paper I like best, I would not know what to answer, only to say I like it all. I like the continued stories a lot because it makes you anxious for the next number to come so you can read more about them.

I always feel encouraged to do more for the Lord after reading a Lighted Pathway through. Truly, there is no other paper that has so many good

things in it for the small price we pay for it.

I have learned many truths from reading the Lighted Pathway that I never knew before and every time I read it through I feel I have gained knowledge that is worth while.

May God bless the Editor and give her wisdom and strength to carry on such a wonderful paper as the Lighted Pathway.—Gracie Elwood.

LIGHTED PATHWAY RATING

	Sold for May	Total
Alabama	2,725	19,150
Arizona	86	556
Arkansas	483	4,252
California	419	3,413
Canada	166	1,219
Colorado	52	145
Delaware	156	1,419
Foreign	174	1,627
Florida	2,654	20,459
Georgia	7,020	50,829
Idaho	42	943
Illinois	1,632	18,917
Indiana	378	3,624
Iowa	126	1,071
Kansas	208	1,966
Kentucky	5,264	19,188
Louisiana	487	4,151
Maine	84	952
Maryland	963	5,882
Massachusetts	42	342
Minnesota	142	794
Michigan	1,133	6,797
Mississippi	683	5,848
Missouri	724	4,620
Montana	84	1,106
New Jersey	182	1,190
Nebraska	14	154
New Mexico	63	672
New York	168	936
North Carolina	5,127	44,016
North Dakota	175	3,466
Ohio	1,349	10,254
Oklahoma	249	2,899
Oregon	154	1,332
Pennsylvania	941	6,387
South Carolina	10,334	81,415
South Dakota	122	904
Tennessee	4,135	24,194
Texas	1,289	16,104
Virginia	2,677	19,202
Washington	267	1,953
Washington, D. C.	158	1,382
West Virginia	2,297	16,187
Wyoming	14	224
Wisconsin	54	96
	55,696	412,242

April Prize Winner

V. B. Ellis, Greenville, S. C., is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5.00 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

Honor Roll

Edwin M. Mortenson, Columbia, S. C.
Beatrice Carroll, Greenwood, S. C.
M. M. Mortenson, Decatur, Ala.
Mrs. C. W. Jackson, Calhoun, Ga.
Mae Couch, Fort Mill, S. C.
Mrs. Hazel Clark, Concord, N. C.

Our lives make more impression on the world as to what we think of Christ than all we can write or say about Him; and if we fail to confirm what we say by what we do, our testimony will be consigned to the waste basket by the public.



GLINTS OF KNOWLEDGE

Nazis papers suggest that when the Germans see that their defeat is inevitable they will blow up all the Jewish Ghettos before they surrender.—*The Gospel Minister*.

Farm Briefs

Los Angeles County, Calif., boasts of 15,000 matured and flourishing camphor trees, and has plans for producing some of the \$32,000,000 worth of camphor annually imported in the past.

A Colored World

Out of 61,000,000 babies born every year in the world, 44,000,000 are colored, and only 17,000,000 are white.—*World Dominion*, ("colored" in this note means not only black, but all not white).

Arkansas' Governor does not smoke, drink, or swear. He has refused to have rallies on Sunday. He cancelled the customary inaugural ball and refused to have the President's birthday ball. He has taught a Sabbath school class in his church for fifteen years.—*Religious Telescope*.

At Jerusalem, 400 rabbis recently appealed to the Christians to pray that the threatened destruction of the Jews by the Nazis might be averted. In the United States and Canada there have been special synagogue services in which Jews have implored God to intervene.—*International Hebrew Christian Alliance*.

Reads Bible Daily

According to a British chaplain-general, the final words of General Sir Bernard Montgomery, hero of the North African campaign against Rommel, before leaving his South-eastern Command headquarters for the push into Egypt, were: "Gentlemen, I read my Bible every day and I recommend you to do the same."—*News in World of Religion*.

The City of Backsliders

If you were to visit a club in Washington, D.C., and some old-time Washingtonian introduced you to individuals here and there, stating you were a preacher, you would probably be amazed at the number of "ex" church elders and "used-to-be" deacons you would meet. It is not improbable that there are more former Sunday School superintendents and former teachers of men's classes in our capital city than in any city on earth. It seems to be the city of backsliders.—*Moody Monthly*.

Ninety per cent of the women brought under the care of the Philadelphia police matrons are "drunks," and a large portion of the ten per cent are charged with offenses primarily resulting from drink. Furthermore, the prevalences of places where liquor is sold is one of the great handicaps to the reformation of these women; and the great abundance of saloons, ladies' parlors and

amusement resorts is largely the cause of demoralization of those who fall into the police dragnets.—*The Gospel Banner*.

Army Plane Death Toll

Figures on flying safety released by the War Department showed that approximately 1,700 airmen were killed in accidents in the continental United States in the first nine months of last year. The figure, though appearing large, is small by comparison, for it represents only one fatality for every 850,000 miles flown, and it is actually 10 per cent lower than the average casualty rate between 1930 and 1939.

The office of the Flight Control Command said that the present accident rate indicates that 95 per cent of all pilots and students in the United States will fly during the next 12 months without any personal injuries of any kind.

Germany, almost immune from damage in the last war, is in for a thorough pulverizing this time. Air Minister Archibald Sinclair, introducing an air estimates bill in Commons, revealed that R.A.F. raids on Germany since last spring have wrecked or damaged 2,000 German war plants, and have leveled 1,823 acres of buildings in seven large cities—Wilhelmshaven, Rostock, Lubeck, Karlsruhe, Dusseldorf, Mainz and Cologne. He said 1,000,000 Germans had been rendered homeless. In the first ten days of March, he said, the R.A.F. had dropped an average of 400 tons of bombs on Axis Europe every 24 hours.

In his new book just off the press entitled "The Fighting South," John Temple Graves, Birmingham editor, points out that in 1910 about 30 per cent of all Negroes were illiterate, while in 1942 only about 8 per cent were in that classification.

In 1915, he says, there were 64 Negro high schools; in 1942 there were 25,000.

More than twice as many Negroes graduated from college in the 1930's than in the 1920's.

Before the last World War the Negro death rate was approximately 25 per 1,000 population. It has now been cut to below 14 per 1,000.

Mr. Graves points out that records of Tuskegee Institute show that the number of lynchings has dropped to two or three a year. This compared with 80 in 1919, and 130 in 1901.

Spurgeon and the Bible

After preaching the gospel for forty years, and after printing the sermons I have preached more than six and thirty years, reaching now to the number of 22,000, in weekly succession, I am fairly entitled to speak about the fullness and richness of the Bible as a preacher's book. Brethren, it is inexhaustible. No question about freshness will arise if we keep close to the text of the

sacred volume. There can be no difficulty about finding themes totally distinct from those we have handled before; the variety is as infinite as the fullness. A long life will suffice to skirt only the shores of this great continent of light. In the forty years of my ministry I have only touched the hem of the garment of divine truth; but what virtue has flowed out of it. The Word is like its Author—infinite, immeasurable, without end. If you were ordained to be a preacher through eternity, you would have before you a theme equal to everlasting demands.—*C. H. Spurgeon*.

Again Concerning Chaplains

More ministers of religion are serving as chaplains with the armed forces of the United States, in proportion to the total number of men in service, than with the armies of any other nation in the world. And it may also be said that the American chaplain, thanks to the fortunate status that has been accorded him by the military authorities, is more nearly free to do spiritual work among the men than almost any other clergyman in today's life.

Freed from all responsibility for financing his work, provided with at least the physical necessities of his office, given a military rank that entitles him to respect, recruited entirely on a voluntary enlistment basis, given as much freedom as a man in uniform can possibly have, granted freedom of utterance and conscience within the limits of good taste, chosen by his denomination and not by the Government, paid an adequate support with generous pension and insurance benefits, and stationed in the midst of a multitude of men in need of his ministrations, the American chaplain enjoys a religious opportunity of enormous possibilities.—*The Christian Advocate*.

Here are some figures reported in February by the Interallied Information Committee of the United Nations. They show a total of 3,400,000 slain by the Nazis in nine occupied countries.

Poland headed the tragic list with 2,500,000 deaths, including a million Jews said to have been killed or allowed to die in concentration camps. (Other figures have placed the total number of Jews killed by the Nazis at more than 2,000,000.) The victims of other countries were given as follows: Yugoslavia, 744,000; France, 24,000; Greece, 18,000; Czechoslovakia 2,463; Netherlands, 2,200; Belgium, 193; Norway, 140 and Luxembourg, 129.

But this list of victims is admittedly incomplete. It includes only those who had been executed or who had died in concentration camps. It does not include victims of reprisal killings, like the wiping out of the whole town of Lidice in Czechoslovakia, and others in Yugoslavia and Greece. Neither does it include any of the deaths caused by the dreaded Gestapo, or secret police, for their killings were never revealed.

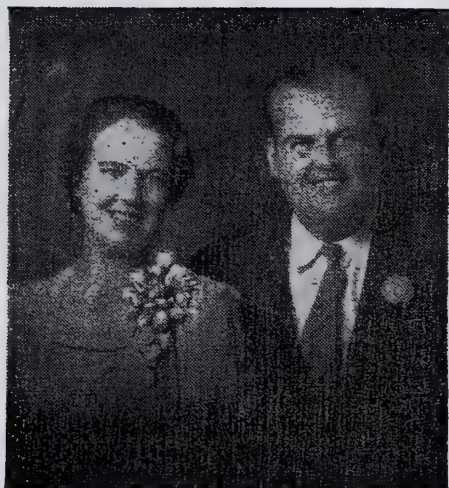
Georgia Y.P.E. and Sunday School News

Published in the interest of the Sunday Schools and Y.P.E.'s in Georgia

Joe R. Little, State Superintendent, 898 Hemphill Avenue, N. W., Atlanta, Georgia

The Orphanage Tide Is Rising Rapidly All Over Georgia

Overseer of Gainesville District



REV. W. H. GODWIN AND WIFE

DISTRICT CONVENTIONS

We surely hope each district overseer will notify each church of the time we will be at his place so as to give them a chance to have their orphanage money raised by the time we get there, also advertise the place of the convention, and, too, we hope each district overseer can go with us over his district.

1. Lafayette district, May 24-30.
2. Dalton district, June 7-13.
3. Calhoun district, June 14-20.
4. Canton district, June 21-27.
5. Dahlonga district, July 7-11.
6. Clayton district, July 12-18.

We hope all of these districts will go over the top at their conventions.

We now have some fine new pictures of our orphanage and Publishing House for you, so try to have us a large crowd; also we have some nice moving pictures of the Bible School and College.

Notice to Secretaries

Be sure to get your reports to me by the 5th, and if there is any month since the Assembly that you have not reported, get it in as soon as possible, or it will keep your Y.P.E. and Sunday School off the Honor Roll.

GAINESVILLE DISTRICT THIRD OVER THE TOP

Brother Godwin and Brother Wilson with all of their churches have done a great work on that district and were the third over the top. We certainly had a fine time visiting this district and indeed we had a great convention, despite the rain.

At least three more districts are over that have not been announced. They are Thomaston, Cairo, and Jesup. We had promised to run the picture of the overseer and district superintendent of the first six districts over, but since four have gone over in one month, naturally we can't do it. So forgive us, please, we are sure that several more districts will be over by the time this is published, for many of them lack just a little.

We will be on the following districts on Monday through Sunday visiting a church each night and conducting the district Sunday School and Y.P.E. convention on Saturday night and Sunday.



REV. G. W. WILLIAMS

Pastor of the Downs church, which has only eight members and has raised about \$65 for the orphanage. Brother Williams thinks they can make it \$75 by the state convention.

Sunday School and Y. P. E. Supt. of Gainesville District



T. A. WILSON

Big Five Sunday Schools

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----|
| 1. Hemphill Ave., Atlanta | 324 |
| 2. Rome | 176 |
| 3. Lindale | 141 |
| 4. Jesup | 97 |
| 5. Augusta | 91 |

Big Five Sunday School Offerings for April

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------|
| 1. Hemphill Ave., Atlanta | \$103.00 |
| 2. Columbus | 35.79 |
| 3. Lindale | 33.55 |
| 4. Chickamauga | 27.99 |
| 5. Augusta | 24.74 |

Big Five Y.P.E. Attendance

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----|
| 1. Edgehill | 146 |
| 2. Hazlehurst | 124 |
| 3. Hemphill Ave., Atlanta | 113 |
| 4. Union Grove | 99 |
| 5. Piney Grove | 95 |

Big Five Y.P.E. Offerings

- | | |
|-----------------|---------|
| 1. Atlanta | \$40.88 |
| 2. Gainesville | 30.49 |
| 3. Lafayette | 30.37 |
| 4. Chickamauga | 28.18 |
| 5. Cartersville | 15.30 |

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Everybody Welcome

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President, American Medical Association



The Lighted Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR



Vol. 14

JULY, 1943

No. 7



Marching

to
Victory

"Thy
Word
is
a
Light
Unto
My
Path"¹²

THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

Because this is our patriotic number we almost decided to address this message to our boys only. And then we thought, No, we can't do that, for girls need to be patriotic too. Much depends on our girls today, for many of them are entering into the service of our country just as devotedly as the boys. However, we are asking them to take a back seat and let the boys occupy the front seats for just a little while. I'm sure you are glad to. For you, too, are interested in our boys who are so courageously marching on to victory for us, facing the enemy to save our country and keep it free.



I am wondering just what to say to the boys to help them. Just think of the thousands of mothers and fathers who would like to whisper in my ear just now and instruct me what to say, but while they cannot, there is One who knows just what needs to be said and we are asking Him to help us. The thought that stands out before us as a nation today is "Preparedness," and our boys are being called from every walk of life and are being grouped together, training so that they may be prepared for any emergency that may arise.

So now, boys, I'm going to try to help you. You may feel a deep disappointment because you have had to leave home and loved ones. I would think there was something wrong with you or your home if your leaving did not make you sad, for the sacred home ties are hard to break.

Some of you are disappointed because you had to leave a good business. You were just getting started and you had to turn loose of everything and you feel, "Oh, what's the use?"

Some have left a beautiful girl friend. You love her dearly and had planned to marry her and establish a home, but now since you have had to give up your business and education it is no use to think of that. "Then, anyway, she'll find someone else while I'm gone." This is a pretty good test of your devotion to each other. If she finds someone else, then her love for you is not true and if you prove untrue to her, then she is to be congratulated because she found it out before it was too late. True love will not change.

I wonder if you had ever thought of the fact that although your business and your education has been hindered, there is one thing you had begun that you can finish regardless of this war or any calamity which might befall you. It is that of building of life and this is the greatest work you can possibly do. You have long ago begun to build your life. You know better than any one else what foundation you have built upon, whether or not it has been built upon the Rock. We see written on every side the word, "victory," and you are fighting for victory for our wonderful land of the free and the home of the brave. When the war is over, if you have won some great victory over the enemy, your name will be recorded among the heroes. But the man who wins the victory over the life he is building will be the greatest hero of all. After this war, there will be great need for strong charac-

ters to build and carry on the new order of things. Will you be prepared? If Jesus has not come into your life, then you are not prepared.

When the army is in the field, the commanding officer may come at any time to any part of it, and he expects when he does so to find everyone at his post. The sentinels must be on duty, watchful and alert for the coming of the enemy. The soldiers must be drilled and disciplined, and their guns must be clean and in working order. When the commanding officer comes he must find them ready.

At the time of the Boer War in South Africa, it was necessary to send Lord Roberts out to take command. It is said that, when he was asked if his health was good enough to bear the strain, since he was an elderly man, he replied, "Yes, I thought I might be wanted, and I have kept myself fit." So he was ready when the need arose. But he would not have been able to go if he had allowed himself to get slack and indolent and unfit.

We are giving you some stories as illustrations to make our thought clear to you. If you build your life strong and true it will always be natural to do the right thing in time of testing or when a need arises.

The principal of a school, in which boys were prepared for college, one day received a message from a lawyer living in the same town, requesting him to call at his office, as he wished to have a talk with him.

Arriving at the office, the lawyer stated that he had in his hands a gift of a scholarship entitling a boy to a four years' course in a certain college, and that he wished to bestow it where it would be best used.

"Therefore," he continued, "I have concluded to let you decide which boy of your school most deserves it."

"That is a hard question to decide," replied the teacher thoughtfully. "Two of my pupils — Charles Hart and Henry Strong—will complete the course of study in my school this year. Both desire a collegiate education, and neither is able to obtain it without assistance. They are so nearly equal that I cannot tell which is the better scholar."

"How is it as to deportment?" asked the lawyer.

"One boy does not more scrupulously observe all the rules of the school than the other," was the answer.

"Well," said the lawyer, "if at the end of the year, one boy has not gone one ahead of the other, send them to me and I will decide between them."

As before, at the closing examinations, the boys stood equal in attainments. They were directed to call at the lawyer's office, no information being given as to the object of the visit.

Two intelligent, well-bred boys they seemed, and the lawyer was beginning to wonder greatly how he should make a decision between them. Just then the door opened, and an elderly lady of peculiar appearance entered. She was well known to them all as being of unsettled mind and possessed of the idea that she had been deprived of a large fortune which was justly hers. As a consequence she was in the habit of visiting lawyers' offices, carrying in her hand a package of papers which she wished examined. She was a familiar visitor of this office, where she was always received with respect and dismissed with kindly promises to help.

This morning, seeing that the lawyer was already occupied with others, she seated herself to await his leisure.

(Continued on page 16)

YOUR AFTERSELF A Message for All Youth By DAVID STARR JORDAN

Your first duty in life is toward your afterself. So live that the man you ought to be may, in his time, be possible, be actual. Far away in the years he is waiting his turn. His body, his brain, his soul, are in your boyish hands. He cannot help himself. What will you leave for him? Will it be a brain unspoiled by lust or dissipation; a mind trained to think and act; a nervous system true as a dial in its response to the truth about you? Will you, boy, let him come as a man among men in his time? Or will you throw away his inheritance before he has had the chance to touch it? Will you turn over to him a brain distorted, a mind diseased, a will untrained to action, a spinal cord grown through and through with "the devil grass, wild oats"? Will you let him come and take your place, gaining through your experience, happy in your friendships, hallowed through your joys, building on them his own? Or will you fling it all away, decreeing, wanton-like, that the man you might have been shall never be? This is your problem in life—the problem which is vastly more to you than any or all others. How will you meet it, as a man or as a fool? It comes before you today and every day, and the hour of your choice is the crisis in your destiny!
—The Journal of the National Education Association.

Rachel

By Agnes Scott Kent

(Used by permission of the
Evangelical Publishers)

(Continued from last issue)

Light Amid the Darkness

"I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you." John 14:18.

Pesach—the Jewish Feast of the Passover—was late that year. *Seder*, its opening evening with the Passover Supper, fell on Saturday, the twentieth of April, the celebration continuing through the following seven days. For weeks in advance, however, preparations for *Pesach* were in full progress. All over the great city of New York, in every Hebrew dwelling, the housewives were vigorously busy. The annual rites of housecleaning were on, and no interruption short of fire or death might halt them.

In Mrs. Kalinsky's commodious abode on East Eleventh Street the *Pesach* cleansing was conducted with that good lady's characteristic force and determination. Not an inch of the big house escaped her vigorous onslaught. The walls and ceilings must all be carefully brushed down, the woodwork scoured, the upholstery vacuumed, and everything in sight scrubbed and polished to the last degree.

The dishes and cooking utensils used ordinarily through the year were all put away, and the barrels of those sacred to Passover were brought down from the attic and unpacked, and their contents sterilized and placed upon the pantry shelves. Every bit of "leaven" was searched out; and on the day preceding *Pesach* the usual Jewish bread was replaced by *matzoth*, and loaf cakes were baked with special unleavened *Pesach* flour. Four ounces of flour to thirteen eggs.

To Rachel, as usual, fell the heavy end of the domestic work. In the Passover preparations her task it was to wash every window in the big house, to wash and iron and rehang every one of the fifty-six long curtains, and to polish all the metal. To Rachel also was given the commission to "make Kosher" the big kitchen range. This process involved the boiling in soapsuds and soda of every removable portion of the stove, and the burning out of the oven with pans of red-hot coals. Last and most difficult of all the tasks, Rachel was put to polishing the floors. Many a weary hour she sat bending over them, aching in every nerve.

But she never complained now. No longer either did she give way to those quick outflashes of her naturally hot temper in which formerly she had indulged under stress of Mrs. Kalinsky's or of Sarah's inconsiderate cruelties. Both of them noted with suspicion the new spirit she manifested

toward them—the docility, the gentleness, the sweetness. To them it was uncanny. It betokened ill. Mischief was brewing somewhere. "I am telling you, that girl's queer. Ve must vatch her, Sarah!"

But the secret of it all lay hidden deep within Rachel's joyful heart. She had found the Christ! And finding Him she had found the inward peace. No longer did she feel that sense of utter loneliness. No longer did she feel baffled and beaten by the overwhelming forces of her new environment. No longer did she have to fight single-handed against odds that were impossible. In Him she was more than conqueror over every circumstance, every conflict, every foe. She had found the living, present, all-victorious Christ! She had found her Comforter—her strong Defender—her Counsellor—her Friend.

Ever since that night in her room when He had revealed Himself to her and when she had joyously received Him into her heart as her own Messiah and her Lord, Rachel's life had been transformed.

Outwardly everything was just the same; the monotonous drudgery went on as usual; the fragile little body grew just as tired; Mrs. Kalinsky's jealous taunts were as caustic and as cruel as ever; Sarah's sharpness just as stinging; the children were as untidy and as noisy as they always were; Jacob just as dictatorial and harsh; and Max—her own dear Max—her husband—as completely dominated as ever by his doting mother, and in consequence thereof, aloof and strained in his relations with his wife.

But something new had entered into Rachel's being. With the coming of the Christ there had come His all-sufficient grace. As simply as she had accepted Him as her Saviour so simply did she accept, with eager child-like faith, all the gifts He waited to bestow. And among the gifts none was more precious than His gift of peace—the peace above all pain—the peace of God that passeth understanding.

For several days Rachel basked in the sunshine of it. She forgot that she was tired. She forgot that she was homesick and heartsick for her little flat, where she and Max had been, oh, so happy. She forgot how much she was suffering in the home of Deborah Kalinsky. One consciousness alone absorbed her, flooding her soul with heavenly radiance—the consciousness of the indwelling Christ.

Day by day He became more real, more precious to her. His presence was actual and vivid, His power gloriously felt. The study of the Bible became more and more enthralling. It held new meaning now. It was God's own Word direct to Rachel's heart, concerning His dear Son. Each page disclosed to her some new loveliness in Him. Each word revealed afresh His love for her. Even for her—Rachel Mendelssohn Kalinsky—whom He had redeemed from the awful darkness of Israel by His own precious blood.

Rachel's intense nature never did anything by halves. And the same thoroughness which characterized everything she undertook, was expressed now in her new life as a Christian. Her one absorbing passion was

that she might please the Father—that she might do His holy will. Eagerly and joyously, therefore, she endured all things for His dear sake who had given His all for her.

When the household tasks exhausted her frail strength she rested in His omnipotence. When the loneliness and longing became unendurable she endured as seeing Him who is invisible. When the stinging subtleties of her mother-in-law left her tender heart so sorely wounded, she found her healing in His smile. His "Well done, my child" at the end of a long, weary day, was ample compensation for all the cruelty the day had held.

Her life of bondage under Deborah Kalinsky became invested with a strange new glory. In Christ, its erstwhile dreadful experiences assumed new values. His strength made perfect in her weakness, Rachel realized the paradox of taking pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses. For His dear sake she now could suffer all things with an actual albeit wondering gladness, rejoicing in this: that she was counted worthy. Thus day by day she experienced His peace in ever-increasing measure.

But peace demands its price. The peace of God is abiding only as long as there is full obedience to the will of God, as He reveals it step by step. And Rachel's obedience was soon to meet its fiery test.

She had sincerely believed her will to be in entire conformity to His. With each new morning she had prayed with sweet submission: "Let Thy perfect will, O Christ my Savior, be done in me this day. Have Thine own way, dear Lord, have Thine own way. Oh, make me one in whom Thou canst delight!" The harmony between will and will—the divine will and the human—had been unbroken; the union between the Father and His child complete and beautiful. All had been well—thus far. All had been perfect peace.

And then suddenly God revealed to Rachel Kalinsky His deeper purpose for her life. And just as suddenly she shrank back in startled fear. Peace became panic. The wonderful harmony was broken. Between Rachel Kalinsky and her new-found Lord

(Continued on page 17)

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Devoted to the general welfare and spiritual
uplift of our young people
everywhere

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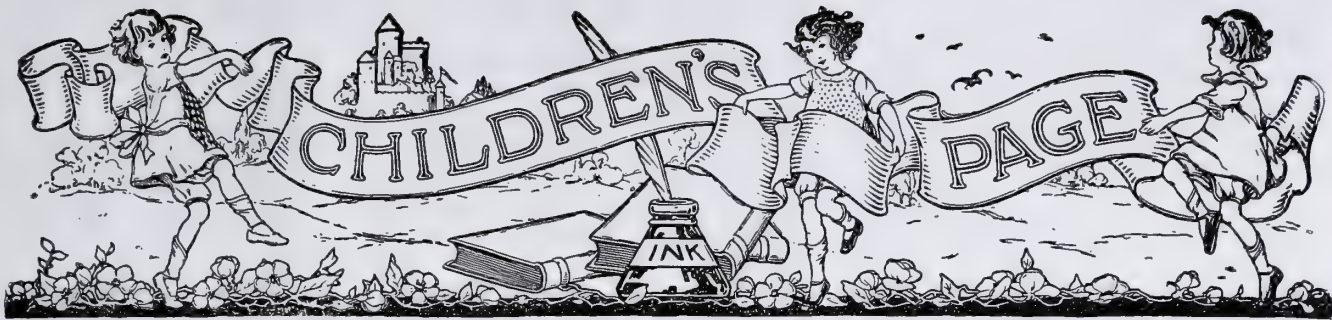
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My dear "Happy Home Circle" Children:

I am wondering how you are getting along. Have you had success in trying to make a happy home since I last talked to you? I would like to see all of you and hear you tell about what you have tried to do to make your mother and daddy happy, and your brothers and sisters. Have you been praying for all the circle? That is what I want you to do. I always feel that God appreciates children's prayers because when He was on earth He took them up in His arms and blessed them. And, of course, that shows that He loves them. I remember when my children were small that they had great faith and if I would get sick they would bring their little bottle of oil and anoint me just like the Bible says, and I'd rather have them pray for me than any one else. So you must remember that you are not too small to work for God, and I think the greatest need is for children to help to make a happy home.

Now I wonder if you have sent for the Junior Jewels. They have so many nice character stories in them and when you read them you will want to be good boys and girls. You will want to help to make a happy home. If your parents are not members of the Happy Home Circle, maybe you can persuade them to join, so you can be a member, too.

Here is a lovely story about a little girl who led her papa to Jesus. Maybe if you are real good you can do that too, or some other member of your family.

Then perhaps you are not saved and you will want to be like Leonard was in another story on this page.

LOVING THE UNSEEN

"Papa, do you love Jesus?" asked little Emily of her father, who did not care for anything religious.

"Jesus is dead, my dear. Long, long ago He was crucified, and that was the end of Him."

"But Jesus rose again, and did what no other man could do. And if Jesus was not living now we could not be living either, as He gives us life and everything else, Papa."

"But how can I love whom I have never seen, Emily? Tell me that, my dear."

Emily at first did not know what to reply, and her father looked pleased to know that he had puzzled her. At length she said, "Papa, how old was I when mama died?"

"Only six months, my child."

"Then I can't say that I ever saw

her, for I don't remember her at all. But you have always tried to make me love her by telling me how good and kind she was; and I do love her, although I have never seen her that I can remember."

By this time the tears were running down the father's cheeks and kissing Emily, he said, "God has spoken to me by you, my dear, and now you must pray for me, and ask God to give me a new heart, with which I shall love Jesus." And the prayer was soon answered.—*Sent of God.*

A HAPPY DAY AND NO MISTAKE

Edith Goreham Clarke

The meeting was over, and Hugh Evans, the visiting evangelist, was walking home with his host for a cup of tea. He was rather tired after a strenuous week, traveling here and there, taking meetings, and was looking forward to a quiet evening.

"You will meet my little boy at

tea," Mr. Price remarked, presently. "His name is Leonard," he went on after a moment's pause, "and please be sure to speak to him, for I am afraid he is not yet saved."

"How old is he?" asked Hugh Evans, picturing a tall school boy to himself.

"He is six years old," replied the father, somewhat to the surprise of the other man.

Tea was a merry meal, for the visitor seemed to have an endless store of interesting stories to tell. Leonard listened, fascinated. He was a fair-haired boy, with big blue eyes, and an infectious laugh, and he and Hugh Evans were soon fast friends. As tea was drawing to a close, first one parent, and then the other, left the room, and Leonard and the evangelist were left alone.

Presently his friend turned to Leonard with a serious expression on his face, and laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, said; "Do you know, Leonard, you have a naughty heart; it makes you think bad thoughts, and speak bad words, and do bad things. Shall we ask the Lord Jesus, who loved you and died for your sins, to give you a new heart?"

The little boy answered, "Yes." Then he and his friend knelt down, and asked that Leonard's heart might be changed then and there.

"He's done it!" said the little fellow, as they rose to their feet after a few minutes.

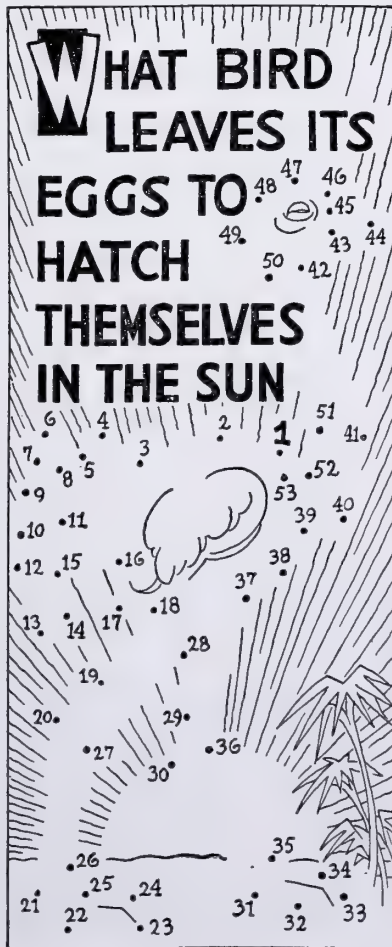
It was ten years later, and Leonard, now a fine, strapping boy of sixteen, was painting a cupboard for his mother. She was busy with her housework, and as she went from one room to another, she was singing,

*"Twas a happy day and no mistake
When Jesus from my heart did take
The load of sin which made it ache,
And filled my soul with joy."*

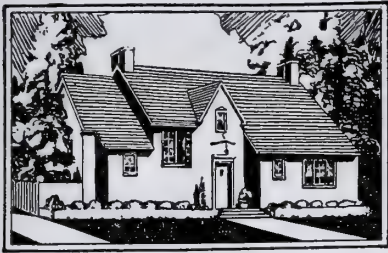
Presently she looked into the room in which Leonard was working, to see how he was getting on. The boy looked up at her with a happy smile, and then he said, "I heard you singing, Mother, and 'twas a happy day and no mistake' when the Lord Jesus changed my heart kneeling by Mr. Evan's side!"

Perhaps you, little reader, are six years old? Leonard was only six when the Lord Jesus washed away his sins, and gave him a new heart, which hated sin. Have you asked Him to do that for you! Like Leonard, you can say.

*"I'm not too young to come to Jesus,
For He loves a little child,
And I need Him, and He needs me,
If I come now!"* —Gospel Herald.



FATHER'S and MOTHER'S PAGE



Home, Sweet Home

My Dear Parents: We have a nice number of Circle Members. We have over a hundred. Isn't that wonderful! But say, I can not see why we haven't a thousand instead. Perhaps I should publish the requirements for joining again this month.

First, I pledge myself to study everything possible to get information on how to build better homes. I will study carefully the page in the Lighted Pathway that is prepared especially for the mothers and fathers, and I will watch for suggestions in regard to other books and publications that will be found on this page.

Second, I will pray every day for the homes of our land and especially for the homes that are enrolled in our circle.

Send me your name and address and I will enroll you on our circle register.

We should soon have thousands of parents studying how to make better homes, and a great circle of prayer will rise to meet the need in our world today. Talk about patriotism! If we want a better world after while, we must work now with the future generation. Our parents need help—"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world."

Mothers and fathers who do not have the cooperation of their companions may join alone. Please give the number of children you have. Young people who do not have children are eligible to join in this effort to build better homes for our country. You do not have to belong to any certain denomination to be a member. You are welcome if you are not a Christian, but desire to be.

Remember you hold the destiny of your child in your hands.

Circle scripture, Deut. 6:1-9.

Happy children, blithe and gay,
Laughing all the livelong day;
Who will guide them in the truth
While they're in the bloom of youth?

Tender lives, like little flowers,
Blighted soon by Satan's powers—
Shall we let them droop and lie
With no hope, as time rolls by?

Guard them from life's chilling blast,
Watch till all the danger's past,
Guide their little feet aright,
Lead them on to heav'nly light.

—Sel.

"FATHER, CHOOSE THE GOOD PATH"

A father and his son were climbing a mountain. They came to a place where the ascent was difficult and dangerous. The rocks were steep; and while the father paused to consider, the son said, "Father, choose the good path; for I am coming right behind you!" Looked at from a spiritual point of view, these are solemn words.

You are a father. But you have not weighed well the obligations. You are a worldly man; and you are so eager about your industrial pursuits that you have not a serious thought of real hope above or beyond earthly things. When the world smiles, you are happy, but you are miserable when it frowns. As the friend of the world, you are an enemy of God. Did it never occur to you that in the path of worldliness and enmity, your son is coming right behind you? For your own sake, and for his, beware.

You are a moral man. But now and again you fall into sin. Your word is not always to be depended on. You would over-reach in a bargain. An occasional excursion for pleasure or business on Sunday is indulged in. You are sometimes overcome by drink; and you were never known to mention serious godliness, unless in scorn. Surely, in these circumstances, obdurate as your heart is, you might pause and reflect that your son is coming right behind you.

You are a professor of religion. Your leaf is green. You hear the Word and respect "Sunday," and "keep the feast"; and on some rare occasions you have prayer in your family. But you know that you are not saved. You act from habit, or self-respect, or the force of fashion, or at the dictate of fear. Your piety is but a name, a little paint, a suit of apparel occasionally worn for show. You never were in earnest. You are to this day unconscious of God, of sin, of grace, and of the wrath to come. Turn round, my dear friend, and you will see your son coming right behind you.

Your little loved boy at home thinks and reasons about you. "My mother wishes me to pray, and read my Bible, and keep from bad company. But my father never prays. I often see a newspaper in his hand, or a novel, but the Bible never. He never speaks about religion except in criticism and jest. He never spoke to me in his life about my soul; and surely if there were a heaven or a hell my father would have told me of it. If I needed salvation he would not have been silent on the subject. My mother is too severe with me. I am coming right behind my father."

Life is a mountain, high and difficult. Choose the wrong path, and you lose your soul. Of all earthly objects you love your son the most. In this love there is the whole force of nature. But, leading him in the wrong road, you are killing him for eternity. The path you have taken leads to death; and you know it. Turn back, for God's sake, for your own sake, for your son's sake, who is coming

right behind you. A little farther on from where you now stand there is an abyss, the fire of which, says Christ, "is not quenched." You are falling into it. You are leading your son into it. And when you meet in the world of woe, where there is no deliverance and no hope—oh! what a meeting that will be between father and son!

Choose the good path. Choose the perfect way of truth. Walk in penitence. The Lord Jesus is the Way. Trust Him. Remember, it is the way of holiness. The great sacrifice by which the Lamb purged our sins is its power, its life, its glory, its attraction. Angels love that way. The Holy Spirit overshadows it; and at every turn of the road the heavenward world stands forth to the eye in bolder outline. Look to Jesus. Plead the promise to you and to your seed; and it may be, that when you look back—oh, happiness!—you will see your son coming right behind you.

As a father, what power you have, what privilege, what obligation! You are working eternal evil. You may do everlasting good. It is not your work but your example that chiefly tells on the eternal destiny of your son. He sees that you have no Saviour, and he grows up just like you. With your whole heart, therefore, seek the living God. Turn to Him in repentance for your sins. Believe and live; for the Lord Jesus is able to save even you. And salvation, including pardon, righteousness, and redemption, is of free grace.

Oh! come now; for the time passes, and God invites, and the blood of Jesus cleanses, and the Spirit quickens. Teach, train, lead, draw your children, that they may be saved.—*The Elim Evangel*.

IN YOUTH LIES THE FUTURE OF AMERICA

Inez Garretson

Every individual in this world owes a duty, first to God, and second, to his or her children, if any. Someone has said, "You must have good children physically, mentally, and morally, to have good citizens; when you have good citizens you have a good country." It is said that "children are the tomorrow of society." Another writer tells us that children "have more need of models than of critics."

That there is something wrong with our country the worst of sinners will readily agree. The root of the matter lies principally in the home. It is far different from what it used to be.

One writer has said: "We used to build houses and decorate them. We have no need for pictures now, the modern apartment is much too small for them. We do not need a piano to move around; a portable radio serves every purpose of entertainment. Books are in discard. Around the corner is a magazine stand. Short stories are better as they take less time to read. Why wade into books when you can get all the reading that you want in a few minutes out of a new magazine?"

"But why all hurry? What will we do with a few moments after we have

(Continued on page 16)

PERSONAL EVANGELISM

GOD IS STILL ON THE THRONE

Harold Parks

Answering the telephone, I heard a voice say to me, "Will you visit a sick patient on the second floor in the hospital at Marshaltown?" I promised I would without delay.

On arriving at the hospital, I found that the man had a cancer between his eyes, and had had an operation which caused somewhat suffering. I immediately went to God in prayer and asked about his soul.

The wait was not delayed, for the opportunity came immediately. I asked him how old he was, and he gave his age as eighty-five years. I then asked him whether he was a Christian. He told me he was living the best way he knew how. I pointed out to him that he could not live within himself and please God, and then presented to him the finished work of Christ on Calvary. I quoted Romans 10:9, 10; John 3:16; 5:24 and 3:36.

At the close of our talk I told him Christ was waiting for him to believe on Him and be saved. I then waited for a few minutes and asked him what decision he had made, for this was for him to decide.

"No one but you must make this decision. Will you take this Savior, this blessed Savior?"

He hesitated for a moment. He could not see me for the drainage from the operation. He answered slowly, "I will accept Him. There is none other to trust in."

What a Savior! God is still on the throne. This man has been attending regularly at the services.

On visiting another family, I met a man fifty-five years of age. We walked out the lane from the house a little way. I prayed to God to open the way for me to speak to this man about his soul. This was granted. (What power in prayer to those who abide in Him!)

"How is it with your soul?"

"All right," was the answer.

This man was a bachelor, living by himself. I said to him, "It is a great comfort to be able to retire and know that if you do not wake in the morning you will be with Jesus."

He looked at me for a moment and said, "Do you know that has been worrying me for a long time? I am afraid to go to sleep some nights for fear of not waking up."

I then said to him, "It is not well with your soul, is it?"

He then confessed that it was not, and that he had not attended church for fifteen years. I pointed him to the only Savior of the world, and being led by the Spirit, quoted John 3:1-9. I pointed him to the finished work Christ accomplished for him on the cross, and showed that nothing he could do would ever get him that peace he needed. Quoting Eph. 3:8, 9, I then asked him to make his decision and make it today.

"Are you willing to believe on this great Savior, and accept Him as your Lord, Master, and Savior?"

His answer was, "I will."

Oh, what glory God received at that moment! God is still on the throne and will use those who abide in Him.

I had just arrived at the entrance of a cemetery five miles east of the church, planning to cut the grass with the power lawn mower I have. A man stopped to wait for the mail. He told me that his father had given to the community that plot of ground for burial purposes. Immediately I asked God to lead in the next word which I must say, and sure enough, He did.

I said, "It is a wonderful thought to know that when you pass out of this world into the eternity beyond you will rest with Jesus."

"I suppose so," was his reply.

"Are you saved?" was my question.

He said, "No."

I then found out that he was sixty-five years of age, never knew the Lord, and was just waiting for death to take him. Oh, personal worker, look around you! Think of those who are dear to you, and think of them in this man's position. What are you going to do about it?—not just study, read about it, write about it. Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only.

This man and I sat down on the running board of our car (for the car belongs to the Lord first), and I gave him the old, old message of Jesus Christ and His marvelous work for the sinner. In closing he yielded his life to Jesus. How wonderful! How marvelous!

Must I go empty-handed to Glory? Oh, must I? Must you, dear reader? Must you?

Going out the church door on June 4 I asked a young man whether he was saved.

He said, "I don't know."

I replied, "You can know," and he went on.

June 8 I went in search of this soul with a prayer in my heart and a song on my lips. "Lord, lay some soul upon my heart, and bless that soul through me, and may I humbly do my part to win that soul for Thee."

I drove five miles over dirt roads to a little house. Finding no one at home, I began to look around. Over on the hillside in a strawberry patch was this young man. (By the way, he was a bachelor.) I drove around his home and almost drove over a grade that had been made for the road, but God was with me and saved me from ruining our car.

On arriving in the berry patch, I offered a silent prayer to God again for His leading. I began to help the young man pick strawberries. It wasn't long till the opportunity came.

I said, "I have come to speak to you about your soul," and went on helping him pick berries.

He stopped and sat down, and I stood up. He told me he was not saved and admitted he was a sinner. In fact, he said we are all sinners.

"Yes, only you are not under the blood, and I am."

I told him of the sacrifice that God has made for all those born into the

world, and pointed him to the cross where Christ poured out His blood that cleanseth from all sin. At the close I asked him if he had any questions.

He asked, "Will Christ save me now and forever?"

I took him to the Book of Mark. Here I told him of the blind man:

On the roadside there was a man named Bartimaeus, begging for alms. He had heard that Jesus would come that way and he waited. "And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth going by, he began to cry out, and say, Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me." The Master called him to come, and he arose and came. Jesus asked, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? The blind man said unto Him, Lord, that I might receive my sight. And Jesus said unto him, Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way."

I then said to this young man, "Suppose you were there that day and had seen this great healing. The next day you would come by that way and you would see this same man, sitting in the same place, saying the same thing, with his eyes closed, begging, what would you say to him?"

He said, "I would have called him an imposter."

"This," I said, "is your position when you accept Christ. You are blind, needing a Savior. Jesus has come by you today, and if you take Him as your Savior, Lord and Master by faith, believing from your heart, confessing with your mouth, you will be touched by that hand, made to see, and need never return to the blind state again. His blood that saves you can keep you saved."

I then told him salvation is free. Christ gives it to us, but it costs something to be a follower of Christ. I then pointed out to him this illustration:

"The king is visiting this country. He is riding along in his beautiful streamlined train. He has the conductor stop the train. He goes up to this bum and says, 'I want you to come with me and live in my palace in England.'"

"The bum wants to know what it will cost. The king informs him, 'It will cost you nothing. All has been taken care of. It will be free.'"

"The bum says, 'Are you sure it will be all free?'"

"Yes," is the reply.

So the bum gets on the train, and on arriving at Buckingham palace he is taken through the great gates, and they close behind him. He comes into the lovely palace—my, what a beautiful place—and the king said it was all free! He sits down in one of the great, peaceful chairs. The door opens and the butler comes in.

"Your bath is ready."

"What? Bath? I haven't taken a bath in many a moon. Me take a bath?"

"The bum says, 'I knew there was a catch in this. Take a bath! I thought this was free.'"

"The butler says, 'It is free, but all those who live in this place must take

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HYMN STORIES

"WE THANK THEE, LORD, THY PATHS OF SERVICE LEAD"

By Calvin W. Laufer

This hymn, written by myself in 1919, has its source in a great friendship. The other partner to the inspiring relation is Herbert H. Field, D.D., pastor of the Flatbush Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, New York, to whom the hymn is gratefully dedicated. What the dedication fails to convey in appreciation is left for hymn and tune to express. Both have their genesis in the tie and reflect many exquisite hours of fellowship and some rarer moments still when kindred souls rejoiced in each other and communed with God.

For a period of more than ten years, the author, then residing in Jersey City, New Jersey, and his friend dined together at least once a week, usually on Monday, and indulged themselves in talking about things of mutual interest. At the time the author was a traveling secretary of one of the Boards of the Presbyterian Church. After returning from his tours, he delighted to drink at the fountain of his younger brother's experiences in pulpit and parish.

At one of these luncheon engagements in the fall of 1919 the hymn was inspired. That noon the opportunities and blessings of Christian service had just been discussed in their subjective and objective aspects. In the hour spent together it was made clear that Christian service is both a very intimate and personal, as well as intensely practical, experience. This dual aspect haunted the author and inspired him to write a hymn in which the dual relation is unfolded in contrast. The hymn endeavors to think of service through the mind of Jesus, who made the mount of inspiration the dynamic of kindly ministry in the valley, where are the poor, the sick, the despondent, and the disheartened.

The theme of the hymn is given in the first two lines, as follows:

*We thank Thee, Lord, Thy paths of service lead
To blazoned heights and down the slopes of need.*

This dominant thought is reiterated throughout the stanzas. The inner life of communion and the outer life of service march forward together. The "secret place" of prayer is associated with burden-bearing, the intimate touch of God's love with His glory—"like a mantle spread o'er hill and dale." The Christian is bound up with God and man; this is the message of the hymn.

The music was written at the close of a day when composer and friend had broken bread according to custom, and was made available for a service in September, 1919, in Dr. Field's church. The tune is quiet, moving, but strong in beat where the thought needs enhanced expression. Of the tune, some one said, "It needs no marks of expression: these appear in the rising and falling march of the

music."

The hymn was widely used in summer conferences in 1920, and was instantly adopted by many young people throughout America. To Prof. H. Augustine Smith, of Boston, belongs the credit of first introducing it through a hymnal—the "Century Hymnal," published in 1921. The same year it appeared in "Songs of Life," edited by Carl F. Price. Since then nearly a dozen other publishers have incorporated it in their hymnals.

The hymn is widely used and on all occasions. A notable example of its use was in connection with the twentieth anniversary of Dr. Field's pastorate. When the doctor was ushered into the presence of his devoted people, they rose and sang it. A student pastor testifies that he used it daily during the serious illness of his wife, and often read it to her. In the author's great bereavement, in 1930, caused by the death of his wife, many letters were received in which the third stanza was quoted in full:

*We've felt Thy touch in sorrow's darkened way
Abound with love and solace for the day;
And 'neath the burdens there, Thy sovereignty
Has held our hearts enthralled while serving Thee.*

So bread that was cast upon the waters was borne home on the tides of love to console him who was willing to share it with others. The author feels that the hymn was God-given. It came out of the eventide, when he sat at his own fireside and felt the presence of Him who filleth all in all.

"IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY"

By Calvin W. Laufer

In the years 1819 and 1820 John Bowring, the author of "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," was traveling in Spain, France, Belgium, Holland, Russia, and Sweden. During his stay at Paris, where he was a privileged guest of eminent writers, he wrote with considerable feeling about his hopes. In the letter is this sentence, "It will be the height of my ambition to do something which may connect my work with the literature of the age." Within five years he wrote this hymn by which he is held in perpetual and grateful remembrance throughout the length and breadth of Christendom. His greatness as a linguist, economist, diplomat, and statesman are forgotten; but as a hymn writer his name is held in honor.

The hymn first appeared in 1825 when he published a volume of hymns. This date should be noted, as will become obvious when the story of the hymn's origin is recounted. Before his "Hymns" was in print he won for himself recognition in business. In 1811, when he was nineteen years old—he was born October 17, 1792—he entered a business career in London. By 1813 he was sent to Spain on an important commission, and on a like

mission to Lisbon. After his travels in 1819 and 1820, he published "Specimens of Russian Poets," 1820; "Matins and Vespers," 1823; "Ancient Poetry and Romances in Spain," 1824; then his "Hymns," in which "In the Cross of Christ I Glory" appears on page 60, as No. LXIII.

The story current about the hymn's origin relates it to the ruins of a cathedral in Macao, China. The cathedral had been erected by Catholic missionaries centuries before, but was demolished by fire and earthquake, the beautiful facade alone remaining, and surmounting it a cross. These ruins were supposed to have inspired the writing of the hymn.

This part of the story cannot be authenticated, for John Bowring did not visit China until 1849, when he was appointed British consul at Canton. By that time "In the Cross of Christ I Glory" was already twenty-four years old. Obviously, then, the seeing of the ruins of the cathedral did not inspire it. However, it is quite possible that the author had become greatly interested in China, her life, customs, traditions, and literature. In his autobiography he indicates that as a young man he had a dream, in which he saw himself as a British official in China. His father, a manufacturer of woolen goods for China, may have intrigued his son's interest in the land and its religious history. "As a boy," writes John Bowring, "I was impressed by presentations of Chinese life by the Macartney and Amherst missions to Peking." It is quite possible that the ruins of Macao of early Christian effort thus came to his attention. If that is so, then the hymn was not inspired by seeing the ruins, but by hearing about them.

"In early life," so writes Lady Bowring, "he had the desire to become a Unitarian minister, a course from which he was dissuaded by his excellent father." She says, moreover: "Devotional sentiments early found an outlet in sacred song, which flowed from his pen like a fountain from a deep well of religious harmonies pervading his inmost being . . . He was thrilled by the thought of a divine hand in nature," because he was a profound student of the Scriptures, history, and philosophy. There are those who feel that after repeated quest and research he finally saw in the cross the hope of the world, and disclosed his convictions in the hymn, "In the Cross of Christ I Glory."

John Bowring was knighted in 1854 for his eminent services. He died in 1872, reaching the fine old age of eighty years. Up to the last he was an interested writer of hymns. A few days before he died he was engaged on a collection of "Hymns for Children." His last act of kindness was performed for a stranger, a woman who had no claims on his time or strength. "The smile of heaven," writes Lady Bowring, "was on his face when he fell asleep."

Among other well-known hymns by him are "Watchman, Tell Us of the Night," and "God Is Love; His Mercy Brightens." However, "In the Cross of Christ I Glory" is his best monument, and its first line is engraved on his tombstone.



HELPS FOR TEMPTED AND TRIED

THE PRACTICE OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD

By John T. Faris

Some 250 years ago, there lived in France a man of obscure birth named Nicholas Herman. He was at first a footman. Later he served as a soldier in the army of the king of France. But when, at eighteen, he became a soldier of the King of kings, he sought and found admission as a lay brother among the barefooted Carmelite monks of Paris, where he became known as Brother Lawrence.

Brother Lawrence was remarkable for the simplicity of his faith in God and his eagerness to give his life completely into God's hands. In the words of his biographer, "His one single aim was to bring about a conscious, personal union between himself and God, and he took the shortest cut he could find to accomplish it."

Our knowledge of the life of Brother Lawrence is gained from records of conversations with a friend who sought to learn the secret of his life, and of letters to other friends who turned to him for guidance.

Early in his Christian life he determined that "the end we ought to set before ourselves is to become, in this life, the most perfect worshipers of God we can possibly be, as we hope to be through all eternity." Many books told him different ways of accomplishing this purpose, but the instructions of others served only to puzzle him. He had to adopt his own method of approach to God. He therefore resolved, as he expressed it, to give up all for the All. "I renounced, for the love of Him, everything that was not He."

His beginning was the formation of a habit of conversing with God and referring all that he did to Him. In this he found some difficulty at first, but he persisted and found it always easier to talk with God.

It was his habit to ask God's assistance in his affairs just as they happened. "Lord, I cannot do this, unless thou enablest me," he would say. He related that he was once sent on a matter of business for his brethren. His task was unwelcome, as he had no taste for business. Moreover, he was lame, and found it difficult to make the journey. But he was not uneasy about his work. He simply said to God, "It is thy business I am about," and asked for help. In his work in the kitchen of the monastery he followed the same rule. He asked God's help in every little thing, and help was never lacking. He worked in God's

presence.

So it came about that the set times of prayer were no different from his ordinary hours. "It is a great delusion to think the times of prayer ought to be different from other times," he wrote. "We are as strictly obliged to adhere to God by action in the time of action as by prayer in the time of prayer."

His prayer was just a sense of the presence of God. "In prayer I am as a stone before a carver, whereof he is to make a statue," he said. "Presenting myself thus before God, I desire Him to form His perfect image in my soul and make me entirely like Himself."

When the appointed time of prayer was past, he turned to the business of

the day, and said to God, "O my God, since I must now, in obedience to Thy commands, apply my mind to these outward things, I beseech Thee to grant me Thy grace to continue in Thy presence."

In order to live such a life as this, Brother Lawrence insisted that it is necessary to perform every act of every day as to the Lord, for the love of God. Our common business is to be done for Him, and not to please men. He kept this purpose before himself, until he was pleased when he could take up a straw from the ground for the love of God.

He detested his work in the kitchen, but through fifteen years he performed every task there for the love of God, until that kitchen became an oratory in which he dwelt with God all day long, and he loved the work which had been so distasteful.

It must not be thought that these results were achieved without conflict. Brother Lawrence had his difficulties in his prayer life. He was troubled with wandering thoughts. He found the cure in not letting the mind wander from God at any time. He insisted that we must keep ourselves strictly in the presence of God, that thus, being accustomed to think of Him often, it may be easy to keep the mind calm in the time of prayer, and to recall it from its wanderings.

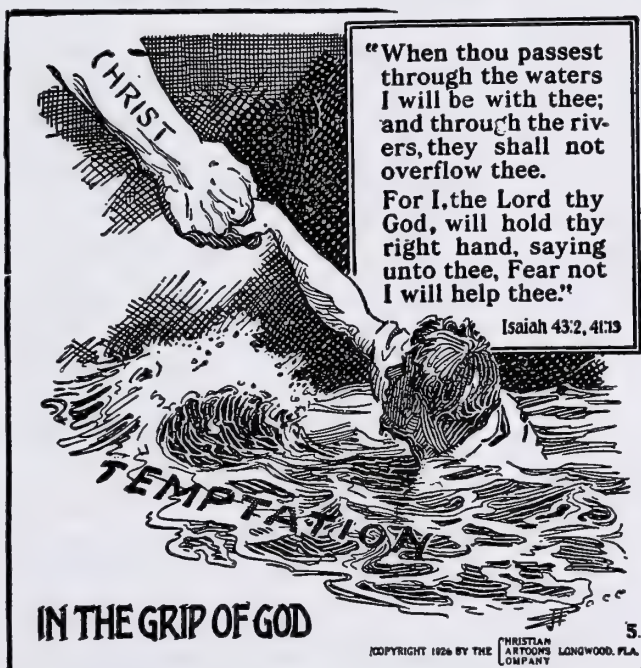
In order to keep from wandering thoughts in prayer, we should renounce everything which does not lead us to God. How many such things there are! Do our employments and amusements lead us nearer God? If not, the duty is

plain.

Then Brother Lawrence had his discouragements because of failures. These disquieted him at first, but he learned to seek pardon and to begin anew. When he permitted other matters to drive God from his mind, he set himself once more to practice the presence. "Thus," he said, "by rising after my falls, and by frequently renewed acts of faith and love, I am come to a state wherein it would be as difficult for me not to think of God as it was at first to accustom myself to it."

At the end of his life, he came to such an experience of the blessedness of living on intimate terms with God that he said: "I cannot imagine how religious persons can live satisfied without the practice of the presence of God. If I dare to use such an expression, I should choose to call this state the bosom of God, for the inexpressible sweet-

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KEEP HOLDING ON

*"Keep holding on, just one more hour
May bring to thee the promised power;
Keep holding on, thy Lord doth care,
He'll not forget to answer prayer.*

*"Keep holding on, Christ knows thy need,
He doth the hungry sparrows feed;
Keep holding on, He'll hear thy cry,
The Lord is watching from on high.*

*"Keep holding on, no hand but thine
Can break thy hold on Christ Divine;
Keep holding on and Christ to thee
Will send at last the victory.*

*"Keep holding on unto the end,
For near at hand is Christ thy Friend;
Keep holding on till heaven's light
Shall take the place of earthly night.*

*"Keep holding on, keep holding on,
The victory will soon be won;
The longest day will soon be gone,
Keep holding on, keep holding on."*

—Selected.



I'll Meet You There

Mary Magdalene McAninch

Bombs and shells screamed from the slate-colored skies. The distant hillsides, where brave army boys fought, were pock-marked with deep shell holes and at the bottoms of these many of the gallant lads lay.

In the city, homes had been torn and smashed beyond recognition. This had continued all day; but toward evening the zooming planes had flown away and all had become quiet. Aged men and women, with wide-eyed children clinging at their side, had crawled from the dark shelters cramped and cold from their long hours of confinement, to gaze about at the wrecked town. Everywhere in the once proud and beautiful city, victims of war, who were barely existing, crawled or stumbled like beasts from their improvised shelters.

Men, stooped and haggard, set about building small fires around which women and children clad in dirty rags huddled to escape the blast of a raw wind which whipped down from the north with icy breath and cut to the very marrow. Weary, half-frozen mothers held forth their babies' reddened feet and hands to the friendly little blaze, unmindful of their own suffering.

A frail little woman with kindly features drew a heavy wool shawl closer about her thin shoulders. She stretched out her cold hands to catch a little warmth from the small fire, around which others were sitting or standing, talking in hushed voices. The shivering old woman turned to a man beside her and asked wearily: "Where have they put up the hospital? I heard they were going to make one here for the boys out yonder." And she looked off to the distant hills where a fierce battle was still raging. The tall man beside her turned, and some of the grim lines about his mouth disappeared and his eyes softened as he saw the silver-haired woman beside him. Somehow, she looked very much like his own mother whom he had lost in a recent raid.

"Why, it's over there in the church. That's the only building left standing, and they're using it."

"Thank you," she said gratefully and slowly started away in the gathering darkness—her weary, halting steps bringing her nearer to the great church which still pointed its slender finger upward to the gray skies. Snowflakes fell softly as if in fear of the noisy world below. Some lit upon the stooped shoulders of the shrunken little woman. At last she reached the stone steps—her cold, cramped body wrapped in pain. She ascended to the doorway only to see standing before her a stern-faced soldier in khaki uniform. She looked pleadingly into his face for help.

"May I go in? My boy—he's in there. I just know he is."

"NO. You can't enter. No one goes in except doctors or nurses."

"But can't I go in just for a few

moments to see if he's there?"

"Those are orders. No one enters." He said it firmly yet kindly.

Sad and dejected the aged woman turned and slowly started back down the steps. It was snowing much harder and as she picked her way carefully among the debris of the wrecked city she wondered where her son might be. Was he lying wounded or racked with fever in the hospital she had been forbidden to enter, or was he crouching in some foul-smelling trench facing bullets and death or maybe—but no! She dare not think that. But dare she hope for his life? As she stumbled back she offered up a tremulous prayer. "Oh, God, please if it is Thy will that my boy die for his country, please let me see him before he dies. Amen."

The group about the fire had thrown up a flimsy shelter against the biting wind, and the fire blazed warmly.

Machine guns and rifles barked their forewarning of death. Cannons belched forth their missiles of lead and destruction. It seemed as if the firing were coming nearer to the weary victims about the fire. And it was true, for steadily, but stubbornly, the defending boys were giving ground to be pushed back ever nearer the wrecked city.

Then about midnight, out of the swirling white snow came the hard-driven soldiers. Hurriedly they took refuge behind smashed homes or the standing walls. Officers came and built other fires, talking in low voices to the civilians. Snatches of conversation drifted to the anxious women.

"We're putting up a good fight—but it looks bad," an officer said grimly.

Meanwhile no one noticed a frail but kindly-faced woman get up and start walking slowly among the weary, red-eyed soldiers.

As she walked the battle seemed to have slackened. Evidently the enemy was recuperating while the defenders worked doggedly but furiously to throw up barricades.

Then suddenly it burst out again. Fiercer than before. Officers shouted explicit orders. Children cried hysterically. Soldiers crouched behind their weak defenses. Men pushed women and children into shelters. Bullets whined through the air to smack against some object.

The silver-haired woman had paused momentarily at this new turn in affairs, but something told her to go on. So, bowing her aged head against the biting wind, she continued her relentless search. But what was this? A gap in the protecting barricades. To cross this space to the next defense her body would be subjected to any of these merciless bullets that carried death in their whining song. But her aged-dimmed eyes had not found the figure of her son in the last line. A voice inside her said forcefully: "Go on. Go on." She was nearly

across when a figure sprang out of the gloom and grasped her in two strong arms, while a voice familiar to her ears said:

"Mother, what are you doing here?"

"Dirk, my boy, I came to look for you."

"But you might have been shot. And you're cold and shaking." Tears trickled down the wrinkled cheeks and she said brokenly:

"I had to find you tonight, son; I don't know why, but I think God was sending me to you."

"It's so cold, Mother. You should be by a fire or in a shelter. But say! We'd better get behind the barricade before some bullet gets us."

He took her by the arm and was leading her toward safety, when suddenly he gave a lurch, staggered and fell—his left hand clutching at his chest. With a stifled cry the aged mother sank beside her wounded son. A deep red blotch was staining the right side of his uniform. Her hands moved restlessly over his body as she sobbed, "Dirk, my son, speak to me."

The young man opened his eyes, still clear, and with a depth of understanding started to speak in a low, pain-filled voice.

"I'm not afraid to die now. When I left home you know—I was afraid—of getting shot. But now that my time's come—I'm not afraid." In the gloom a faint smile curved the lips.

"About two months after I came to fight I wasn't afraid any more. Know why? Well, 'cause of this."

He reached feebly into the vest pocket of his uniform and drew forth a small, worn Bible, which he held tenderly—almost caressingly. Life was fast ebbing from his body as he went on, his sentences lower, and shorter.

"It's the one you gave me—on m' last birthday. Found it after our home had been wrecked—stuck it in my pocket—and carried it always—almost forgot I had it—till one night—we boys were—cold—miserable an' tired in the trenches—seemed that God had—just forgot the whole world—and was gonna let us fight—till we killed each other," he paused clenching his jaw to suppress a groan.

"I was terribly afraid that night—'cause our side—had lost heavily. I was afraid I'd go next." Again he paused. He was breathing hard as he continued:

"Well—I got this little Book out—and opened it up. M' buddy lit a match—and my eyes fell on the verse, 'Fear not them which kill the body—but are not able—to kill the soul—but rather—fear Him.'"

Again he stopped. A rasping cough jerked his body; his breath came laboriously as one punctured lung tried to do its duty.

"After I read that—I wasn't afraid any more. Something had happened to me, and I was at peace in my heart. After that—I'd get a match—from m' buddy and read a few verses. When all seemed—t' be goin' bad—out in the trenches—'spec'ly at night."

A long pause. Dirk closed his eyes. Snowflakes floated down disconcertedly like a cook might sift flakes of

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BIBLE LESSONS

Program Outline

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on someone to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but interperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The subtopics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topics. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program, it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a Y.P.B. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Jesus.

WHAT JESUS TEACHES ABOUT FAITHFULNESS

Matt. 25:34-46

By Paul R. Kirts

A MAN WHO LOOKED BACK

Have you ever commenced doing something with vigor and enthusiasm and after a while found that you were growing cold? At such times your alertness lapses and your energy lags. You may even say to yourself, "The game is not worth the candle." You believe that you will quit. If you are an officer in the society you may tell your closest friends that you think you will resign under the circumstances.

Read what Jesus said to a man who was facing in the wrong direction, Luke 9:62. Our Lord wanted then and still wants followers who have the quality of faithfulness which keeps them going on after the first flush of devotion has died away somewhat.

IF DISCIPLES BECOME DROWSY

Jesus must have rejoiced at the eagerness with which Matthew and Peter and some of the other disciples came when He called them to become His followers. But our Lord was not easily betrayed by such expressions of early enthusiasm. He looked ahead and knew the difficult road which they would have to travel. Note the element of dread and terror in the picture which He draws in Luke 12:39. Keeping alert at all hours is the price which His disciples must pay if they are to keep intact the treasure of purity and faith which has been intrusted to them. Who are some of the "thieves"

which make necessary an unwearying vigilance of our times?

KEEPING THE PLEDGE

Look at another aspect of faithfulness, the importance of which Jesus could not emphasize too strongly, Luke 13:6, 7. See Luke 6:44 for an extension of the same thought. Our Lord insisted upon men being true to what they professed. If we call ourselves Christian, we should bring forth the fruit of the Spirit. Read the Apostle Paul's famous list, Gal. 5:22, 23. If we are barren trees or if we bear bitter fruit, we are unfaithful to our profession.

RADIANT FAITHFULNESS

How can we avoid being self-conscious martyrs while we are trying to be true to promises which we have made to God? How can we be faithful and still wear a smile? Listen to Jesus speaking in John 8:29! Daily and hourly He found pleasure in trying to please the heavenly Father. In this attitude of always attempting to gain the favor of God, our Lord discovered the deep springs of joy. His faithfulness was of the radiant kind, and it was attractive to others.

OTHER SIDE LOOKS DARK

Once when Jesus had finished teaching His followers, many of them, feeling that His sayings were hard, went back and did not walk with Him any more. To the twelve disciples Jesus said, "Would ye also go away?" Peter's reply, in the form of a question, is memorable, John 6:69. When we are tempted to be unfaithful to Christ, the alternative expressed in this verse makes us face the condition of living without the leadership of the Son of God.

DOWN TO THE END

There is a deep truth wrapped up in a quaint phrase, "the perseverance of the saints." Sometimes the path of the believer in Christ is up, sometimes down. There are moments when we catch glimpses of reality, but soon the clouds hide the clear-shining truth and the heart is perplexed for days. Only if we keep on faithfully to the end of life do we become all that God wants us to be. Read Matt. 10:22. Ask a man who has followed Christ down to the sunset days of life if he is glad that he has kept on trusting in Him.

THE TRAGEDY OF UNFAITHFULNESS

The supreme tragedy is not to reach the end of life without money or fame; it is to arrive at the close of the period of opportunity here on earth and to look back upon a career which was always detached from the effort to establish the Kingdom of heaven. To carry into the beyond the memory of having had no share in this endeavor must, indeed, be the most severe punishment for unfaithfulness to Christ and His cause, which, under God, must go on to victory. Read Matt. 21:43. What can we do this week to prove our faithfulness to our Lord!

BIBLE READINGS

The Faithful Servant, Luke 12:35-40.
Cumberers of the Ground, Luke 13:6-9.

Seeking To Please God, John 8:29.
The Faithful Persevere, John 6:66-71.

The Faithful Are Steadfast, Matt. 10:16-22.

Faithlessness Punished, Matt. 21:33-46.

HOW SHALL WE USE OUR BIBLES

JUDE

To do God's work, we must have God's power.

To have God's power we must know God's will.

To know God's will we must study God's Word.

—John R. Mott.

The psalmist has said: "The opening of thy words giveth light; It giveth understanding unto the simple."

Throughout the ages men and women have found this to be true, as in God's Word they have obtained guidance for all of life. Have you had the same experience? Do you know how to use your Bible, how to go directly to it and find there just the message that God has for you?

There are many different ways of using our Bibles. If you want your Bible to be of greater practical help to you in your personal living you might carry out some of the following suggestions. In the first place, remember that you need to read the Bible with an open mind, with intelligence. Mechanical reading of words never affects life. You must realize at the start that some portions of the Bible will naturally have greater meaning and value for you than others. Some parts you cannot understand until you have secured the background of a thorough study of certain other portions. But much of it has real meaning for you now.

Remember that the Bible is God's Word. Approach it reverently. Open it always with a prayer. Ask God to help you to find in it a guide for your own life.

Of the many different ways of using the Bible, we shall mention only six. We hope that the suggestions offered in connection with each will lead you on to further explorations and experiences of your own.

DEVOTIONAL USE OF THE BIBLE

The following points are offered for your guidance in devotional Bible reading. (1) Use the most accurate version of the Bible. Most scholars agree that this is the American Revision. (2) Choose the best time in the day for your reading. Morning is usually best. Make no exceptions. Choose a quiet place. At night review the day's experiences in the light of the morning's reading. (3) Be systematic and regular in your reading. Read large portions at a single sitting. Of the sixty-six books in the Bible forty-two can be read in one half hour each. (4) Read the Bible aloud, when possible. (5) In each day's reading find some word or phrase that you will repeat frequently during the day. Memorize selected portions. (6) Read always with a view to putting what you find into practice.

One writer has given the following rules to be observed in any Bible-



reading: (1) Read it over. (2) Write down the best verse. (3) Pray it in. (4) Live it out. (5) Pass it on. Try these suggestions for yourself.

BIBLE STUDY BY BOOKS OR SECTIONS

Suppose you are planning to study a particular book of the Bible. Take the Gospel according to Mark as an example, and carry out the following procedure. Read the entire Gospel, if possible, at one sitting, with these questions in mind: Who wrote this book? To whom did he write? Why did he write? What particular phase of Jesus' ministry does he stress? Is there any verse that might be considered a key verse to the whole Gospel? (What about Mark 10:45?) Is there any key word? Into what sections would you divide this book? Now study the book, section by section. What are the outstanding events of each section, the leading characters, places? What is the relationship of the second section to the first, and so on? Is there any progression? What is the chief message of the book? What value has it for you today?

THE BIBLE AN AID IN SOLVING PROBLEMS

Suppose you are troubled by such questions as these: "Of what value is prayer?" "What should I do on Sunday?" "What kind of recreation is Christian?" "How can I discover God's plan for my life?" You can do no better than to turn to the life and teachings of Jesus for help on these questions. Study the four Gospels to determine what principles He set that are as valid today as they were in His day. Ask your teacher, leader, or pastor, for recommended books or other materials that will help you to know where to turn for such guidance in your Bible. Suggest that such questions form the basis for some of your society discussions.

BIOGRAPHICAL READING

Turn to your Bible for some of the most interesting biographies to be found in all literature. Read the stories over and over until you know the Bible characters as living friends. Read the stories of Nehemiah, of Esther, of Ruth, of Amos. What encouragement do you find for your own life from such men as Jacob, Peter, John, Mark? How did God transform their lives?

Note: Assign some of these Bible characters to certain ones in your Y. P. E. if you like. This will be very helpful.

FOLLOWING GREAT MOVEMENTS IN THE BIBLE

There is great benefit to be gained by seeing, through rapid reading, a perspective of the whole sweep of the Old or New Testament story. A quick survey of the Old Testament helps us to understand more clearly the great purposes of God, to see His relationship in mankind.

THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE

Finally, you will want to turn often to your Bible in order to enjoy and appreciate some of its rare literary gems. You are already familiar with many of its most beautiful passages. Look for others.

During these summer months will you resolve to try out some of these ways of using your Bible?

"Let us put by some hour of every day for holy things."

OUR NEED OF FRIENDS

Phil. 4:10-20

By Paul R. Kirts

A friend has been defined as "the first one who steps in after the whole world steps out." Poor, indeed, is the man who does not have a friend when he thinks that everything worth while has taken wings. It is a blessing that few of us know this sort of poverty. Yet tragedies result because people in despair abandon themselves to a loneliness that they create for themselves. Usually somewhere there is a friend who can help us to get out of our discouragement if we tell him our troubles. A kind Providence has decreed that when we are "down," our friends are "up." Their sympathy works wonders for our spirits. How does misfortune test friendship?

* * *

Another definition of a friend goes something like this: One who knows all about you and loves you still. One of our deepest longings is to find friends who understand us; if they can still have affection for us, we ought to thank God that we have entered into such a state of bliss. When we make true friends the finest in us flourishes like summer flowers.

What has been your experience in trying to live up to your best friend's estimate of you?

* * *

Friendship is a mutual sharing, not only of sympathy and understanding, but also of knowledge and experience. Have you known what it means to take advantage of some word about health or business which a friend has spoken? Sometimes it may be only a name and an address freely given by a friend that enables us to obtain a position or to get a college education. Or a friend may offer to write a letter of recommendation or introduction which makes the way easier for us to win success. Why is a man who boasts that he is self-made either terribly forgetful or incurably egotistic?

* * *

We can count ourselves fortunate if we have friends who listen to us as we air our views, giving expression to half-baked ideas and proposals, and then gently correct what is ill-advised and fill out what is incomplete. We have the assurance that they will not betray confidence. No one else will ever know how ignorant and foolish we are. With absolute unrestraint we tell them what we think. We put on no false front, knowing that they will respect us even when we fall below the standard which they have learned to expect of us. We discuss our problems with perfect candor, because we know that they will give us honest criticism. We try out our new ideas on our friends and check up by the reactions that we get from them. If we have the right kind of friends and confide in them, we can save ourselves a great deal of disappointment when we go out into the world where people are not so kind.

Who are the best friends—those who always tell us what we like to hear, or those who tell us the truth about ourselves?

In the thick of hot debate men have kept so calm that observers have been amazed. The secret is that these men who exhibited such poise were happy at home and in the peace of the fire-side—an excellent place to cultivate friendships—gathered a few congenial souls about them. Friends are, in a way, what the balance wheel is to an engine. They keep us steady and true, even when all about us there is confusion. When we are trying to do something worthy and are opposed by narrow and selfish people, it is good to feel that standing back of us is a group that is in sympathy with our mission.

How can we show these friends that we appreciate their support?

SCRIPTURE FOR DISCUSSION

When Paul Needed a Friend, Acts 9:23-30.

A Widow's Need, Ruth 1:19-22.

Our Lonely Lord, John 16:32.

For Mutual Support, Eccl. 4:9-11.

Unfailing Friendships, Rom. 16:1-9.

When Down and Out, Luke 15:11-16.

Note: Assign these scriptures to different ones in your Y.P.E. to discuss.

NOTE

Our lessons are just a little unusual this month. We are giving you just enough comment to suggest the thought we want you to bring out in your meeting. Also, we are giving Bible references for you to use as a base for your talks. If you are to take part on the program read and study the lesson comments thoroughly before you begin the study of your own topic.

For your fourth lesson you may use the Lighted Pathway for your program. Some are doing this and report very interesting programs. Appoint your leader and let him choose the most interesting articles, poems, Glints, Treasured Gleanings, or whatever he thinks would be most helpful. —Editor.

Amount Sent from Each State to the Fund for Sending Lighted Pathways to Soldiers

Michigan	\$461.36
Virginia	164.98
Illinois	73.13
Florida	38.50
Missouri	34.50
North Carolina	29.35
South Carolina	19.95
Minnesota	15.00
Louisiana	10.00
Georgia	10.00
Alabama	7.00
Washington, D. C.	6.00
California	3.74
Arkansas	3.00
Maryland	2.00
Tennessee	1.00
Delaware	1.00
Ohio	1.00

The person who is not able to stand on his own feet will soon break the person down who tries to hold him up.

The person who lies down on the job is liable soon to have no job to lie down upon.

No one ever received so great a prize from wrestling as Jacob.



A Letter to Soldiers

By Pauline Weaver, Wake Forest, N. C.

Dear Soldier:

Did you ever hear the song, "I'll Meet You in the Morning"? It's a beautiful one and here's the first verse.

*"I will meet you in the morning, by
the bright river side,
When all sorrow has drifted away,
I'll be standing at the portals, when
the gates open wide,
At the close of life's long, dreary day."*

Quite hard, sometimes, when that loneliness surges up in your heart, being so far away from home and those you love, isn't it? We know—we girls—because we feel it too, quite often, when it seems our hearts will break because we cannot see you as we wish. 'Tis then the comforting words of "I'll Meet You in the Morning" comes into our minds, and we can smile through our tears because we know there is a land and a morning beyond the blue sky, where parting will never be again. Mothers and Dads today all over this United States are humming or singing, "I'll meet you in the morning" and it makes them less lonely and a little happier because they realize that, even if your place and chair are vacant at home now, there will be a day, a morning dawning, where your place never again will be vacant, but,

*"I'll meet you in the morning, at the
end of the way,
On the streets of that city of gold,
Where we all can be together, and
be happy for aye,
While the years and the ages shall
roll."*

We're looking to that day, soldier, as are you. Your wives, your friends, your sisters, your sweethearts, that great band of girls you soldiers have left at home, awaiting your return. It's a great comfort to us to know that at the ending of this day, when the new day appears, we can meet you again, and the song says, "And we'll sit down by the river, and with rapture old acquaintance renew." Won't it be wonderful? Never again to part, never again to face disappointment, loneliness, heartache, unhappiness of any sort, but always be together, where the streets are gold, and the ages roll and roll. Not for just a brief day, a furlough, or even years, but forever and ever and ever.

Of course, there are some that the song does not help; there are some who fear for that "morning," who are afraid perhaps their son, or brother, or friend, or their husband or sweetheart will not be there. Soldier, is your loved one among that group? Is she denied that great joy that others can feel when she thinks of meeting her soldier in the morning? I hope not. Perhaps the song makes it even harder for her when she hears the words, "I'll meet you in the morning with a 'how do you do'"—lonelier because you are not ready to meet her

there; discouraged because she has prayed for your salvation so hard; fearful lest you should meet your Maker before you can send to her the words, "I'll meet you in the morning."

A serious thought, isn't it, soldier? But not as serious when you think of her as when you think of yourself; when you think of all the things you're missing by not having Jesus as your friend, when you think of the loneliness in your heart He could take away, when you think of the burdens He would carry for you, when you think of the happiness knowing you were ready to meet Him would put into your life. Isn't your side more serious? Of course the worst part is to think that forever, while the years roll on and on, throughout ceaseless centuries of eternity, you will still be separated, the loneliness will still be there, there will never be a "morning" to look forward to, where you can all be together for aye.

But there is a brightness to that serious side—and that is that you can be ready to "meet us" in the morning. It is so simple because Jesus loves you so much, because He longs to give you that peace and happiness He has for you, because He has promised that "whosoever cometh to him he will in nowise cast out." So it is merely a step to Him, and then you, too, can sing, "I'll meet you in the morning." I wonder if you couldn't make that step today, if you couldn't find a place to kneel down and ask God to take you as His child, to tell Him that you love, and want to live for Him. You can do it . . . It is so wonderful to be His child, to know that day by day He is watching out for you and staying near to protect and defend you.

After reading this letter, why don't you write one, too? or two, maybe. One to your mother and the other to that "other girl" in your life, whether she be your wife, friend, sister, or sweetheart. Tell her how glad you are there is going to be a "morning"—a time when you can stay together, without ever parting again. And you, the soldier who couldn't say that when you wrote your last letter, why don't you send a telegram, or a special delivery letter? It will be the happiest day in her entire life if you will send her the ten words on a telegram, "I'll meet you in the morning by the bright riverside." You boys know the girls are praying for you, hoping that you will give your hearts to Him. If we were to get a letter about meeting you in the morning, or a telegram, our eyes would shine, our hearts would sing, and we would praise God because He made it possible.

So long, soldier, maybe it won't be long until "we'll meet you in the morning." Until we do, "God bless and keep you."

Love,

WE GIRLS.

Why I Like To Read the Lighted Pathway

Words can't express my appreciation of the Lighted Pathway. This is the most valuable magazine I have ever read. I praise the Lord for such a paper. I look forward to this paper more than anything I have ever read.

The Lighted Pathway has been a blessing to me in my Christian experience. Many times when heavy-hearted I read the Lighted Pathway for relief. When I am through reading, everything seems brighter and I am highly encouraged. Praise His dear name!

No one knows what he is missing if he doesn't read this paper. One day while reading Dad wanted me to read to him. I did so, and believe me he would hardly let me stop reading to him. That was the first time he had ever heard it read. I don't know what I would do without my Lighted Pathway.

I find this paper a leader and a guide of youth. I am glad I started reading the Lighted Pathway while I am still young. I wish every person, especially the young people of today, could read this magazine. I am sure there would be less sin in the world.

I recommend this paper as a remedy of sin. You say, "That paper will save nobody." Of course not, but I am convinced that if he reads this paper it won't be long until he will be a Christian and a worker for Him.

Every article in the Lighted Pathway is food to my soul. I have never read anything in the paper that I was sorry I read. Instead, it gives me greater zeal to do something for God. I read of great men and their prayer life with God; this gives me my great motto that I wish you to know, "Success through Christ Jesus, and defeat in self."

Through the articles of this paper we are encouraged to dedicate ourselves into the Master's hand. Here again I refer you to another one of my mottoes, "I will trust that hand that was nailed on the cross for me." Without Him nothing will be accomplished. I am certainly glad that Sister Harrison obeyed the Lord and is publishing the Lighted Pathway.

I had rather read this magazine than to have all the world at my command. That is saying a lot, but what does the Word of God say? "What shall it profit a man if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Sister Harrison, I am praying for you and your great effort to win lost souls. I am sure souls are being saved every day by reading the Lighted Pathway.—Helen Aldrich.

May Prize Winner

V. B. Ellis, Greenville, S. C., is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

Honor Roll

Beatrice Carroll, Greenwood, S. C.
Edwin Mortenson, Columbia, S. C.
M. M. Mortenson, Decatur, Ala.
Mrs. C. W. Jackson, Calhoun, Ga.
Mae Couch, Fort Mill, S. C.
Nellie Davis, Anderson, S. C.



FOR POETRY LOVERS

WAR IN FORTY-THREE

Mae Wilson, New Castle, Pa.

Bombers smash a distant city, disappear in night;
Women struggle out in dull grey morning hours to work;
An old man looks at his ruined walls—mumbles at his plight;
The heathen heart, drunk with power, staggers on
Where stealthy dangers lurk.
The Christian world looks on; stands horrified
And asks, How long?
Brave Timoshenko's men move ahead;
The news says, "Standing strong."
On God's good time shall endurance wait,
Brave men, march on! The hour is late!

WE ARE AMERICANS

Cpl. G. B. Smith

We fight by day, we fight by night,
We fight on and on, for things that are right;
We love our country and freedom so well,
If we should lose either, there would be nothing to tell,
For we are Americans!

But to win this war we all have a part;
Listen closely and I'll tell you how to start:

When your week's work is over, and you've received your pay,
Don't spend it foolishly, buy a bond today,
For you are an American!

You may say, "I have given and given until I am sore";

But that isn't enough, you must give some more,

For in this struggle of world-wide strife,

Many of our boys are giving their life,
They are Americans!

—1818 Wood Street, La Cross, Wis.

WRECKERS

I watched them tearing a building down,

A gang of men in a busy town;
With a ho-heave-ho and a lusty yell
They swung a beam and a side wall fell.

I asked the foreman, "Are these men skilled

As the men you'd hire if you had to build?"

He gave a laugh and said, "No, indeed!

Just common labor is all I need;
I can easily wreck in a day or two
What builders have taken a year to do."

I thought to myself as I went my way,
Which of these rules have I tried to play?

Am I a builder who works with care,
Measuring life by the rule and square?
Am I shaping my deeds to a well-laid plan,

Patiently doing the best I can?
Or am I a wrecker who walks the town,

Content with labor of tearing down?
—Publisher Unknown.

CALVARY

Matthew Biller

I came alone to my Calvary,
And the load I bore was too great for me;
The stones were sharp and pierced my feet,
And my temples throbbed with the withering heat.

But my heart was faint with the toil of the day,
So I sat down to think of an easier way;

Loomed sharply before me that tortuous trail—

No use to try, I would only fail.

I turned back in sorrow, clothed in defeat,

For my load was too heavy; I would retreat

To easier highways, with scenery more fair,

Yet a moment I lingered watching there.

As I held my gaze on that flinty side,

A Man came up to be crucified;

He toiled all the way up that painful road,

And the cross that He bore far surpassed my load.

His brow with thorns was pierced and torn;

His face had a look of pain and was worn,

He stopped for a moment and looked on me—

And I followed in rapture to Calvary.

OTHER SHEEP

Lord, Thy other sheep are calling;

Send us with a message clear.

May we gladly hasten forward

To obey Thy voice so dear,

"Go ye therefore;

I am with you, have no fear."

Dare we let them die in darkness

When we have the Light of God,

And the life that has been purchased

With the Savior's precious blood?

Seek to win them,

Win them back through Christ to God.

THE SUMMONS

My summons may come in the morning,

Or the deep peaceful slumber of night;

It may come with a lingering warning,

Or as quick as a flash of sunlight;

It may come while I'm thinking of heaven;

It may come while my thoughts are astray;

While I'm sitting alone in my dwelling,

Or greeting some friend on the way;

But the day or the hour, when the bidding

Comes to me, I never can know,
And I pray, at the call of the Master,
I may answer, "I'm ready to go!"

It may come while I'm working for others,
Or laying out plans for myself;

It may come when I'm laid, as a well-worn

And useless old book, on a shelf;

It may come when my life, full of sweetness,

Would fain have it tarry awhile;

It may come when my sorrow's completeness

Makes me welcome the call with a smile;

Though it fall in the gentlest of whispers,

Or sound with a deep, startling knell,

I pray only that I may be ready
To answer, "Dear Lord, it is well!"
—Anon.

THE TALENT

By Kathryn Blackburn Peck

God placed a talent in my hand—
A small and humble light;

So small it was, so commonplace,
I almost felt it a disgrace

To bring it out to sight.

And so I wrapped it carefully,
And hid it quite away;

For others' talents shone so bright
That mine would be quite lost to sight;

A feeble, flick'ring ray.

But God was grieved that thus I used
My small, God-given light;

He bade me bring it from its place,
And then, depending on His grace,

Use it—to shine aright.

"For, child," said He, "thou can'st not know,

Since I, the gift have given,
How far the smallest light may shine
When guided by this love of mine—

But thou shalt know in heaven!"

CONQUERING DISCOURAGEMENT

By Nathan H. Bullock

Discouraged? when my Father owns
The ground on which I tread,

The air I breathe, the winds that blow,

The sunshine overhead.

Discouraged? If my Father knows,
And heeds the sparrow's fall,

Is He not near? will He not hear
His children when they call?

Discouraged when the clouds appear?
By Father's hand they're given;

He knows too much sunshine here
Would wean the soul from heaven.

He knows the oak that to the gale
Spreads out its sturdy form,

Is worth a score of puny trees
That never felt a storm.

And so the harder trials I have,
The louder I will sing;

He who fights long and hard enough
Will conquer anything;

And if death interrupts my work
Before success I get,

Please God, I'll die with harness on
And face toward heaven set.

Then struggle on, discouraged soul,
'Tis love that deals the blows,

The more it costs to be a man,
The bigger manhood grows;

The more we have to struggle through,
The sweeter joys we'll win;

For God does most for that brave soul
Who does the most for Him.

—The Wesleyan Methodist.



BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

(A message given by Louise Burgess at the close of Bible Training School.)

December 7, 1941—fateful day of destiny—day when the United States was hurled by a terrible force of treachery into the second World War. Since that day every true-hearted American has seen this vision and heard the voice of liberty crying: "This is worth fighting for!"

Again this great land is stirred with the spirit of '76. Then the battle cry was, "Give me liberty or give me death." Six years later those brave forefathers had won their liberty. But to pass this heritage on to you they had to fight—they had to die. They shed their blood up and down the Atlantic coast, making all American soil sacred soil.

To defend that soil from foreign foes, to keep that glorious heritage, our men were willing to cross the sea and give their lives on a foreign battlefield only a few years ago. For them the poppies blow in Flanders field (Taps).

And for you Old Glory waved for twenty-five happy, prosperous, and peaceful years. Then Pearl Harbor—then Bataan!—where for the first time in history the American flag was lowered. But American boys left their homes and crossed the seas again. They have plunged through bullet-perced skies. They have struggled and sweated in deserts, faced blinding blizzards in the far north, kept vigil on seven war-infested seas! They have died amid flame and twisted steel—died for the same precious heritage—died on a foreign battlefield to keep the enemy from the threshold of their homes. Tonight they are still fighting—they are still dying—fighting for you and the liberty you are enjoying. In that fighting and dying many are forty-eight ex-students of the Bible Training School—boys who could give all the world to be here tonight; boys who love their God, their country, their Alma Mater. But this dreadful war has separated them from everything dear to their hearts except their God. In Him they still stand. And across the miles we hear their voices raised in a plaintive plea, "Need the Prayers of Those I Love." Have you called their names in prayer?

Members of Our Faculty Who Are Now Serving Our Country
Harry Hatcher Archie Swiger
Boyce Creamer

Boys Who Have Served Overseas
Lennie DeLay Paul Richards
Son Hitchcock Flounoy Givens

Boys Who Left Us During This Term of School

George Bragg Olan Watson
Ant Holcomb Eugene Christen-
bury
Tate Flavius Hopkins
Lidge Gentry Harold Turner
ard Wilson

Boys Who Were in School Last Year When This Terrible War Began

Herbert Ambris Wilton McHenry
Alfred Weik Horace McCracken
Robert Lilly Dolphus Tidwell, Jr.

Boys Who Have Been in School Other Years

Clyde Case Hoyt Bridges
Andrew Yates John Thomas
Bernard Muncy Nolan Campbell
Gaius Murphree Kenneth Cook
Ralph Morris Zeno C. Tharp, Jr.
Harold Waters Charles Franklin
Charles Waters Alpheus LeFevre
Carlton Tull Floyd Hinkle
Aurelio Tioaquen Henry McClure
J. B. Stanley Curtis Moses
Charles Bell Earl Taylor
Alton Haworth Jack Dearman
Roosevelt Miller Edwin Watson

Have you called their names in prayer? Have you asked that their lives be spared, if possible, but above all that their souls be preserved blameless unto the coming of the Lord? They are making an all-out sacrifice for you. They are giving their all so that the light of liberty may shed its rays over America—the land of the free and the home of the brave.

AFTER

By Kathryn Blackburn Peck

After temptation—faith grows the stronger;
After the trial—patience is longer;
After the darkness—sun shines the brighter;
After the burden—spirit is lighter;
After a sorrow—Jesus grows dearer;
After bereavement—heaven seems nearer;
After discouragement—hope springs, undying;
After the failure—faith keeps on trying;
After the vigil—blessing of slumber;
After the crosses—crowns without number;
After our weakness—God's grace increasing;
After earth's sojourn—joys never ceasing.

GOD IS STILL ON THE THRONE

(Continued from page 6)

a bath.
"After his bath the man looks for his old clothes.

"Where are they?" he storms.
"The butler points to a beautiful suit and says, 'These are your clothes.'

"What, now you take my old suit with its holes in it? I always felt comfortable in it. And the king said this was free. I knew I would have to pay."

"The butler says, 'All those who live in the palace must wear a new suit.'"
"Coming down to the table the man sees fine silverware and dishes and much different food.

"He asks, 'Do I have to eat with these tools and eat this food? Where is an old tin can and a loaf of bread?'

I will make my own meal.'

"The butler informs him again that those who live in the palace must live as those in the palace."

Then I said to this young man, "Salvation is free, but it costs something to follow Jesus. He informs us in His Word that those who do not take up their cross and follow Him are not worthy of Him."

Then I asked him to make his decision. There in the berry patch it took some time, but God still sat on the throne.

The young man said, "I will take Jesus."

Sunday morning, June 10, he came forward, and in the afternoon he with another was baptized.

Oh, what a blessing it is to win those who are lost to Christ. Have you tried it, Christian? Have you? There is a crown waiting for you up there for this service. Every one around you is either saved or lost. Can you see the need?

I pray that this bit of experience will inspire many to take up the work of winning souls and those who need encouragement. *God is still on the throne.* Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world.—*The Brethren Evangel.*

A LETTER FROM A PRISONER

I am taking this method of informing my friends of my whereabouts and where I have been since writing to you from Richmond, Va., penitentiary as prisoner No. 43378. At this writing, I am prisoner No. 32594, address 818 Jefferson Ave., Moundsville, W. Va.

I was released from Richmond pen, March 6, 1941. On May 10, 1941, I surrendered to the Kentucky authorities. After spending seven months in jail, I was released November 17, 1941. I then came to West Virginia where I was arrested for the attempted murder of a police officer and given a one-to-five-year sentence. This arrest occurred March 19, 1942. I have been in prison since that time.

I had been in crime for so long that in paying my just debt to society I had lost my salvation and although I am innocent of the crime I was sent here on, I had violated both the laws of God and of man.

I have been a model prisoner and have tried to lead as many to Christ as I can, and I feel that my way is clear if I should die tonight. I would like to request that the churches and all Christians would have a special prayer for me on July 25, Sunday and Sunday night, as mother is alone now.

(Continued on page 18)

ATTENTION, PLEASE

All Lighted Pathways must be paid for by July 31 in order to be counted in this year's national contest. Any old accounts paid for by that date will be counted. If you want the August papers to count in the contest, please get your payments in the mail not later than July 31. The postmark will count.—*The Lighted Pathway.*



LETTERS FROM OUR TRAINING CAMPS

Dear Sister Harrison:

I surely enjoy the Lighted Pathway each month, and especially the Editor's message, which always inspires me and thrills me. Then at times it makes me steal away and weep for a closer walk with God. I recently finished your book, "Mountain Peaks of Experience," which certainly filled me with inspiration. Your experiences here in California touched me, too, perhaps because I'm so near to the places you probably suffered so much for the work.

Since being in the Army, and especially since I've been out on the west coast, I have been denied the privilege of attending real, old time, Pentecostal services. I don't get to go to church very often and it seems when I do it is more or less formal, without the freedom of the Spirit I like to enjoy.

I have been a member of the Church of God for years and sold the Lighted Pathway for several years. I enjoy the letters from the service men very much. I appreciated the patriotism of our Bible Training School and College. I read the account of the play that was sponsored there in last month's issue of the paper and would have certainly liked to have seen the play.

I desire your prayers and perhaps an encouraging letter, if you would have time for writing.—Cpl. Earl A. Overbay, 15197174, 302 Ord. Regt., Hdqs. & Hdqs. Det., 4th Bn., A.P.O. 3921, c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Just a letter to you as a member of your great family of Christian young people and a reader of the Lighted Pathway.

It has been more than three months since I've seen a Lighted Pathway, or for that matter, even been to an old time revival meeting. Here in the Navy I have little chance to go to church—just once each week—much less associate with Holy-Ghost-filled people. But, thank God, I report victory over sin and the devil.

The greatest sustaining force in my life has been the power of God. The power and grace of God is regularly renewed by a small remembrance with a scripture verse or exaltation from my home church. As often as I receive these tokens and read the messages accompanying them, my heart breaks as the glories begin to roll in my soul, because I know someone somewhere is praying for me.

May I suggest, Sister Harrison, that every Y.P.E. do an act of kindness regularly, as I am sure many of them are doing for the young people in service for Uncle Sam. God in heaven only knows what great blessings will be enjoyed by the givers and the receivers.

Sister Harrison, God bless you in your untiring effort to keep the banners of victory of the Lord Jesus Christ flying high so that our precious young people may not be crushed in this great crisis.—Boyce H. Creamer, Physical Instr. School, Bldg. 117 Sqd. 13, Bainbridge, Md.

NOTE

Thanks, Brother Creamer, we are always glad to hear from those who are not receiving the Lighted Pathway, for we are anxious to get the paper into every camp. We are putting your name on our mailing list.—Editor.

— — —

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a soldier in the United States Army at Camp Barkeley, Texas. I am married and my home is in Benham, Ky. My wife sent me a package last week and in it were some Lighted Pathways, which I enjoyed reading very much.

My wife, mother-in-law and I all belong to the Church of God at Cumberland, Ky. We have a big new church there.

I would appreciate getting these papers anytime; my boy friends in the barracks enjoy reading them very much.—Pfc. Algin Schoonover, Hdq. Det. M.R.T.C., U. S. Army, Camp Barkeley, Texas.

A SOLDIER SPEAKS

So you're sick of the way the country's run,
And you're sick of the way the rationing's done.
And you're sick of standing around in a line,
You're sick, you say—well, that's just fine.
So am I sick of the sun and the heat,
And I'm sick of the feel of my aching feet,
And I'm sick of the mud and the jungle flies,
And I'm sick of the stench when the night mists rise,
And I'm sick of the siren's wailing shriek,
And I'm sick of the groans of the wounded and weak,
And I'm sick of the sound of the bomber's dive,
And I'm sick of seeing the dead alive.
I'm sick of the roar and the noise and the din,
I'm sick of the taste of food from a tin,
And I'm sick of the slaughter—I'm sick to my soul,
I'm sick of playing a killer's role,
And I'm sick of blood and of death and the smell,
And I'm even sick of myself as well,
But I'm sicker still of a tyrant's rule,
And conquered lands where the wild beasts drool,
And I'm cured real quick when I think of the day
When all this strife will be out of the way,
When none of this mess will have been in vain,
And the lights of the world will blaze again,
And things will be as they were before,
And kids will laugh in the streets once more,
And the Axis' flags will be dipped and furled,
And God looks down on a peaceful world.

—Maude Harget.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a soldier in service of our country in this great strife. I have been in the army for almost a year and never a furlough. One of the greatest things to look forward to is the nice letters from home and the Lighted Pathway, which I receive from Mother and friends belonging to the church at Tampa, Fla.

Having heard Mother speak of you so often and reading almost all the Lighted Pathways since you have been doing this great work I always look forward to each issue and long for the soul food. The Lighted Pathway inspires our faith and courage and obedience. It helps us solve the questions which we have to answer. I pray that God will bless you in this great work you are doing for His people, and humanity as a whole.

Pray that we will help spread the good news even though we are on the battlefield, and that we will be lights for Christ and win souls for Him.—As ever, your friend in Christ Jesus, Pfc. M. E. Collins, Btry. "F" 1st Coast Artillery, A. P. O. 836, c/o Postmaster, New Orleans, La.

— — —

Dear Sister Harrison:

I'm very happy in Jesus this evening and feel like traveling on, praise God, toward the glory land. Jesus has prepared a mansion in heaven for me, and I am on my way to make it my home throughout eternity.

I lived a Christian life over a year before I was drafted into the Army, and now having been in the service over a year I still have victory in my soul.

Sometimes the devil will tempt us and say we can't live a Christian life in the Army, but we can live it anywhere, in the air, on the sea, or on the land, as we have His promise to go with us, and I have found His words true.

I am glad I accepted Him when I did, and if we will confess our sins and do His will, we will find there is no one like Him. He is nearer than father, mother, sister or brother can be; they can only go so far with us but He will be with us in all dangerous places.

I am not only a soldier in the Army but also a soldier for Jesus Christ who made me free from all my sins. I am fighting the fight of faith, dressed in the whole armor of God, with the breastplate of righteousness ever before. I want to continue to fight until Jesus calls, then I will be on my way to glory to live throughout eternity.

I ask the prayers of each child of God.—Pvt. Chalice Miller, Det. Med. Dept., Daniel Field, Augusta, Georgia.

— — —

Yorktown, Va.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Will write you a few lines which I have been planning to do for some time. I am a Christian and have the Holy Ghost abiding in my soul. I belong to the Church of God at Inman, South Carolina, and surely do miss my

(Continued on page 18)

"IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED . . ."

Suppose the fish don't bite at first,
What are you going to do?
Throw down your line, cast out your
bait
And say your fishin's through?

Of course, you're not; you're going to
fish,
And fish and fish, and wait
Until you've caught your basket full,
And used up all your bait.

Suppose success don't come at first,
What are you going to do?
Throw up the sponge and kick your-
self,
And go on feeling blue?

Of course, you're not; you've got to
fish,
And bait, and bait again;
At last success will bite your hook,
And you will pull it in!

EASE THE SORROW

Charles N. Hodge

Perhaps the dearest friend you have
Is crying lonely tears,
With shoulders bent beneath the load
Of all the endless cares.

If one you know is suffering
Alone and very sad;
If you can ease an aching heart,
You'll make somebody glad.

So be a messenger of hope to all,
With cheer and peace impart—
Your smiles and your kindly words
May heal a broken heart.

REVIVAL

M. E. Detterline

As in the still, hushed hours of the
morn
Refreshing dew crowns quietly the
earth,
So may Thy love in contrite heart be
born,
And may there be revival in the birth.

THE PRACTICE OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD

(Continued from page 8)

ness which I taste there."

Upon one thing the pious man in-
sisted. "It is not necessary for being
with God to be always at church. We
may make an oratory of our heart,
wherein to retire from time to time
to converse with Him."

No, it is not necessary to be always
at church to practice the presence of
God. Wherever we are, whatever we
do, we can take God with us—into a
kitchen, as the monk took Him; into
the shop, as many an artisan takes
Him; into the schoolroom, the locomot-
ive cab, or the business house. The
man of all work has as great an op-
portunity as the merchant at his desk
or the minister in his study. It is not
our surroundings which limit us; it
is our will. If we have the will to prac-
tice the presence of God, life will be
transformed and heaven will be
brought down to earth.—*Westminster
Adult Bible Class.*

I'LL MEET YOU THERE

(Continued from page 9)

flour from a giant sifter somewhere
above. The mother feared his life had
flown, but once again the eyes opened.
A joyous light covered his face, his
body seemed to have been transfig-
ured. Raising a little he said: "The
planes—are coming back—Mother.
Death rides one wing—but back of
them—beyond—I can see Him—He's
holding out His hand to me. Good-bye
—Mother, I'll meet you there."

The silver head bent low over the
still form, as the aged body shook
with sobs.

She was unaware of the droning
planes and did not hear a bomb
scream downward. It lit not a foot
away, exploding and shaking the
earth with violence.

Above the roar of guns—above the
zooming death-dealing—above the
grey clouds that released the snow-
flakes—up where God reigns in all His
glory, mother and son joyously met.—
The Sunday School Banner.

IN YOUTH LIES THE FUTURE OF AMERICA

(Continued from page 5)

saved them? What is the cause of this
restlessness? It has been attributed to
the automobile, the war, the age, and
what not. But there is an answer. It
is the lack of religion in our home—
old-fashioned religion."

Never were words more truly
spoken. When a city, state, or nation
disregards God's laws, the door is
opened to all kinds of destructive and
evil influences. The woeful lack of
true religion in the homes of America
is causing an unspeakable amount of
false religions, crime, drunkenness,
and immorality.

"The Department of Ethics, Univer-
sity of Texas, conducted a survey
which revealed the sixteen most prev-
alent vices among students. The
vices as ranked by the students were:
Sex irregularities, cheating, stealing,
lying, vulgar talks, swearing, gamb-
ling, selfishness, drinking, gossip, Sab-
bath breaking, extravagance, snob-
bishness, idleness, smoking, and
dancing."

It is said that two thousand people
in the United States are teaching
bridge as a profession; five hundred
thousand are taking lessons, and
twenty million are indulging in this
pastime. It is a most lamentable fact,
but we have yet to see a woman who
plays bridge who is able also to con-
duct a family altar in her home, pray
with her children and instruct them
in God's way of righteousness. Many
of these mothers have been "con-
firmed"; in fact, most of them are
members of some worldly church.
They belong to the class who draw
near to God with their lips but their
hearts are far from Him. Bridge-
players, theater-goers, and those who
drink, dance, and smoke cigarettes
are not the parents who look after
the spiritual welfare of their chil-
dren.

It is possible even for the man who
plays golf to become so engrossed in
this fascinating sport that he will
fail to do his duty in training up his

children in the fear and admonition
of the Lord.

Here is where the home fails. It is
the duty of preachers to look well to
the state of their flock. If they fail
in this, then the church fails; and if
both home and church fail, whither
shall we drift as a nation?

It is no wonder that our country is
on the downward path, spiritually
and morally; drifting into atheism,
false doctrines, corrupt politics, com-
munism, etc. The ceasing of the old-
time revival in the church, the ab-
sence of the family altar in the home,
are the two direct causes of the spir-
itual decay so prevalent in our land
and which so greatly affects the ris-
ing generation.

Someone has said: "We have multi-
tudes of good mothers. The Spartan
mothers were good. The Roman
mothers were good. We must have
more good Christian mothers. The
hand that rocks the cradle will wreck
the world if it is the hand of the
mother of the cocktail, the bridge
table, the cigarette, and of the totally
irreligious woman."

According to dull, unvarnished, ma-
terialistic statistics, the "flaming
youth" who go wrong come from god-
less, non-Christian homes. The ac-
count given in the daily press of un-
speakable crimes committed by the
youth of high school age is enough
to make everyone shudder.

Arouse, citizens of America! Fa-
thers and mothers, awake to the
terrible conditions prevalent in our
land! Let us leave no stone unturned
until we see young people being
reared in homes where they will be
given love, care, shelter, and above
all, will receive a Christian education
and be taught to regard the Word of
God.

The following incident may be a
warning to all parents not to neglect
their children:

"In a remote district of Wales a
baby boy lay dangerously ill. The
widowed mother walked five miles
through the night in a drenching
rain to get the doctor. He hesitated
about making the unpleasant trip. He
questioned, Would it pay? He knew
that he would receive no money for
his services; and besides, the child,
if his life was spared, would no doubt
become a poor laborer.

"But love for humanity and a sense
of professional duty conquered, and
the little life was saved. Years after,
when this same child, Lloyd-George,
became Chancellor the Exchequer of
England, the old doctor said, 'I never
dreamed that in saving the life of the
child on the farm hearth, I was sav-
ing the life of a national leader.'"

"God is constantly justified in the
responsibilities He has placed upon
us for preserving life, both materially
and physically, and in withholding
from us the power to decide whether
or not a little child is worthy to live
or die."

Let us never forget that "in youth
lies the future of America."—*Woman's
Chains.*

The person who has no confidence
in others is usually afraid of himself,
or should be.



RACHEL

(Continued from page 3)

and Savior Jesus Christ there had risen—controversy.

It was just one week before Pesach—and a rainy Saturday morning. Mrs. Kalinsky and Max, and Jacob and Sarah, with the other two children, were at the synagog. Little Solly was spending the day at Auntie Goldie's house. Rachel had been left at home to cook the dinner. The house was quiet. Likewise safe.

While the gefuellte Fisch was boiling, Rachel stole up for a precious fifteen minutes in her attic with the Book, as she always did steal up at every possible opportunity. She drew the Bible—her now most priceless treasure—from its hiding place beneath the eaves, and crouched with it near a low window behind a trunk. She no longer ventured carrying it to her room. The risk was too great. She had had a narrow escape one day when suddenly and unexpectedly she had encountered Sarah face to face in the hallway, as she was holding her Bible, unconcealed, under her arm. Happily Sarah had been deeply engrossed in other matters than Rachel's behaviour at that present moment, and had passed with unseeing eye. But Rachel had trembled with a chill of terror for an hour afterward. From that day on she did her reading always in the attic where the Book could be slid instantly into its hiding place at the sound of approaching footsteps.

On this Saturday morning she would be quite safe, she was sure, for an hour at least. The rain was pouring heavily. The light through the little attic window was gray and dim. Rachel strained her eyes over the blurring pages.

But suddenly two verses from Matthew seemed to flash as with fire, and leaped before Rachel's eyes with vivid distinctness. As quickly as she read them so quickly did they strike home to the heart of this new-born babe in Christ with stunning conviction:

"Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven."

"But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven."

Confess! The word seared and scorched into Rachel's brain. Confess Christ? Here? In the home of Deborah Kalinsky? Confess Him before her? Before Max—her husband? Oh, no, it was impossible! Not that, dear Lord, oh, not that surely!

Rachel tried in the gray light to read some other meaning into the words, but again they flashed their command to her:

"Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven."

"But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven."

Uncomfortably Rachel closed the Book and put it back into its pocket under the eaves. For the first time since she had owned it, she experienced a secret sense of relief as she closed the door upon it and almost ran downstairs to the comfortable

kitchen stove.

But though the Bible was thus hidden from her view, those two verses from Matthew were burned indelibly upon her heart. Escape from them was impossible. Day and night they rang in her ears as with a voice of thunder:

"Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven."

"But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven."

From that moment in the attic when first she had tried to run away from them, the words haunted her. In consequence, the perfect communion with her Lord was destroyed; the beautiful inward peace was gone. Life reassumed its former dreariness. The tasks reassumed their heaviness. The heart realized afresh its ache. Rachel Kalinsky was in controversy with her God.

Earnestly she strove to overcome it. It was so dreadful to her. Christ seemed suddenly so far away. She grieved for Him—for His return—for the old-time sweet communion. Oh, she could never bear this separation! She must find Him again—Him who now was her Beloved!

Diligently upon her knees she sought to win Him back. She first tried argument. For hours she strove in prayer, rehearsing before Him the reasons why she could not possibly confess Him yet.

It was so much sweeter to keep their union secret. Her fellowship with Him, apart from anyone suspecting it, had been so infinitely precious. To confess Him now would end that joy.

Then, too, she of course must shield His dear name from those who would dishonor it. What? Subject Him to the scorn and ridicule of Deborah Kalinsky? Oh no, dear Lord, no, no! I love Thee far too much for that!

And Max! She longed so deeply that he, too, might know the Christ. Max, too, must find their own Messiah, and together they would serve and honor Him. "Oh, but not yet, dear Lord, not yet! It will be so much better to wait until we get away from here—until he gets far off from the influence of his mother. Just as soon as I can have him to myself again, I will tell him everything. I will confess Thee, oh, so gladly, then!"

But Rachel's every argument and counter-argument was futile. To every one the dear Voice answered, as the dear Eyes gazed down in gentle, yearning sorrow:

"Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven."

"But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven."

And then followed three dreadful days in the wilderness whither Rachel tried to flee from Him—away from those dear Eyes, away from that dear Voice. For three whole days she would not read her Bible, she would not pray. For three whole days and nights in consequence she could neither eat nor sleep. Everything became unutterably dreadful. In Rachel's heart, more dreary than all the former wastes, was the present

fearful desolation. Rachel Kalinsky was in controversy with her God.

And then she came back. Back to Him who was her soul's Beloved. With humility and contrition for her disobedience, she bowed in deepest penitence before her Lord. And the dear Eyes looked down upon her with forgiving love; and the dear Voice whispered words of tenderness and hope, and Rachel Kalinsky's heart was glad once more. The controversy between her and God was ended; and His peace—the peace that passeth understanding—now like a river was flooding her very soul.

With full obedience and in absolute surrender she yielded up her will to His. "Have Thine own way, Lord—at whatever cost"—this alone was now her prayer.

Nor was she ignorant of what that cost might be. Merely her interest in the Christian faith, her friendship with a Christian missionary and her investigation of the New Testament and the Messianic claims of Christ: these had already cost her dear. Her precious home, her liberty, her husband's confidence—all these and more had been included in that cost. What price then might she not have to pay for actual confession of the Lord Christ Jesus in that home of strictest and most bitter orthodoxy? She dared not think; she dared not weigh the consequences lest her resolution falter.

But Rachel's resolution would not falter, for Christ would hold her strong. She had definitely promised Him, in coming back, that she would follow now wherever He would lead—no matter what the cost. Therefore come what might, pay whatever price should be required of her, endure whatever loss for His dear sake she must, Rachel's face was set like a flint to go all the way, if need be, to her Jerusalem.

"Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven."

"But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven."

No longer did the words hold terror now. No longer did Rachel seek to flee from their importunity. As she knelt in reverent awe before the open Book she registered definitely her consent to God's command:

"Yea, Lord, I will confess Thee before men. With all my heart I love Thee, and I will confess Thee as my own Messiah. Do Thou but make me strong and open up the way."

She smiled trustingly up into the Father's face; and the Father smiled down in tender favor and in love upon His child. Their communion, one with the other, was very close and infinitely sweet. The inward peace lay deep within Rachel's heart—the peace of God that passeth understanding. The way lay dark ahead—dark and mysterious and full of pain—of this fact the Spirit in her heart gave witness. But He would go before and He would follow after, all the days. The Light of Life would illumine all the bitter pathway as Rachel, step by step, would steadfastly go forward. Hand in hand with her Beloved she was unafraid.

(To be continued)



Letters From Our Training Camps

(Continued from page 15)

brothers and sisters in Christ there.

I have been in the Navy nearly seven months and find it very hard to keep the victory here, but I am trusting in the Lord and praying that He will help me keep the victory in my soul until He is ready to call me home.

I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway very much and think it is a wonderful paper. I have a special request I want you to pray for.

May God richly bless you for the wonderful work you are doing.—James Hugh Bagwell, T. M. 3|C, U. S. Naval, Mine Depot, Yorktown, Va.

Dear Christian Friend:

Today I received a number of Lighted Pathways from my mother who is a member of the Church of God at Robinson, Illinois. Needless to say, after having had fellowship with Church of God people in several states, I enjoyed reading the good material.

For some time I have been attending services in Goldsboro, a town three miles from camp, and have found the people from Carolina to be real soldiers of the cross.

As for myself, I'm glad to report that I'm also a "private in the army of the Lord." I realize to the fullest extent that we have two great battles to win, but again I realize that though we are in service for our country, God's will can be wrought out in His children's lives.

I do want to hear His blessed words "Well done," as well as to be able to say, "I have fought a good fight." Having just finished reading "In His Steps," every time when I'm tempted, I ask myself, "What would Jesus do?"

I have just recently finished Mechanic School here and have been appointed instructor in the Hydraulic Branch.

Thanks again for your efforts you are putting forth in the Lighted Pathway, and may God bless you in His service. Continue to pray for us in the service of our country.—Pvt. William J. Pierson, 798 Tech. Sch. Sq., Bks. 553, Army Air Forces Technical School, Seymour Johnson Field, N. C.

A LETTER FROM A PRISONER

(Continued from page 14)

I have two brothers. One, if not both, are in the services of their country and in sin. Pray for them, too. Mother is an invalid and in need of my help. Will you pray?

Since I have been here, I have found the problem of obtaining Bibles for my fellow prisoners quite a job as so many Bibles and Testaments are being sent in to the service. Anyone having an extra Bible or Testament that he would like to dedicate to prison service may mail it to me in care of the prison chaplain and I will try to give it to someone who will appreciate it enough to read it and live it.

Any individual or church who feels led to send me a subscription to the Lighted Pathway or Evangel, please do so. I am not permitted to receive any literature except from the publishers direct. A subscription will be

highly and gratefully appreciated.—James L. Knowles, No. 32594, Cell 2-C-44, 818 Jefferson Ave., Moundsville, W. Va.

THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 2)

Unfortunately, the chair she selected was broken and had been set aside as useless. The result was that she fell in an awkward manner, scattering her papers about the floor. The lawyer looked with a quick eye at the boys, before moving, to see what they would do.

Charles Hart, after an amused survey of the fall, turned aside to hide a laugh he could not control.

Henry Strong sprang to the woman's side and lifted her to her feet. Then, carefully gathering up her papers, he politely handed them to her. Her profuse and rambling thanks served only to increase Charles' amusement.

After the lady had told her customary story, to which the lawyer listened with every appearance of attention, he escorted her to the door, and she departed.

Please clear up your account. If accounts are allowed to run more than two months without payment, further credit for papers will not be granted.—The Church of God Publishing House.

Then he turned to the boys, and after expressing pleasure at having formed their acquaintance he dismissed them. The next day the teacher was informed of the occurrence, and told that the scholarship would be given to Henry Strong, with the remark: "No one so well deserves to be fitted for a position of honor and influence as he who feels it his duty to help the humblest and the lowliest."

President McKinley was considering the appointment of a minister to a foreign country. There were two candidates, their qualifications almost equal. Which one did he appoint? The president told the story of an incident which decided his choice. Years before, when he was a representative, he boarded a streetcar one night and took the last vacant seat. Shortly afterward an old washer-woman entered, carrying a heavy basket. She walked the length of the car and stood in the aisle, no one offering her a seat. One of the men the president was to consider later, was sitting in a seat opposite where she was standing. He shifted the paper so as not to see her. Mr. McKinley walked down the aisle, picked up her basket of washing, and gave her his seat. The candidate never knew that this little act of selfishness had deprived him of perhaps the crowning honor of a lifetime.

Selfishness always robs us, whether we realize it or not.

And now, girls, may I tell you something that you can do to help build the lives of these young men and that

of your own. There is nothing so uplifting to a young man as association with pure, sweet, young womanhood. You, at least, can do that for your country.

There is much letter writing among the young women and the men in service. Some of it is uplifting and some degrading. One young man wrote recently and said, "I have received over one hundred letters." Now, I am sure the boys like to get letters, but I hope that every letter tends to life building, something to lift them to higher and nobler things. I do not mean that these letters should necessarily be preachy letters, but letters written with Christ shining out between the lines. Letters that will give the young man a glimpse of purity and at the same time entertain and cheer. Girls, perhaps this is your part in your country's service. You may be a WAAC, a WAVE or a SPAR, etc., or you may be working in defense plants or at home keeping the home fires burning, but wherever you are you can do much to help build the lives of our boys. God bless you and help you to do your part.

Lighted Pathway Rating for June

	Sold for June	Total
Alabama	2,568	21,713
Arizona	100	656
Arkansas	440	4,692
California	462	3,875
Canada	140	1,359
Colorado	28	173
Delaware	180	1,599
Foreign	258	1,885
Florida	3,124	23,583
Georgia	4,806	55,635
Idaho	56	1,004
Illinois	3,498	22,415
Indiana	364	3,988
Iowa	126	1,197
Kansas	196	2,162
Kentucky	1,630	20,818
Louisiana	708	4,859
Maine	112	1,064
Maryland	1,099	6,981
Massachusetts	98	440
Minnesota	335	1,129
Michigan	9,975	16,772
Mississippi	788	6,636
Missouri	1,767	6,387
Montana	140	1,246
New Jersey	392	1,582
Nebraska	14	168
New Mexico	63	735
New York	56	992
North Carolina	5,632	49,648
North Dakota	315	3,781
Ohio	1,210	11,464
Oklahoma	212	3,111
Oregon	154	1,485
Pennsylvania	677	7,064
South Carolina	10,843	92,258
South Dakota	84	988
Tennessee	4,453	28,647
Texas	1,760	17,864
Virginia	5,188	24,390
Washington	267	2,220
Washington, D. C.	218	1,600
West Virginia	2,282	18,469
Wyoming	56	280
Wisconsin	28	124
	66,902	479,144

There is only one profession in life requiring no preparation in order to become efficient in it, and that is loafing.



GLINTS OF KNOWLEDGE

Clergymen Killed

It is reported that 696 Protestant clergymen have been killed in Germany's wars, and 1,000 theological students placed in the army.—*The Gospel Minister*.

The Jews in Germany

Out of a former 600,000, only 40,000 wretched Jews remain in Germany. Many thousands have been transplanted, many more thousands killed; and Germany's policy dooms every one of the living to an early death. The Federal Council of Churches, reporting the figures given above, has trustworthy sources of information. The most tragic element in the picture is the helplessness, for the moment, of all who long to help. Certainly the most confirmed of pacifists should be able to join the rest of us in the earnest prayer for a speedy Allied victory in Europe and the judicial punishment of those who have deliberately been "liquidating" the people of whom Christ was born.—*The Presbyterian*.

Japan

Just ninety years ago an American naval commander, sailing with a fleet of four small ships, dropped anchor in the Japanese harbor of Yokohama (then a fishing village of slightly more than one hundred huts), and opened negotiations with the decadent Japanese government of the time for the purpose of protecting American seamen engaged in the China trade. Therewith began one of the most amazing national careers history has ever witnessed.

In the brief space of seventy-five years the nation, composed of a people entirely without industrial or political experience, emerged from feudalism and rose to a position of world power in both a military and a commercial sense. The "westernization" of the Japanese was one of the most spectacular miracles of all time. But never have Jesus' words had more dramatic demonstration—"a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesses." And the principle holds true of nations.

We thought the Japanese people had "the light" because they had electric light. We thought they had accepted Western ways because they adopted Western gadgets.

A third of a century ago American missionaries in Japan cabled to the great national convention of the Student Volunteer Movement the now-famous query—"Japan leads the Orient—Where??" And the events at the last six years have revealed the sinister suggestiveness of that question.

When the Japanese armies went on their orgy of rape, slaughter, pillage and torture following the fall of Nanking, it was declared that they had "gotten out of hand" and were rioting in horrors in defiance of discipline.

When Hongkong fell and Anthony Eden reported the hideous barbarities

visited upon British and Canadian captives, there was a disposition to dismiss the charges as "atrocities tales" designed to whip up war hysteria. But when the news reached the United States of the execution of American flyers captured during the raid on Tokyo, a wave of anger swept across the nation almost equal to that which followed the attack on Pearl Harbor.

One significant fact must be kept in mind as we weigh the "horror stories" of this war, in contrast to similar reports that came out of World War 1: The most sickening revelations have not come by the rumor route, but have been officially announced by the governments responsible for them. They are not merely the unfounded indictments of the Allies, but the deliberate boasts of the Axis powers.—*Christian Advocate*.

Defending Democracy's Defender

The rationing system applied to rubber, gasoline, sugar, foodstuffs, clothing, and hundreds of other commodities, has been accepted by the American public with good grace. But there is at least one point at which it cannot be further applied without the nation paying an excessive cost—the public schools.

Since Pearl Harbor the American school system has been drained of something in excess of 100,000 teachers. Some of these have gone into military service, and others have been lured out of the schoolrooms into defense industries by higher wages. The latter condition is not surprising in view of the fact that 360,000 of the nation's teachers are paid less than the minimum salary of charwomen (\$1,200) in the nation's capital.

In view of the sober warnings issued by Mr. J. Edgar Hoover concerning the mounting tide of juvenile delinquency, Christian people will render their country no greater service than by taking a firm stand against any movement that tends to weaken our educational system or undermine the morale of the army of public-school teachers.—*Christian Advocate*.

Our Food Problem Remains To Be Solved

The first thing the Germans did when they occupied Czechoslovakia, Poland, Belgium, France was to empty all warehouses. Everything went into trucks headed for Germany.

The Nazis knew that this war would be won by the army that had the most supplies and the best supply system.

The Nazis knew that supplies are as essential as guns. They knew that the most essential of all supplies is food.

Being the only people on earth who can watch women and children starve, the Nazis seized upon food as their most powerful instrument for disciplining the masses. They added famine to their arsenal of conquest. The flocks and herds of Europe are

being consumed with alarming rapidity. The desperate shortage of meats and fats is growing steadily worse. Our Allies are short of certain foods that we must supply if we expect them to carry on.—*J. H. McGraw*.

Every fifth child in the United States is from a home that has been broken by divorce.—*Gospel Herald*.

Young Men Go Into Air Forces

The 28,000 high schools of the United States can and must be the reservoir from which will come, in future years, the trained young men and women who are to make this nation outstanding in aviation leadership.

Air commerce draws its strength from youth. The same preference for youth is expressed by the military air services. Every year over 1,200,000 youths complete their high-school education. Over 600,000 are boys. It is estimated that as many as 40 percent of these boys will go into the air forces. More and more of our young women are going into commercial aviation and are being looked to for auxiliary services of the air forces. After this war the bulk of the personnel for our expanding air commerce must come from these very high-school graduates—both boys and girls.—*J. Randolph*.

World Tragedies

Two hundred seven million bound by caste, means—Hinduism.

One hundred forty-seven million permeated with atheism—Buddhism.

Two hundred fifty million chained to a dead past—Confucianism.

One hundred seven million under the spell of fatalism—Mohammedanism.

Eight hundred million sitting in darkness—Paganism.—*Selected*.

The Conscience Fund of the United States is made up of sums of money various individuals feel they owe the treasury because of various things. Some used a postage stamp twice, they evaded taxes, stole some government equipment, etc. The first amount received was \$5 in 1811, but these items have totaled \$691,994.12. In time of war or depression the fund grows. In times of prosperity it dwindles.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

Facts About Leprosy

A little circular sent out by The American Mission to lepers gives some interesting facts. Among them is the number of lepers in the world, estimated to be between five and ten millions, exact data being unobtainable because of hidden cases. Another fact, a little astonishing, is that no child is ever born with leprosy, even though both parents may be in the active stage of the disease.

Russia, it is claimed, has in it five million Christians, in spite of the persecutions of the past.—*Selected*.



Anxious Mothers

(Dedicated to mothers with boys over there)

*Mothers, are your hearts now burdened
For that boy that's over there?
In your soul an anxious worry
Loaded down with pain and care?*

*Do you wonder when the twilight
Shadows lengthen 'round the door,
If your boy is safe from danger
And is sheltered from the cold?*

*Do you wonder if he's hungry,
If he has enough to eat,
Or if maybe he is somewhere
Tortured with some awful heat?*

*Don't you know, dear anxious mothers,
There is One who's watching there,
In the thickest of the battle,
One who really knows and cares?*

*It was He who stilled the tempest
Long ago on Galilee,
Made the waves to cease their dashing
On that wild and raging sea.*

*It was He who locked the lions' jaws
And made them to lie still,
Kept His prophet free from danger,
For He dared to do God's will.*

*Don't you know, dear anxious mothers,
That our Savior is the same
Yesterday, today, forever,
If we'll call upon His name?*

*Ah, just pray to Him believing,
"With my boy, dear Lord, do stay,
Be with him thru every battle,
Bring him back to me, safe some day."*

*And I know, dear anxious mothers,
Jesus hears and answers prayer,
That He's watching from the lighthouse
With a tender, loving care.*

*So just put your trust in Jesus,
"Not my will, dear Lord, but thine,
Out there somewhere, precious Savior,
Save his soul, that boy of mine."*

—Thelma Massengill



The Lighted Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR



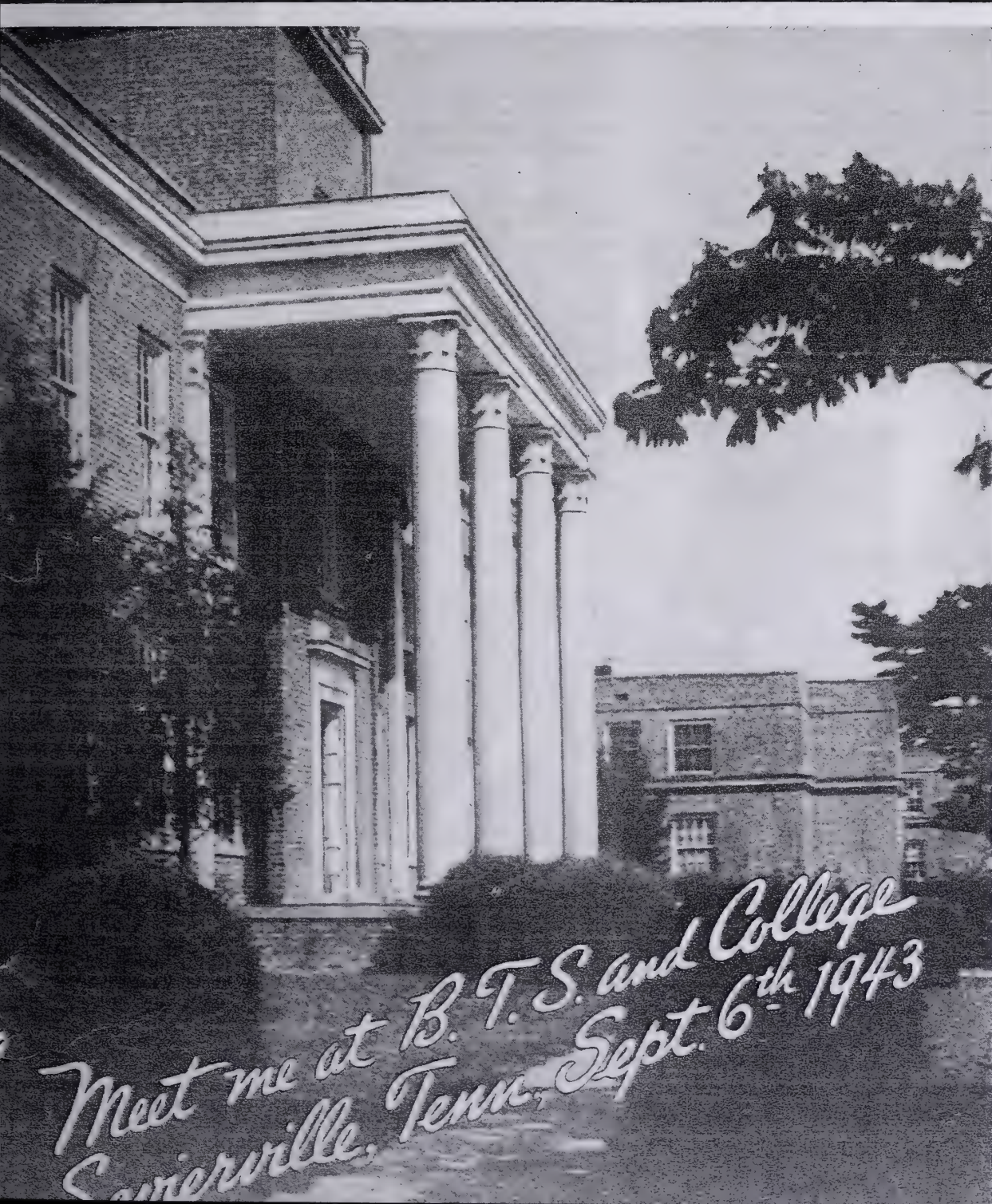
Vol. 14

AUGUST, 1943

No. 8



"Thy
Word
is
a
Light
Unto
My
Path"



*Meet me at B. T. S. and College
Savannah, Tenn. Sept. 6th 1943*



THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

Usually September is the time for our educational number. This time we are sending it out a month earlier, so that through its inspiration you will be making your preparation to go to school.



Last month we gave you the picture on our cover page of the great army of boys who are marching on to victory for our country. This month we are going to bring you a message about the great army that is marching on to victory for our Lord. Truly nothing can bring victory to us as a nation quicker than to turn to God with all our hearts.

Since this is our educational number, we want to emphasize the importance of a trained mind to be able to be our best in the Master's service. Recently we found a good definition of a Christian. In other words, what is a Christian? Here it is: A mind through which Christ

thinks; a heart through which Christ loves; a voice through which Christ speaks; a hand through which Christ helps.

Let us see what this says about the mind: "A mind through which Christ thinks." How much more efficient you will be in loving humanity and in speaking for Christ or in helping souls around you if your mind has been trained and cultivated along with your soul cultivation. We do not feel that young people are making the fight today for trained minds that they should. Some day, like thousands of our older people now, they will lament the fact that they did not go on to school. Today many of our young preachers start out without the proper training. They have good minds and some of them a wonderful memory, and because they can quote scripture and are rather fluent in speech, they think they do not need a further education. They may run well for a while, but sooner or later they will regret that they did not seize every opportunity for an education.

The young woman who is to some day be the wife of that man with an education should also have an education. Many a minister has been handicapped because his companion has not met the requirements for her husband. The majority of our ministers have uppermost in the mind in choosing a companion, "Can she play the piano and can she sing?" I will admit to you that this is a great asset to the minister's success, but there are many things of still more value. Be sure to watch for them also. The trouble we are having today with our young people is this "puppy love." They too often fall victim to this and get married too young and do not give themselves time for preparation. Well, it may not always be "puppy love," it may be real, but the real kind will gladly wait for the right kind of preparation. The kind that will not wait is "puppy love," and will make a wreck of your lives too often. And now many of our boys and girls and young married couples will say, "Well, I

can see now that I did make a mistake by not taking advantage of every opportunity to obtain an education, but it is too late now; I am burdened down with responsibilities. I do not see any hope for me. I'll just do the best I can." Well, that is fine and we are going to try to help you. Some of our most useful men and women have been those who have been self-educated.

At the age of seventeen J. Henry Smythe was a printer on a salary of five dollars a week. He heard a chance remark about enriching the mind. He went to a friend who was a minister and asked for a list of ten books he ought to read and know. He bought these books gradually, read them, then asked his friend questions about parts he did not understand.

He paid the night watchman fifty cents a week to waken him at four-thirty every morning except Sunday. He read until time to go to work at seven. At the age of twenty-four he became a partner in the business; at fifty its president. During this time he continued his reading, and preached in a city church free of charge. He had become a charming, cultured Christian. Through the use of public libraries it is possible for nearly everyone to keep abreast of the times in the fields of science, poetry, biography, travel, and other interesting subjects.

Many of you live where you have access to good public libraries. Do as this man did, go to a good Christian minister and ask his advice as to the course you shall take as a beginner. Any good man will be willing to help you.

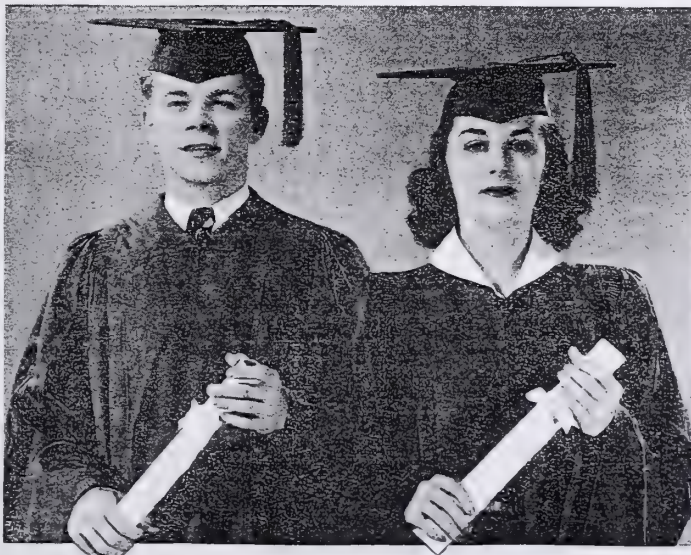
It might be you would find others who would like to join you in this study. It would make it more interesting to have a class. If you cannot have a class just the reading of good books will help you, such as: The Lives of Great Men, history, a commentary on the Bible, an encyclopedia, good inspirational books, Dale Carnegie's book, "How To Make Friends," and some good religious fiction. This will start you off and as you study other books will suggest themselves to you. Never sit down to read without a good dictionary by your side and always look up the definition

to the words which you do not understand. You will be surprised how your English will improve and how your flow of language will increase. There are good correspondence courses you can take. For high school at home write American School, Dept. H432, Drexel at 58th, Chicago, Ill. For a course in public speaking, address North American Institute, Dept. 6394, 1315 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. These addresses were obtained from the April number of Moody Monthly and should be good.

Thousands of our successful men and women of today have acquired an education through self-effort, but it takes a strong will power to stick to it until success is realized.

Now, boys in service, just a word to you. Many of you have dreamed of finishing your education. At the present time you have been deprived of doing so, but you can do much toward educating yourself in your spare time. In your training, most of you go through very strenuous exercises and do not need time for that. A good wholesome book and rest is what you need. Spend your time off in improving your mind.

Our message, as we said in the beginning, has been to the Lord's (Continued on page 12)



A PAEAN FOR YOUTH

Elizabeth Cooper

*They go to greet the world in cap and gown
So optimistic and with courage high,
A hundred thousand strong to claim the crown
And to their alma mater say good-by.
They ask naught but a helping hand,
Their goal a foothold in the sand,
Shifting and hard to understand.
The imagery of youth will bring renown
And shall we then the lamp of hope deny
To them in this illustrious land?
Up then I say! make room for those whose feet
Are standing at the crossroads judgment seat,
God grant that they may never know defeat.*



Rachel

By Agnes Scott Kent

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Evangelical Publishers)

(Continued from last issue)

It was on the Sabbath evening just before the beginning of Pesach. Tomorrow evening would be Seder. Could she, Rachel wondered, make confession of the Christ at this important Jewish season? Well, the Lord would guide. Her will was now wholly His and He would open up the opportunity in His own appointed time and way.

Saturday dawned bright and clear. Rachel awoke with a sense of impending crisis. Pesach was nearly here at last; at sunset it would begin. Might she not confess her Lord today before it started? But if she did, what then? What would her husband say? What would be the effect upon Mrs. Kalinsky and the others? What for Rachel herself would be the consequence? She did not at all know. But He knew, and He would hold her firm to her resolve. Her part now was but to hearken obediently to His voice giving command when she should speak. He would take care of all the rest.

All through the day the family was busy with the final Pesach preparations. The cleansing had been thoroughly completed. From attic to cellar the house was gleaming. But certain last things must yet be done. One last thorough search for any possible remaining leaven must yet be made; the matzoth and the Pesach cakes must be set forth; the Seder supper must be cooked and the Seder table spread. Then all the household must array themselves in holiday attire.

During the morning while Rachel and Mrs. Kalinsky and Sarah were busy in the kitchen with the cooking, a knock came at the door. Rachel opened it. An attractive-looking young man—a Gentile—stood outside. Graciously he extended to Rachel a folded letter inscribed across the top in large Hebrew characters with the text: "Hear, O Israel: The LORD our God is one LORD."

The visitor smiled engagingly. This was a Jewish home, was it not? And the Jewish Passover was just beginning, if he understood correctly. Would the ladies not accept this Passover greeting from interested Christian friends?

Rachel thanked the young man courteously, accepted the letter from his hand and closed the door. She unfolded the sheet and noted the words printed in large type in English across the bottom of it: "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us."

But before she could read more Mrs. Kalinsky had rudely seized the

letter from her hand and torn it into shreds. She had heard the one word "Christian" and it was as a spark to dynamite.

"Vot for you take it such a things?" she exploded violently. "Don't you know that vot it is? It is a letter vvhich is wrote to Jewvish peoples from a Mees-ione. That man he iss a mess-ion-aire—a Christian. Und beliefe me I am telling you, I hate all Christians just like they vus poison. Don't you nefer dare, Rakkel, to open the door on vun again!"

Was this Rachel's opportunity? Should she now confess the Christ? She grew hot and cold at the thought. But yes, she would try. With her heart pounding violently she began to speak. She would pave the way for confession by defending this Christian young man. But Sarah joined her mother-in-law in loud outcry against him, and Rachel, perceiving that the time was clearly inopportune, held her peace.

In the afternoon Esther dropped in for a few moments on her way home from the synagogue to her own Seder feast. Here was Rachel's chance now, surely? Esther was her dearest friend, and she would be the easiest one to speak to of the Messiah. But at the first mention of the name "Christ" Esther raised astonished eyebrows, and Rachel, conscious of a sudden distinct chill in the atmosphere, was again rebuffed.

Sunset came at last and with it the great Jewish Feast of the Passover began. At seven o'clock the immediate Kalinsky family—Mrs. Kalinsky, Jacob and Sarah and their children, and Max and Rachel—gathered in the long state dining-room upstairs for their Seder supper. The other Kalinskys ate theirs in their respective homes, every household apart.

With Jacob at the head, and Mrs. Kalinsky at the foot of the table, the family stood silently behind their chairs with their Hebrew prayer-books lying open before them. The men and boys all wore their hats. Jacob, as nominal head of the family—Mrs. Kalinsky the actual head resigning in his favor for such occasions as this only—read aloud the Passover ritual, his elder son, Izzy, asking the traditional question, ordained of God in Egypt and handed down through every succeeding generation of Israelites: "What mean ye by this service?" A long prayer followed, and a Pesach hymn.

The family then sat down before the festal board which was spread with the special Passover dishes and silver, and upon which gleamed the sacred seven-branched silver candlestick. Upon the tables, together with the elaborate supper, were the traditional Passover requirements. There were the dishes of bitter herbs, speaking of the Egyptian bondage; the egg, symbolic of resurrection; the unleavened bread; the salt; the lentils, and at each place there was a goblet of wine, with the extra goblet for the prophet Elijah, for whose desired coming the door was left wide open. Everything was in gala array, and all the Kalinskys were in gala dress and mood.

All save Rachel. Upon her heart

there rested a deep sadness. She was feeling a very genuine sorrow for the blindness of her family—and for her own dear Max—and sorrow as well for the unutterable darkness of her whole beloved Jewish race. The Passover was the memorial of Israel's redemption from the cruel bondage of the land of Egypt. And the symbol of redemption had been the blood upon the doorposts. But throughout all Israel tonight the celebration of the Passover was altogether bloodless. In place of the paschal lamb of that first Passover feast in Egypt, there remained in Jewish homes now but a meagre shank of mutton roasted in ashes. And the true Passover Lamb—the Lamb of God slain from the foundation of the world—of Whom the paschal lamb had been but the type and promise—He was still despised and rejected by His Jewish brethren.

Even there in the Kalinsky home that night, the lavish celebration, for which there had been weeks of elaborate preparation, was but an empty, lifeless form—a hollow mockery. Not one of the entire family realized the true significance of the Passover observance. Not one save Rachel. For she alone knew Christ and His redemption. She alone had His blood sprinkled upon the doorposts of her heart.

Oh, could she not confess Him even here and now? Could she not just quietly affirm before her husband's family: "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us"? Two or three times, as she lifted up her heart in prayer for courage, she did try earnestly to confess. But each time as she began to speak a dumb spirit seemed to seize her. A curious sense of depression stole over her. She was conscious of miserable failure. Her Lord was counting upon her to confess Him before men. She had promised Him she would. And yet here, where they were actually dishonoring Him in their bloodless Passover feast, she—a Christian—was keeping silence. And by that very act of silence, denial was implied.

As the meal proceeded her sense of failure and of wretchedness increased. Finally it nearly overmastered her. Everyone else was gay and even boisterous.

(Continued on page 17)

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Devoted to the general welfare and spiritual
uplift of our young people
everywhere

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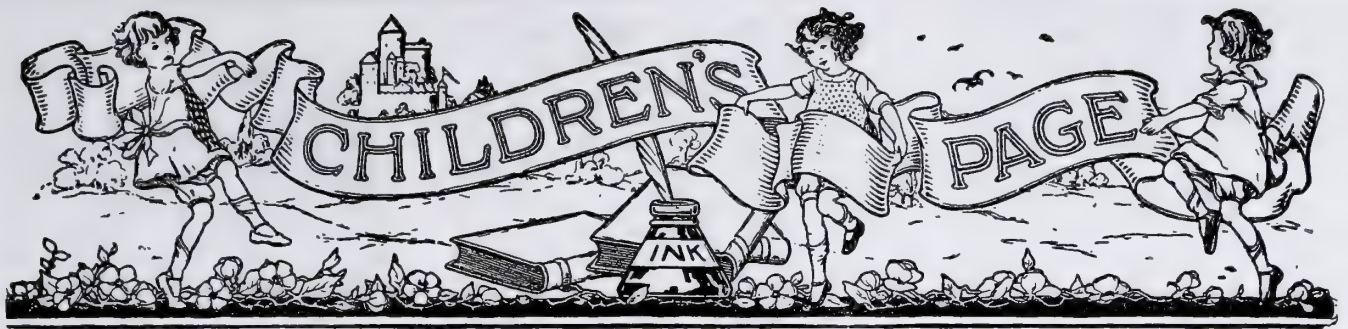
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Dear "Happy Home Circle" Children:

Well, in a few weeks you children will be gathering together your books and getting ready to start off to school. As this is our educational number, we want to give you a little message about going to school. On this page you see the boys and girls at their desks. They look like nice well-reared children, don't they? But did you know that not all children who go to school have been well reared? Of course, our Happy Home Circle children would be, for usually people from happy homes are nice and well behaved and you can tell them in school.

Did you ever hear someone say, "Well, that child is very naughty in school and it just shows what kind of parents he has"? Isn't that just too bad that poor mother and daddy must take the blame? I'm sure you wouldn't like for them to, but just the same every naughty thing you do reflects on them.

On our page this time you can find how to plant a love garden. Do you want everything your own way, or do you like to give others a chance to have the things they want also? Ask yourselves this question and think about it for awhile, and learn how to be unselfish.

Last month the story about Leonard told you how to get saved. Now little Mary Ann asks the question on our page today, "Mother, what does it really mean to be a Christian?" Read this story carefully and study it and perhaps it will show you how to be a Christian also. Get your Bibles and find all of these verses and memorize them.

Be good and try to make a happy home 'til you get another letter from me.—*Editor*.

THE LOVE GARDEN

Elizabeth and Amy were going to make a garden. Daddy had fixed a big square place behind the house for their very own. It was all dug and spaded and raked and ready for the seeds to go in.

The two little girls came to the garden with a box filled with packets of seed. Each packet had a pretty picture on it, of what the seed would one day be, and the packets were marked with the names too.

"I am going to plant radishes and lettuce," said Elizabeth, taking the two packets from the box. "Then we will have them to eat all summer."

"Horrid old vegetables!" said Amy. "Daddy can grow them in his garden. We are not going to plant any in ours!"

"We are!" cried Elizabeth crossly, stamping her foot.

"We shan't," shouted Amy, stamping still harder, and then before they knew it the box with the packets of seed fell to the ground, and lay there while two very hot, red-faced little girls were screaming, "We will!" "We won't" at the top of their voices.

Mother came hurrying to see what was the matter. Could these two ugly, quarrelling children be her two sweet, dainty little girls?

When she heard what was the matter, she said gravely, "You both forgot there is one thing to be planted in the garden before anything else. It is a tiny seed, but, if well cared for, it makes a strong, beautiful flower."

She stooped down and made a little hole in the ground, then very softly she drew her hand over it, saying gently, "Little children, love one another."

Two little girls stopped scowling, and began to smile a little. Then Elizabeth said, "Amy, you are the youngest, we will plant the flowers you wish."

"No," said Amy, "you are the oldest, so we will plant lettuce and radishes."

Mother smiled, adding, "If this is to be a love garden and the love flowers are to grow, let us have some of both. In the center Amy can have her asters, petunias, and mignonette, and around the edge Elizabeth can have her radishes, lettuce, and carrots."

So the garden was planted and because it was a love garden it was blooming all summer. In the center were the pretty flowers, and all around the edge grew rows of crisp, tender heads of lettuce, and the feathery green of radish and carrot tops. The birds sang and the sun shone on the love garden, and the

little girls smiled all the time.—*Emma Brush in Our Little Friend*.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN

"Mother, what does it really mean to be a Christian?" Mary Ann asked wistfully as she stood helping her mother cut up vegetables at the kitchen sink.

Mother was busy preparing the noonday meal, but she felt that such an important question as this one of Mary Ann's required an answer right away. "Oh, I'm so glad you have asked me that question, Mary Ann," Mother said quickly. "Let us take our Bibles and see what God says in His Word."

Soon they were seated side by side with their Bibles. "First, let us read Romans 3:23," began Mother.

Mary Ann, who already knew the names of the books of the Bible, quickly found the place in her own Bible and read aloud: "For *all* have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

"How many have sinned?" asked Mother as Mary Ann finished reading the verse.

"Why, *all*, everybody in the whole world," answered Mary Ann.

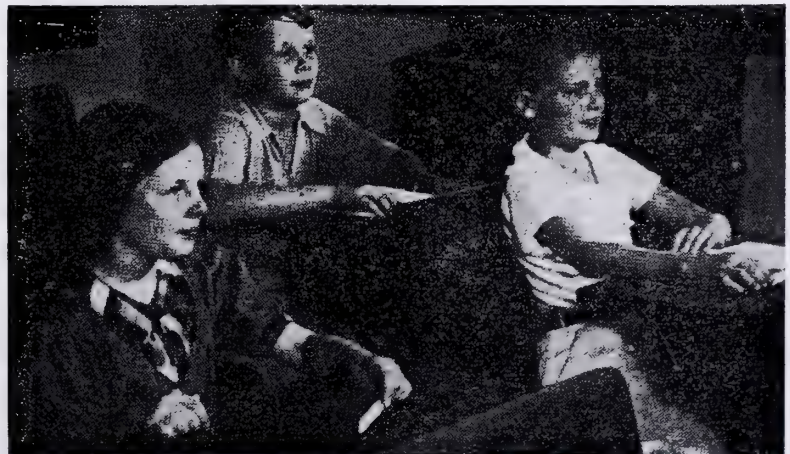
"Does that include *you*?" continued Mother.

"Yes, it does," replied Mary Ann.

"Then read the verse again as though it were speaking only of you," Mother suggested.

Mary Ann read, "For *I* have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

(Continued on page 16)





Young people who are allowed too much rope—permitted to go their own way a good share of their leisure time, to be out at night beyond hours suitable for their age, who are not privileged to bring their companions to their own homes—are likely to get in sooner or later with undesirable companions.

Parents are fortunate indeed who feel that they can trust their young people; but, after all, it should be remembered that the judgment of youth is immature, and often parents are the last ones to know what are some of the major interests in the lives of their growing boys and girls.

Just how careful are you of the companionships of your children? Do you know, with a reasonable degree of accuracy, the ideals of the homes into which they go? Do you sometimes take time to really get acquainted with the young people who make up the group of which your child is a part?

Are you careful of the books and papers and magazines your young people read? Are you sure that you know just what they are actually reading? Sometimes teachers could tell parents a good many things.

Not long since, the writer saw books and magazines and pamphlets to the extent of probably twenty-five pounds, burned up by a teacher who had confiscated them from his pupils.

"Doubtless," said this teacher, "the parents do not know that their young people are getting hold of this kind of literature and trading it with each other at school."

It is not infrequent for parents to give young people gifts of books of which they themselves know nothing—books which no one has recommended to them. A good book may turn a life in the right direction. A book of questionable influence may do equally as much harm.

Do you encourage your sons and daughters to talk with you about the books they have read, what they got out of them, just what the message of the book was? Do you encourage them to give their idea of the quality and worth-whileness of what they read? Do you encourage them to read carefully short articles of value, and to be able to tell what such articles expressed in the way of opinions, and to do it clearly?

Just how closely are you in touch with the books read by the young people in the home group? What book is most frequently referred to?

How closely are you in touch with the recreation activities of your sons and daughters? Do you know for a reasonable certainty how evenings away from home are spent, how the little clubs to which they belong are conducted, what the objectives, purposes and ideals of these clubs are?

What are your requirements in the way of hours, chaperonage, types of pleasure permitted, etc.? Are your principles on these matters clearly understood by the young people? Can you easily be talked out of what you feel is wise?

Do you make it quietly, but firmly,
(Continued on page 16)

HOW CAREFUL ARE YOU?

By Emma Gary Wallace

A great thinker once said that, "A child's mind is wax to receive an impression and marble to retain it." This is so true that we need to be very careful of the kind of impressions which are made upon the minds of growing boys and girls.

We can not be with them all the time, and for this reason we exert every effort that as many good impressions of the right kind are made as possible, for in the last analysis the boy and the girl and you and I are the sum total of the impressions received.

Many of these impressions are right and positive. Some are wrong and negative. The negative ones remain in mind. The slate is not wiped clear of them even by the presence of the positive impressions. Both are stored up in the subconscious mind for use sometime and somewhere.

Young people are influenced greatly by their companions and friends. It is natural that they shall wish the good opinion of their associates. So their associates should be of a help-

RECOMMENDED BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

What a Young Wife Ought To Know and What a Young Husband Ought To Know. Price of each, \$1.00. Order from the Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn.

Don't forget to subscribe for the "Mother's Golden Now" from David C. Cook Publishing Co., Elgin, Ill. Price 25c per year. This comes quarterly. Also "The Baby's Mother," address the Standard Publishing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio. Price 50c per year, quarterly.

Please do not send money to me but send directly to the publishers for your magazines.—Ed.

*"There are little eyes upon you, and they're watching night and day;
There are little ears that quickly take in every word you say;
There are little hands all eager to do everything you do,
And a little boy who's dreaming of the day he'll be like you.
You're the little fellow's idol, you're the wisest of the wise;
In his little mind about you no suspicions ever rise;
He believes in you devoutly, holds that all you say and do,
He will say and do in your way when he's grown up just like you.
There's a wide-eyed little fellow who believes you're always right,
And his ears are always open, and he watches day and night.
You are setting an example every day in all you do
For the little boy who's waiting to grow up to be like you."*



Home, Sweet Home

Dear "Happy Home Circle":

I have received many sad letters and some inspirational since I last wrote you. However, we might call the sad letters inspirational, because if anything should inspire us to a greater effort for the homes of America it is to know the dark side of the picture. Of course, if there was nothing wrong with our homes there would need be no effort to help them. Oh, that our Christian people scattered about over our land would awake and catch a vision of this great need! The Word tells us "for lack of vision the people perish." Yes, for lack of vision our boys and girls are growing up in ignorance of the great truths that are so necessary to a great life. We want to help you along this line and we expect to send out some special instructions to our parents from time to time. We hear mothers say, "I just do not know how to bring the truth about life to my child." It is the easiest thing in the world when you know how. I want to help you. It will be some expense for extra secretarial help, paper, envelopes, and stamps, so when you write us don't forget this.

Now on this page we want to open a Question Box. Any question that is suitable we will publish. We will use our own judgment as to what is suitable.

We have worked for years for our young people and our children and in doing this we have been awakened to the fact that the best way to help them is through the homes. The work must begin in the cradle. Fathers and mothers, if you want to have a part in this great work, send in your name and the names of your children and we will enroll them in our Circle, which we hope will reach around the world some day.

Fathers and mothers, you are responsible to God for your children. And you must some day stand before God and give an account of the things you have taught, or not taught, your children, the examples you have set before them, your influence over them. A story of one father's example is told of one seen in a cafe. "What will you have?" said a clerk to the man who had just entered with his little son. "A glass of beer," replied the father. "And what can I get for the little boy?" asked the clerk. "Same as father," quickly replied the little fellow. "Wait," said the father, "I will not take the beer." That was a sudden awakening to the importance of proper influence.



Bible Training School and College



SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE

Rev. Zeno C. Tharp, president, is pictured as he gives a chapel message. The spiritual guidance which the students receive from these messages and other activities of the school have brought revolutionary changes in many lives. Many students have said, "At Bible School I found myself, and now I feel that I know how to live"; or "One term at B. T. S. has completely turned me around. I'm going the right way now."

WHY AN EDUCATION?

FOR PEACE—FOR WAR?

An Appeal to Mothers and Fathers of Boys and Girls Who Must Be Prepared for Life in a World of Peril

Our government has asked that many things be given up until the war is over. Willingly we have said, "Yes, that and that and that will have to wait."

BUT THE EDUCATION OF YOUR CHILD CAN NOT WAIT. Does life stand still and wait for wars to end? Neither can your child's training for life stand still until the war is over and things settle down. Perhaps they have found jobs for the summer in munition plants and shipyards, but they should return to school this fall. Their vital work in the war program is to prepare themselves for a future life of effective service to their country.

"America must be strong—strong to

meet any threats against her way of life from armed aggressors; strong to solve her domestic problems by peaceful, democratic means. To the building of a stronger America the schools of the nation are dedicated. By the patient processes of instruction and training they seek to develop in the youth of the land those essential knowledges and skills and that devotion to our democratic way of life which make for national strength and unity."—John W. Studebaker, U. S. Commissioner of Education.

The Bible Training School and College is better prepared today than at any previous point in its twenty-five years of service to give your child the training he needs. In spite of curtailments which the war has brought, we are strengthening and expanding every department of our school. We realize that in times like these our schools must prepare students to meet changing conditions. For that reason our curriculum remains a continuous object of faculty study and is modified from time to time to meet changing needs and conditions.

The 1942-43 term, which marked the Silver Anniversary of the school, was an overwhelming success; but to us, success is a challenge for even greater advancement. We expect next term to surpass all previous terms.

Our teachers are interested in advancing in the latest teaching methods and are studying in some of the best universities in the country. This means progress.

Colleen Huff, University of Chattanooga.

Mary Elsie Blackwood, University of Chattanooga.

Dora P. Myers, Columbia University.

Henrietta Green, Tennessee State Teachers College.

Mary Elizabeth Harrison, University of Iowa.

Kathleen MacDonald, University of Tennessee.

Elizabeth Burnett, University of

Tennessee.

Louise Burgess, University of Tennessee.

Delmer C. Barnes, University of Tennessee.

Sadie Cline, University of Tennessee.

Ruby Thompson, Scarrett College, Nashville, Tenn.

Mail your application today and enjoy the educational, spiritual, and social opportunities afforded by the Church of God National Educational Center designed to meet the needs of twentieth-century youth.

THE FIRST PRINCIPLE OF EDUCATION AND WHERE TO FIND IT

D. C. BARNES

Everyone desires *success*. No one enjoys defeat. Whether he be an esteemed citizen or a public enemy, every mortal aspires to be successful in his career. The hope of success is the stimulus which excites us to action. The realization of success is the prerequisite to happiness. In its presence discouragement flees. But to merely desire success is by no means the act of obtaining it. The successful men of every age have had to pay a great price for their success. As a youth, Demosthenes, the most famous of the Greek orators, had a serious speech impediment, but he corrected it by practicing with pebbles in his mouth. He built up volume by speaking against the roaring waves of the sea. Yes, it was difficult and monotonous practice, but he was determined to be successful, and successful he was!

Young people, what price will you pay for success? What are you doing now to qualify yourself for the realization of success? The *kind* and *amount* of training you receive are important, but the *motive* you manifest during the process of learning will determine your ability to perform

(Continued on page 11)



CHRISTIAN WORKERS

As young men and women sit under Spirit-filled instructors, training for special Christian work, they not only learn the best methods of procedure, but their feeling of individual responsibility to the lost world deepens and expands. The courses offered in the Christian Workers division are invaluable.

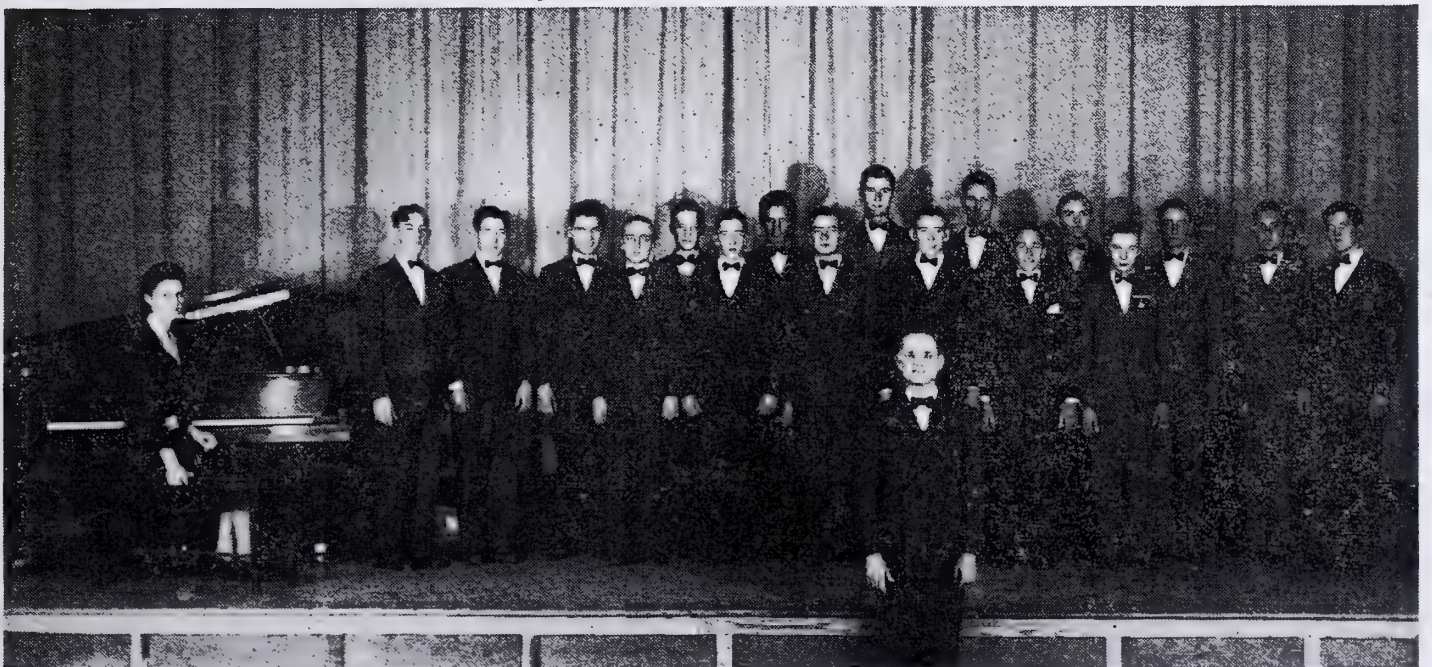
One ex-student in the service writes: "If only I had taken Christian Evidence! I know that subject would have enabled me to refute the skepticism and unbelief that I find even in the hearts of professed Christians here!"

Our Music Department

In many schools music is only for the talented few, but at Bible Training School every student is given a place in the musical program. Special classes and private instruction afford the needed theoretical knowledge and the school choir, band, and glee clubs pictured below, as well as other selected ensembles, give opportunity for actual practice and performance.



Girls' Glee Club



Boys' Glee Club

THE JOURNAL

OF THE
ROYAL SOCIETY OF MEDICINE

Volume 100, Part 1, 1997
The Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine is a peer-reviewed journal of medicine and surgery. It is published monthly, except for the summer months of June, July, and August, when it is published bi-monthly. The journal covers a wide range of topics in medicine and surgery, including clinical research, basic science, and reviews. It is a leading journal in the field of medicine and surgery, and is read by a wide range of medical professionals and researchers.

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CLASSES IN ACTION



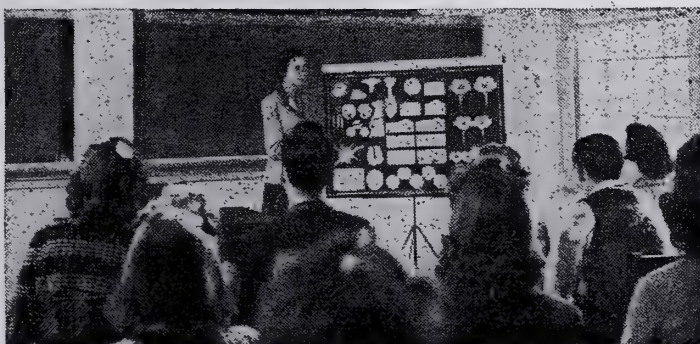
COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS

In the Junior college students are receiving a training that is broad in its culture and Christian in its spirit. Special emphasis is placed on the fine arts. One of the speech contests of last term is pictured above.



PRECIOUS TRADITIONS ARE RETAINED

In spite of an ever-expanding curriculum, the traditions which have made Bible School different are retained. In the above picture, the English Composition class in the College of Liberal Arts seeks divine guidance at the beginning of the period. Some of our most devoted and conscientious students were enrolled in the college division last term and the training which they received strengthened them in their Christian experience. We are expecting a large graduating class from the Junior College next year.



HIGH SCHOOL

The High School at B. T. S. has grown year by year, and it is now the largest department of the school. New facilities are being added to insure modern methods of instruction. The Science class is guided in their study by a new Denoyer-Geppart Health and Hygiene series for visual aids.

EDITOR'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 2)

army, because we realize that others would not care for my suggestions. Some desire to read Wild West magazines and hundreds of others we find on our magazine stands that are degrading and will pull you down to their level. We hope that this little message will reach you and do you good. Your life is in your hands. God will do His part if you will do yours.

A certain university requires each applicant for matriculation to fill out a long questionnaire. Not merely the principal facts of his life, but also what he likes to do, how he spends his summers, his principal satisfactions to date, what he wants out of life and what he has recently read. One who reads these applications becomes impressed with the significance of the last question: What have you recently read? This seems actually to determine just what you are.

A London news specialist says that the effect of good reading on the character of the reader is due to "the repeated adoption of the author's attitude of mind." When we read we give over our very minds to other people, and think their thoughts after them! What a difference then, between the effect of reading some cheap cynic and the effect of following some really great soul up to the heights! We can be chickens, scratching all day long in the filth of the barnyard, or we can be eagles soaring high into the heavenlies and enriching our souls so that our lives can be a blessing to others.

Young people naturally like fiction. This is good and uplifting if it is the right kind. A spiritual message can often be brought to youth in this way when a sermon would not touch them. We have heard people criticize fiction because, as they say, it is a falsehood. Fiction is an imaginary picture of something. Just like the beautiful picture of Christ in the Garden, which hangs in my bedroom. There has never been a real picture of Christ. But someone, through imagination, painted this picture from the description of the Christ in the garden as he read about it in the Bible. So people read the beautiful truths of the Bible and get a picture of Christian living and make a word picture instead of a painting. I hope this will clear up any opposition toward the good fiction that is being published today for the inspiration of our youth. The story becomes real to the one who reads and gives him a desire to be like the one about whom he reads. This is why the very best should be chosen.

NOTE: Please read pages 4 and 5 in May, June, July and August issues. May God lay the burden on your heart.
—Editor.

MAY PRIZE WINNER

V. B. Ellis, Greenville, S. C., is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.



Message Delivered at B. T. S. and College, 1943

SUPER-VISION

F. W. LEMONS

"Where there is no vision the people perish," Prov. 29:18.

One of the greatest endowments God has bestowed on His creatures is that of vision. Especially is this true of man. He not only possesses the sense of sight, but is endowed with a



sense of spiritual perception. This super-vision distinguishes him from the remainder of the living creatures.

For example, let us suppose that a man on horseback comes riding out of the dim past toward this building. Both the horse and the man will see this massive

structure. The horse will see it as a material object only, and will turn in another direction to prevent the calamity of having his head come in contact with the hard surface of the brick wall. But although neither the man nor the horse have been this way before, and both are unaware of the fact that this has long been a thriving little city, the man will immediately perceive something that the horse will never suspect. The horse sees the building, but it impresses him no more than did the boulders he passed in the mountains, but the sight of this elegant edifice means infinitely more to the man. He sees not only the structure, but in spite of the fact he did not know that men had ever been here before his coming, he sees in this magnificent building that he is not the first man on the scene, for he perceives in it the work of man. This intelligent perception in man, the Bible calls vision, and is the function of that faculty of man called the "spirit." "What man knoweth the things of man save the spirit of man which is in him?" 1 Cor. 2:11.

Vision is given to man for two specific purposes. First, that he may acquaint himself with his surroundings, that he may understand the kind of a world he lives in. That is why we go to school. The advice of the wisest man is "With all thy getting, get understanding." One cannot decide upon a course for life until he is at least partially acquainted with his surroundings, or until he locates himself. We do not see the necessity of salvation until we first discover we are lost, and live in a lost world. Second, this perceptive vision is given to man that he may prepare himself for the future. This is why we build air castles—always planning for the future. All castles and palaces were originally air castles. Thus we have visions. Someone dreamed them all before they became real, and those dreams were his plans for the future.

How precious is this vision! With-

out it man would be little more than a thinking animal. What a chaos the world would be if men did not have it. Yet there are those who, according to Jesus, because of long-rejected light, "Seeing, see not" (Matt. 13:13). One man takes half of a board and mends a doorstep; another man takes the other half of the same board and skillfully carves a violin upon which he produces sweet strains of music. Where is the difference? Certainly not in the board. It is in the men. One looks at the board and sees a doorstep; the other, with his super-vision, looks and sees a violin. The difference is the vision.

One person gazes on the work of art with rapturous fascination, while another cursorily glances at it and is bored. The former catches the vision and spirit of the artist, while the latter sees only paint and canvas.

Among the millions who have visited Niagara Falls and beheld that marvel of nature there was once a Scotchman. He had heard of its beauty and fame, but he looked on in disappointment and remarked that it was no more wonderful than the small cataract on the farm in the old country, allowing, however, that it was a mite larger. A lady saw it and was so impressed with its majesty, that out of the depths of her soul she vowed it was certainly "cute." A man of vision, an industrial magnate, beheld it and was transfixed with wonder; watching the teeming millions of gallons of water dashing over the falls he was thrilled profoundly. He not only marveled at its magnificent grandeur, its gorgeousness, the lustrous colors of the rainbow playing like phantoms in the resplendent spray, he saw more! And he at once perceived it could become more than a mere adornment to the face of Mother Earth. He saw that in the waterfall there was potential energy enough to illuminate the cities and homes for hundreds of miles, to turn the wheels of industry in the factories and lift the loads from the backs of toil-bent men. And in delightful amazement he exclaimed, "Give me the right to harness this giant and I will convert his potential energy into kinetic force that will make him the servant of man." Vision made the difference.

Ever and anon we meet people in this modern age who glibly acknowledge they cannot appreciate the Bible. Concerning those precious truths of the deeper experiences of which the Bible abounds, many confess, "I can't see it." They little realize how true their statement is, or how pitiful. They cannot see it. It is a confession of impaired vision. And "where there is no vision the people perish." The Word of God is a "lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." It will be found to be so of all who have not lost their vision. It will light every believer into eternity. Therefore the education which omits the Bible is inadequate, and a sure way to lose vision is to neglect the light it offers. Wise men of vision have always honored

the Word of God. Honorable William E. Gladstone, four times prime minister of Great Britain, in a baccalaureate sermon to a class of girls, lifted his Bible high and eloquently declared, "I have spent seventy years of my life studying that book to satisfy my heart that it is the word of God. Girls, I bank my life on the statement that I believe this Book to be the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture."

In addition to those who have eyes and see not, there are multitudes who suffer from impaired vision. The victims may be classified in two divisions: First, those affected by hyperopia, commonly known as "far-sightedness," and second, those with myopia, better known as "near-sightedness."

The poor philosophy of life which never sees opportunity to serve today and near at hand is a disease close akin to blindness, and its victims are perishing by the thousands. Many a young man cannot see the green fields at home. They are like those domestic animals that so often jump the pasture fence on the assumption that the best grass always grows on the other side of their fence. Many Christians who profess to have a long-range vision of lost souls in the far-off mission fields have been wholly unable to see a need in their own communities. Their ventures for souls are destined to fail because wherever they are the disease of hyperopia continually beguiles them into thinking the long-sought opportunity is yet in the distance. They could do wonders if they and opportunity could only meet, they believe, but alas, the sad fact is they perish because they do not have the capacity to see and recognize opportunity when it does appear. In Charles Dickens' *David Copperfield* is the personification of this class of people in the character of old Mr. Micawber. He was a consummate failure, but always optimistically consoling himself that he was well able for a great task and that "something would turn up." But throughout his life he never had the vision to see it when it did turn up, and to be sure he lacked the ambition to turn anything up.

In this class will be found the debauchee, the dissipator and the drunkard. They see no cause for making amends today, but when approached with the proposition of righteousness and a better life they often reply, "Some day I'll do better." In their final ruin many of them tearfully exclaim, "I didn't mean to come to this." But they could not see immediate opportunities or threatening dangers. So "By the streets of By-and-By they arrive at the House of Never." The immutable plan of God for every life is "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." The person, therefore, who cannot see a place in his own career to serve and give back to the world more than he has taken from

(Continued on page 18)



BIBLE LESSONS

Program Outline

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on someone to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but interperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHT FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The subtopics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topics. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program, it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a Y.P.E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Jesus.

WHY CHRISTIANS BECOME WEAK

MRS. VANGILEE LEONARD

Thoughts for the Leader

There are a number of causes for lack of power in a Christian life, but surely in these dark days in which we live now we do not want to become weak Christians, but we should want to grow stronger and try to be more like Jesus each day we live. If we want to be ready when Jesus comes we must not be sleeping and slumbering, for Jesus says in Rev. 3:16, "So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." Below are four things which will cause a Christian to become weak and we, as Christians, let's be careful and guard against each one.

NO PUBLIC TESTIMONY

In Matthew 10:32 we read, "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven."

So often when there is a testimony meeting given the enemy cheats someone out of a testimony, but if we want to be overcomers we must not be ashamed to confess Christ before the public. Not only in our home church should we testify for Jesus but anywhere we get an opportunity.

Mark 8:38, "Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation; of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels." Those who use every opportunity to confess Christ before the world invariably succeed in their

Christian life.

NEGLECT OF BIBLE STUDY

2 Timothy 2:15, "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." The Word of God is the Christian's food; the new life is nourished by it. No one would ever backslide if he would feed his soul regularly on the Word of God. We should read the Bible for our own soul's growth and for us to be able to intelligently witness for Christ. Surely we want to learn more about the Word of God. In Matthew 24:35, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

LACK OF PRAYER

1 Thess. 5:7, "Pray without ceasing." A prayerful life is absolutely essential to a successful Christian life. To be a good spiritual Christian we must be a praying Christian. Daniel is a good example to follow. He prayed three times a day. Take Jesus when He was in the Garden of Gethsemane; He prayed until His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground. It doesn't mean much to kneel down and utter a prayer with our lips, but Jesus wants us to pray straight from our hearts and to pray in the Spirit, and usually when we pray this way we get results. Lack of prayer will cause our joy to leak out, and cause us to grow cold and indifferent. Every day should begin and end with prayer and thanksgiving.

CARELESS LIVING

Matthew 6:24, "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

When we begin to live carelessly or get our eyes set on something of the world, we certainly are not pleasing the Lord and we find ourselves drifting away from Him. We cannot hold on to Jesus with one hand and to the world with the other. No Christian should be content to be idle. God does not save us to sit down and do nothing. Every Christian has a place to fill in order for the Church work to go on. It is our duty to find our place in the work and then do it faithfully.

MY AIM

Phil 3:4

Thoughts for the Leader

Regardless of a man's position in life he has an aim. It may be a poor one, it may be a noble one, it may be an impossible one, but in his heart there is a goal, an aim he is striving for. What is your aim? Is it to do the whole will of God? Is it to bring sunshine into the lives of people less fortunate than yourself? Or is it a selfish purpose? one that will only be good for you; one that will help you to lay up wealth or fame in this wicked world; one that will have sinful men praising you, instead of God blessing you. One with this purpose in life blasts his own life and brings sorrow to hundreds of others. Let us

search ourselves to find just what our aim in life really is.

THAT MY LIFE BE A LIGHT

Matt. 5:14-16

To be a light to others we must have light ourselves. The fruit of the Spirit must shine forth. In the darkest hour our light should shine forth until those who are lost are enveloped in its glow and so glorify God. Our spirit will bear witness with His spirit if we are bearing fruit for Him. When our hearts are heavy let us search to see if in our hearts there is condemnation for some deed of omission or commission. If our hearts are honest before God there is nothing He will not reveal unto us. If we can remember God is God and our future is in His hands, His light will shine into us and through us until lost souls will be born into the Kingdom of heaven.

THAT MY SOUL MAY BE VICTORIOUS IN DEATH

Dan. 12:2, 3

How good it is when we face the valley of the shadow of death we will fear no evil because we can look into the face of Him who said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee; or leave thee alone." Those around about us, if we have victory over death, will truly say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

TO BEAR THE CROSS AND WIN A CROWN

2 Tim. 4:7, 8

In this world many are the crosses we have to bear if we are truly soldiers of the cross. Many, many times the enemy whispers to lay the cross down that we may enjoy the things around about us; things that are really dross, but he makes them glitter and shine until they seem as pure gold. But the gods of this world cannot blind our eyes. The only pure gold is the gold our Lord will make our crowns of in that eternal land. So let us bear our cross, knowing God has something better prepared for us who love Him and are willing to lay down our lives for His dear sake.

DOES GOD REALLY CARE?

Scripture: Matt. 6:25, 26

Care for His People—Deut. 29:1-9

The Faith of Jesus—Matt. 10:28-31

Believe in God's Care—1 Peter 5:1-7

Discipline Needed—Heb. 12:4-13

Argument from Nature—Matt. 6:24-34

A Psalm on God's Care—Psalm 91

Note: Let the above scriptures be distributed to those who are to take part. Let them study well the whole lesson and then it will be easy for them to make a talk on their passage of scripture.

Be Reasonable

A friendless young man who had experienced a terrible tragedy thought that God did not care for him, so he became careless; he made definite plans to end his life. One night he paused under a street lamp to tie his shoes. He was the picture of a drunk-en bum. As he stooped, a hand was



placed on his shoulder. The young man pulled away, only to have both shoulders imprisoned. A middle-aged man was regarding him with interest.

The drunkard was John B. Gough, who later became an advocate of temperance. Addressing him by name, the middle-aged man kindly asked him to sign the pledge. Gough replied that it was too late, but his new friend told him that he was once a drunkard and had signed the pledge. Gough promised that he would attend a meeting of the Washingtonians the next evening and sign the pledge to refrain from drinking.

The two men parted. John resolved that he would keep his promise. "That man trusts me and I love him for it," he said to himself. "I still can love!"

Sometimes the sky seems to be a dome of brass which shuts us in and God out. We beat against our prison walls and get no answer. But such frenzied outbursts do not help us any. We need to be reasonable. In a calm moment John Gough realized that he had the capacity to love. And he knew that there is One who cares.

Jesus appealed to reason when He asked His hearers to set the value of a man over against that of a bird. When a person feels that God does not care and that life is not worth living, he should take a walk through the woods and fields and along the banks of a stream. There he will note the lower forms of life. If God feeds them, how much more He will do for men!

Depends on Our View

When trouble comes it is sometimes hard to believe that God cares. Ill health and financial loss may cause us to lose faith in Providence. If this is so, what is the matter with our faith? Is it not true that too often we make an agreement with God like the bargain which Jacob made? The record shows that he was willing to trust in God if prosperity were assured him. His religion was too commercial. Compare the faith of Jacob with that of Job. Which of these two men comes nearer the ideal which our Lord set forth in Matt. 10:28? Why?

If we consider the getting of money and the satisfying of physical appetite the most important ends of life, then the lack of these things must naturally make us doubt the providence of God. But suppose that we abandon this materialistic view and adopt a spiritual outlook, what should be the effect on our trust in the goodness of God if mere things are taken away from us?

When the Way Is Rough

If we are to give a reasonable answer to the question, "Does God care?" we need to have a clear understanding of God. Jesus taught His disciples to pray, "Our Father." An earthly father desires only good for his children, but there are times when to the child the means which the parent uses to accomplish this seems cruel, as for example, a surgical operation that must be resorted to in order that the child may be healthy and grow to vigorous adulthood. The father's ways often appear mysterious

to the child.

Does a father care when he permits his child to suffer the consequences of its own rashness or folly? How does God discipline His children? What happens when we disobey the laws of health? Can we blame God for neglecting to guard our welfare when we suffer because of our disregard for law and order?

Building Confidence

If we follow the advice of Peter to cast all our anxiety on God, because He careth for us, our confidence will have a good foundation. A distinguished physician, speaking over the radio, said that he told some of his patients to carry a Lincoln penny and after each meal to read three times what is written on the side bearing the likeness of Lincoln—"In God we trust." What do you think of this method for overcoming doubt and despair? What other means are at our disposal for strengthening our belief that God loves and cares?

A PRAYER

Our Father, we thank Thee for the assurance which Thou dost give us when we put our faith in Thee. Dispel our doubts and make us to rejoice in Thy unfailing goodness, we pray through Christ our Lord. Amen.

LESSON OUTLINE

For your fourth lesson you may use the Lighted Pathway for your program. Some are doing this and report very interesting programs. Appoint your leader and let him choose the most interesting articles, poems, Glints, Treasured Gleanings, or whatever he thinks would be most helpful. Perhaps you would like to put on an educational program in your church from this issue.

WHY I LIKE THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

To make a long story short, as the scripture says, the half has never been told, is the way I feel about the Lighted Pathway.

I can't express in words what the Lighted Pathway has meant to me and my life and others, too. It has been a help in the present time of trouble, pain, and care and uplifting to my soul. The things of life, I would overlook in this life, would be neglected if I didn't receive this precious literature. I honor it and cherish it. The way the young girl told her story of it in the May issue is exactly the truth. My friends come to me on my job and want them. All denominations of people take them—Methodist, Baptist, Catholic, etc. I really like the Tempted and Tried page. It helps me on my pathway. There is much I could say if space would permit.

May the Lord help and keep this good work and the Word of life going until Jesus comes, is my prayer. —Jince Young, Rt. 3, Albertville, Ala.

Below is a very sweet-spirited letter. I appreciate all who realize that I cannot publish everything. So many write in and say, I am sending this in for the paper, please publish in next issue. Little do you realize that we

have a large number of articles, poems, letters, etc., already in the office waiting to be published. Of course, we know you do not understand.—Editor.

Dear Sister Harrison:

You may be able to use this little poem in your April Lighted Pathway. I always like to send something but I don't expect to get space for everything I send.

There are so many others to consider, and some can write so much better than I can, but when we do our best God honors that. May God bless you in the great work you are doing. The Lighted Pathway gets better all the time, if that is possible.—Grace Elwood, 607 Ashe St., Key West, Fla.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Words can't express how much I appreciate you and the Lighted Pathway. I received my poem book, "Silver Lining," and this month's Lighted Pathway. I am going to have my mother send you another dime so I can get February's paper. I am going to save all of these papers for my mother and dad. They would be good for my father to read. He is a drinker and I think if he would read your papers, maybe he would give up drink. I do hope so. God bless you in your good work. I am looking for the paper to appear at my door until Jesus comes.

I would like to hear from Christian young people.—Hyrum Barney Barker, Box 1358, Drawer R., Huntington, Pa.

THE FIRST PRINCIPLE OF EDUCATION

(Continued from page 6)

and the attitude you will have during those performances.

Having made these preliminary remarks, I would like to tell you something that I have been wanting the whole world to know since 1935. It was then that I incorporated into my life the first and all-important principle of education. I have come to call this the "second revolution" of my life. Here it is: *In 1935 I attended the Bible Training School (Cleveland, Tennessee) and there "I learned how to learn."*

Yes, it does seem strange that a principle so simply stated could be responsible for a personal revolution. But the primary essential of education is not the number of facts learned, but the discovery of "how to learn" the facts. It is upon this principle that a practical education is acquired and I do conscientiously believe that the Bible Training School and College still offers a training that has a revolutionary effect on its students. With a careful presentation of every subject offered and special emphasis on Christian philosophy, this school cannot be excelled in helping you to find that all-important educational principle, "Learning how to learn."

No person can be loyal to truth, and be an enemy to righteousness or a supporter of error.



HELPS FOR TEMPTED AND TRIED

THE RELIGION WITH WINGS

Rev. George B. Clay, A. B.

More than twenty years ago, when student pastor of a rural United Brethren church, near Delaware, Ohio, I sometimes on Saturday afternoons resorted to a shady grove close to the beautiful town of Westerville, to prepare, by meditation and prayer, for the Sunday services.

On one occasion, when sitting in a solitary place, my attention was attracted to a large-winged insect attempting to carry a burden up a ledge of rocks almost perpendicular, formed by that Being whose hand paints every flower, and shapes every leaf; who measures out the drops of every shower, the whirling snowflakes, and the sands of man's eventful life. Repeatedly it reached the height of a few feet, and as often fell helplessly down to the starting place.

Thus it continued climbing and falling, until I became intensely interested in these strange strugglings. For the unwelcome thought was suggested, that this frequent falling fitly symbolized my feeble, faltering Christian course. Yes, thought I, that means me—winged, yet creeping—made some soaring, yet foolishly falling!

Still I watched the struggling burden-bearer, and saw that when it fell, it at once regained its feet, and, with unquenched zeal, turned about to try again the toilsome ascent. And then I thought, that, too, means me, for though I have failed so many times, yet, thank God, I have not given up the struggle.

At length, after nearly a score of vain attempts to reach the summit of the rock, there appeared some symptoms of discouragement, when I said, "Foolish insect! why not unfold thy wings, and fly?" But the words strangely rebounded, and hit me.

Wearied now, and in despair, it seemed to feel the folly of clumsy climbing and painful falling, when God had made it for better things, and suddenly remembering it had wings, and not stopping for vain regrets over its foolish failures, it spread its wings, and mounting in the air, in a moment it was above and beyond the precipice.

"Ah!" thought I, "that does not mean me!" And how I moaned over the stumblings of my wingless religion. How mortifying that I, a teacher in Israel, had not learned the happy art of using

the God-given wings of faith and love, to fly above the rugged rocks of difficulty in the path of duty! Oh, the pain and shame of such faltering and falling! And sobbingly could I repeat the words of the Psalmist, "O, that I had wings like a dove!"

A bright spring day came, and my burdened soul, hearing the sweet invitation, "Come unto me," ventured, as a last resort, to rest on the wings of faith and love, and, behold! with the first effort of the faith that works by holy love the soul began to

mount and fly above the precipice of trial. Hallelujah!

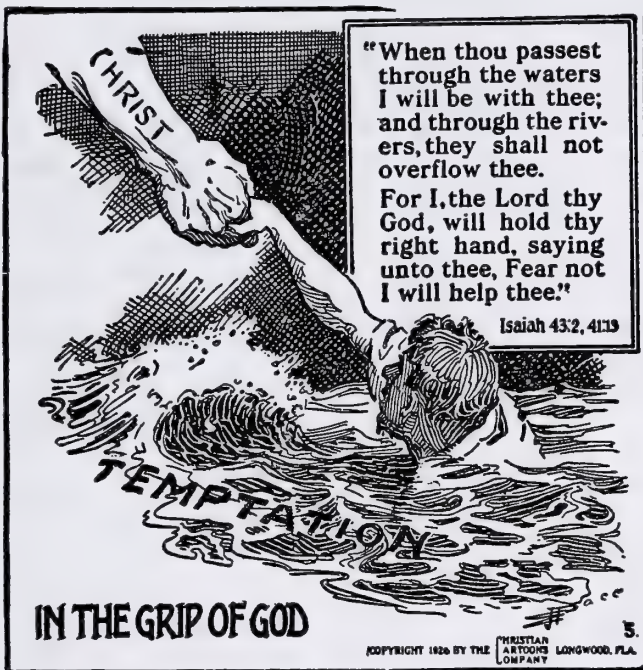
And now, whenever life's path leads over arduous steeps no human strength can climb, my soul triumphant in Christ remembers it hath wings. My words are weak to tell the blissful change from struggling to resting, from falling to flying. When encountering the rugged steeps in the Christian path, my weary soul, for a moment forgetting heaven's gracious gift of wings, is on the point of prophecy and promise, "They shall mount up with wings as eagles!" Praise the Lord!

And though my soul began to soar on a bright May day, and now it is December, I can say with the hymn, "December's as pleasant as May."

Oh, for more of the holy religion "with wings!" Oh, for the eagle-like religion that "mounts up," and lives in the free air and sunlight of God in the heavenlies, where the naturalized citizens speak always "in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs," the natural language of the fulness of the blessed Holy Spirit! Eph. 5:18, 19.

Most of us live too largely in the lowlands of religious experience, and know nothing of the country named by St. Paul, the heavenlies. We keep on our feet, and war with the evils on the same level with ourselves. We rest on earthly props, and mortal weakness takes us, and we go down. We climb and fall. We reach the height of a few

feet, and fall helplessly down to the starting place. Repeatedly we attempt to carry a burden up a ledge of rocks almost perpendicular. Our wings are down and we have strange strugglings. Our big experience does not stand a little test. We live in the level of the critics that have feet but no wings. Our expectation rests on earthly pillars of glittering professionalism. We vainly dig in the sand for a few drops of brackish water, while whole Lake Superiors of sweet, cool and living waters are flashing in the sun all around as far as the eye can reach. We are so scantily supplied that we have to go about begging a share of the world's enjoyments. By reason of the narrow way through which we must force our way, we are afraid that in entering the heavenlies we will lose too much of our idolized earthlies. We like the level of nature. People call us "mad" because we do not stay on foot, in their level of sanity. We creep or grovel in worldliness, or



THIS ONE THING I KNOW

There is so much I cannot understand!

*Why sorrow comes to pierce my weary heart,
Why pain and suffering stalk o'er all the land.*

Why from our dearly loved we have to part.

But this I know—that, tho' all else may fail,

That Jesus loves me, and His tender hands

Will guide me safe. Ah! pierced by thorn and nail

And spit upon, how well He understands!

There is so much I cannot understand!

The pain-filled nights—so long—so long and drear,

But in the pain-filled quiet I reach my hand

And, blessed Lord, I always find Thee near!

I cannot understand the sin and strife,

The wickedness that seems to triumph now;

But this I know, He gives eternal life

To all His own, who faithful are below.

There is so much I cannot understand!

But give me faith to trust it all to Thee,

And know that through it all Thy loving hand

Will guide us when Life's path we cannot see.

I know that some glad day the skies shall part

And I shall soar on joyous wings so fleet;

I'll understand the things which grieve my heart

When I shall see Life's pattern all complete.

—Unknown.

(Continued on page 16)



FOR POETRY LOVERS

"THE ANGEL OF HIS PRESENCE"

"My presence shall go with thee!"
What is this heart'ning word
That echoes down the ages,
At first by Moses heard?
It is God's presence promised,
To Moses, not alone,
But unto you and me, friend—
To all who are His own!

The way that lies before us
Will lead through regions strange—
What waits us there, we know not,
Of trial or of change;
But with God's promised presence,
And with His eye to guide,
All sense of fear should vanish,
And we grow satisfied!

Ye "children of the highest,"
The promised Paraclete—
"The angel of His presence"—
Shall keep your pilgrim feet.
Commit to God completely
The future, all unguessed;
His presence shall go with you,
And He will give you rest!

—T. O. Chisholm.

THY BLESSING, LORD, ON ALL VACATION DAYS!

Thy blessing, Lord, on all vacation
days!
For weary ones who seek the quiet
ways,
Fare forth beyond the thunder of the
street,
The marvel of Emmaus road repeat;
Thy comradeship so graciously be-
stow
Their hearts shall burn within them
as they go.

Grant those who turn for healing on
the sea
May find the faith that once by Gali-
lee
Flamed brighter than the glowing
fire of coals.
And when thou hast refreshed their
hungry souls,
Speak the old words again, beside the
deep,
Bid all who love thee, Master, feed
thy sheep!

Be thou with those who bide where
mountains rise,
Where yearning earth draws nearest
to the skies!
Give them the peace, the courage
that they ask:
New strength to face the waiting val-
ley haze!
Thy blessing, Lord, on all vacation
days!

—Molly Anderson Haley.

OUR OWN FOLKS

Genevieve Perrine Cheney

Folks we live with—those we love
Are the ones I'm speaking of,
When I say we would not change
For any one—and that seems strange.

Think of all the fault we find,
And sometimes really aren't too kind
To those we hold so very dear;
Perhaps because we live so near.

Every fault is known so well;
On their traits we often dwell.
We scold for little things they do,
And yet, our love is deep and true.

At the longest, life soon passes;
Let's put on some rosy glasses,
Live our daily lives with joy,
Ignoring things that could annoy!

—The S. S. Banner.

LIFE'S UPS AND DOWNS

Grant Colfax Tullar

"Look now toward heaven, and tell
the stars" (Gen. 14:5).

Are you dwelling in the valley
Where the pretty flowers grow,
And the sunshine falls abundant
All about you as you go?
Keep an upward slant to vision,
See some hill with high-flung crest,
To inspire you and to strengthen
In your aim at what is best.

Has the mountain-top been calling?
Have you scaled its rugged height?
Strength perchance was nigh ex-
hausted

E'er there came the shades of night.
Just remember that below you
Lies the valley, verdure-blest,
And above are blue skies hanging,
Better seen from mountain crest.

"Ups and downs" are oft elective
In the school which we attend;
Why elect to live on low-land
When the steeps we might ascend?
'Twixt the valley and the hilltop
Dank and dismal life may prove,
So elect the stars as neighbors,
Choose to climb to heights above.

MY CREED

Margarette Dobbs Yeargin

What is this thing we have called life?
A frenzy or a fear?
Is it one heartache followed by an-
other more severe?
Where is true love and happiness
That poets laud about?
Ah, where, my youth, embittered
youth?
We'll see beyond your doubt.

Life is a gift of God, Supreme—
Entrusted to our care
To live in service for the ones
Who need help here and there;
Life is a preparation place
For greater things to be,
For life is swifter than the shuttle
Of the weaver e'er could be.

All heartache? No, each one builds
Strength and understanding—then
When some unhappy soul we meet
Our strength knows how to lend.
Each little shade, each misty veil,
Each curtain rod of time
Makes beautiful the sunset seem,
The light seem more sublime.

Unselfishness is love, my son,
And happiness is found
In loving one unselfishly—
Though pain and loss abound;

Through love is life, for what is life
When lived for self alone?
The service that we freely give
Will for our life atone.

I'D RATHER

E. I. E. Thompson

I'd rather have my flowers now
From those who are my friends,
Than big bouquets and baskets full
After my journey ends.

The tiny bunch of violets
The small child gives to me,
I prize more than a great arm load
I cannot smell nor see.

I'd rather have some kindly smiles
In life (needed often),
Than all the long-faced cheerlessness
As seen around a coffin.

I'd rather have kind word or deed
While they my case will aid,
Than, "We'll miss her," "She was true
blue,"
When in the grave I'm laid.

I'd rather have one look or word
Of praise while carrying on,
Than much when I can't listen in
Because I'm dead and gone.

THE LIGHT

When you come to the end of the
highway of life
And your feet are too weary to roam,
There's a light shining bright,
If you've lived in the right—
Shining clearly to welcome you home!

—Charles Newman Hodge

KNOCKING

In the silent midnight watches
List thy bosom's door;
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh ever more.
Say not, "Tis thy pulse's beating,"
"Tis thy heart of sin;
"Tis thy Savior knocks and crieth,
"Rise and let Me in."

Death comes down with reckless foot-
steps
To the hall and hut;
Think you death will tarry knocking
When the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
But the door is fast;
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth,
Death breaks in at last.

When 'tis time to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of Heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin,
Nay, alas! thou guilty creature,
Hast thou then forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
Now He knows thee not.

—Gospel Herald.

STAR-CROSSED

Eula Buchanan Christian

Star-crossed is a beautiful phrase,
Yet it is untrue . . . ;
No star can guide your destiny . . .
Only God can . . . and you.



Northwest Bible School

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

*(Delivered by Vivian Anderson,
Ryder, N. Dak.)*

Faculty members, fellow-students, ministers, and friends, we feel that nothing we could say this morning will add to the completeness of our three years in Bible School and neither will it detract from the bitterness of our farewell. I would that I could paint upon your minds a clear and vivid picture of this institution, making you feel its powerful influence for pure and holy living, and making you visualize the unseen hand of God working in our lives to make us that perfect man of God thoroughly furnished unto all good works.

As we, the class of 1943, stand upon the threshold of our lives, we face a crisis that is calling for the vital support and influence of strong Christian men and women. What we have to offer this world may seem little enough indeed, but even the least ability involves responsibility, and responsibility demands our strength and power to the last particle. We have no great inventive abilities to give this world; our mental capacities are limited; we have no material wealth to offer or invest. We are poor, yet we desire, and God help us, to make many rich.

For our Bible School we can boast no great intellectual attainments, nor have we any worldly wisdom or superior knowledge to brag about. But we specialize in learning how to live, and is not living the most important thing in life? Though we preached with eloquence and sang as the voice of a nightingale, yet our lives were contemptible and uncomely, of what profit would it be to us, what blessing to others, or what glory to God, our Creator? While much of the world is engaged in learning how to kill, destroy, and hate, we have been learning how to live and love, grow and build. To our Bible School we're grateful for a philosophy of life, for attitudes and ideals that make for more useful, happier, and more complete living. The things we believe in are the things that will stand when the world's on fire. Our faith is steadfast and sure and will not fluctuate with the changing circumstances and world conditions. We've learned to love the life that Jesus beckoned us unto.

To see clearly and to understand, to feel that things are explained to us, to have someone show us how to look at life and a way to handle our lives, to have hidden things brought to light, to feel that we are guided into truth, and to know our own resources and deficiencies; truly this is the burden of every man's desire. We confront every seer and teacher with an insistent demand to be taught or be shown and have the intrinsic issues of life revealed to us. Unquestionably, life is the greatest fact in

the universe. It is also one of its greatest mysteries. All of a sudden we find ourselves here, we are living, and we are conscious.

The scientist can search for the meaning of life and its causes but he knows not any more about it than you or I do. The best that he can do is bow in reverence to God at this wondrous mystery. Life is bestowed upon us; it is a gift with which we have nothing to do. We do not determine when we shall start to live; few control the time when life no longer animates in their physical body and the soul takes its flight. The important factor for us is not that we have life, but it is how we use the life we possess.

On one occasion a young man came to Jesus. The gospel record says that he was wealthy and a ruler. On the surface this young man had everything that the heart might desire; he had money, he had youth, he had social and political position, and he even had a religion, a cold morality that could keep the ten commandments. The story of this young man has always fascinated me, and I've pondered over it much. He must have possessed a winsome personality for it says that Jesus looked on him and loved him. Also this young man was intelligent, for in perusing his condition and outlook, he was wise enough to recognize that he desperately needed life. Quantity of life he had in abundance; his lack was in quality and he knew it and was miserable. The rich young ruler came to Jesus because he recognized the utter hopelessness of his existence apart from the abundant life he believed Jesus could bestow. We all know the sad fate of this man who was not willing to pay the price. He turned away sorrowful when Jesus said he must give up all and follow Him.

Only by having our lives cleansed and transformed by the efficacious atonement made by Christ and by following His path of life will we ever know the fullness of really living. His way is the pathway of life because we gain a correct estimate of ourselves. For the natural man self is all-important; he lives in a world in which he thinks the sun, moon, and stars revolve around himself. But for the spiritual man "to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Because self is no longer at the center, the Christian finds his place in the world and fits there as perfectly as do the stars in their course.

Jesus, who says for Himself, "I am the Way, the Truth, and Life," shows us that life is more than mere existence. When we follow Jesus, we have life, for we see the goal of living is others. In Jesus we have the truest example of a man living and dying completely for others. He has proved that His words are true. "He that would gain his life shall lose it, but he that would lose his life shall gain it." The norm for living is not what

we can gain for self but how much we can do for others.

We can never measure the true value of our lives by what we have gained but by what we have given away. Our pragmatic age is restive under any invitation to self-denial; we hear much about self-expression and developing the latent powers within us, forgetting that it is in giving that our best self is expressed. Jesus said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and this is the principle that lifts man to his best. Happiness is only discovered and achieved by the giving impulse.

But what are we to give? Perhaps at times our minds have been in doubt as to just what is worthwhile in life; but, with an inborn conviction that there is something worth all we have, we have found that to which we can wholly, freely, and eternally give ourselves, and in which we shall delight to spend our whole life and capabilities. The heart given to our Father, the hand given to our fellow-men, the life given to both, truly this makes life admirable and that's the life we are determined to live.

Now that we have realized the beauty of a life in Christ, we would forever be dissatisfied with the moderate, interrupted, quenched joys that the things of this world offer. Somehow we can't believe that God has created us to be partially satisfied, happy at intervals, a selfish sin-loving people who disguise the reality of their condition by the aid of fancy or by fleeing from it. But we were meant to be partakers of His own blessedness and to enjoy eternally the sufficiency of Him in whom are all things. Because we live our lives but once, we refuse anything short of the best heaven has for us, and because we live our lives but once, we want to give of what we receive every day as we pass by the way.

To you who have so graciously given to us and contributed to the success of our school, we take this opportunity to express our heartfelt gratitude and appreciation. When you reach life's other side, and stand with the saints of all ages, beholding our Savior and King, I'm sure heaven will be a bit more perfect for you because you gave what you had and helped someone else as you passed this way. We value more than anything the priceless possession we've gained here. Always will we hold fast to it, treasure it in our hearts, yet give away lavishly of it to others.

To our claim that in Christ is the only worthwhile, livable life is attached a moral obligation. The crowning challenge of twenty centuries—"To tell to all the children of men the story of Jesus who gave His life that we might live." Dear friends, as our last farewell, we ask you to help us pray that God will repay our every effort with power to teach others and show them how to live.

Spirituality is God in the soul, making it flexible to the touch of His divine hand, moulded into a vessel of honor and well-filled with heaven's perfume.



LETTERS FROM OUR TRAINING CAMPS

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have been getting the Lighted Pathway from home after my mother reads it. I certainly enjoy reading it very much.

I am a Christian boy, now in the service, and I'm glad that I have a friend like Jesus. I ask that you will pray for me in these sad days ahead.

I would enjoy getting letters from Christian young people.—Pfc. Ezra G. Brown, Station Hospital, Edgewood Arsenal, Md.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in Jesus' name from us soldier boys here at Auburn Church of God Y.P.E. We have a wonderful Y.P.E. here on Saturday night. The power of God falls every service and we really have the victory. Six of us have the Holy Ghost and five of us are Church of God members in different Churches of God.

A few months back I had a testimony in the Evangel. I stated in that testimony I was the only soldier boy at Fort Lewis who attended the church, but now there are eleven of us boys who attend regularly the Auburn church. Haven't we a wonderful God? We have a trio and we sing and play for the glory of God. We have held street meetings and God blessed our souls. Everybody pray for us soldier boys and also for our Y.P.E. here.—Sgt. Glenn Easom, 203rd Gen. Hosp., Fort Lewis, Wash.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I received your good letter some time ago and was really encouraged. Having been gone from home for over three years, in a foreign country, I have a continual yearning to come back home where there is a Church of God; it makes the blessing fuller to hear someone talk about the Lord Jesus. How I do love Him tonight.

I am doing my best to get some of my soldier buddies to love Him, too. There are several boys here I have chanced to come in contact with who are holiness boys and we really enjoy getting together and singing those old songs we love so much and having a season of heartfelt prayer.

Enclosed is \$10 for the Lord's work. There are other hungry souls that we must help to win. Our country needs the Lord and His love above everything else, especially in these days.

I pray much for the Church, and also for you, and the wonderful work you are doing in giving us the Lighted Pathway. To me it is very inspirational.

I am not a member of the Church but hope to be some day.—Respectfully, a soldier of the cross and our country, T-Cpl. Philip LaFlam.

Dear Mrs. Harrison:

I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway more than any magazine I have ever read. It helps me to trust more and lean more every day on the Lord.

Pray that I may be used for the glory of God and lead some soul to the foot of the cross. Pray for my friends

who are hungering after the Spirit, but just can't seem to yield to Him.—Pfc. J. C. Stewart, Med. Det. 109 Inf., A.P.O. 28 Division, Camp Gordon Johnston, Carrabelle, Fla.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I thank you for the roll of Lighted Pathways that you have been sending to us. We surely enjoy reading the paper and give some to sailors.—Pfc. Joe H. McCall, S.C.U. 1459 U. S. Army, Key West, Fla.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I received the copies of Lighted Pathway yesterday and surely thank you for them. I have given them out to the boys in camp here.

I have just returned from my home where I spent a few days. They were in a revival there and I certainly enjoyed it. I wish I could have stayed until it closed. Pray for me.—Pfc. Roy N. Caldwell, Med. Dep. 134th Inf., Camp Rucker, Ala.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am writing you in regard to my address. I have moved since I received the last Lighted Pathway, which was in January and oh, how I miss it. I don't get to go to church. If the people in the States just had a little of this they would serve God in the beauty of holiness.

I am overseas and have not seen home or my wife in fifteen months, so please, all who know God, pray for me as I need your prayers so badly.—Cpl. Leamon W. Weil, 6927362, Btry. A. 276 Sep. C.A. Bn., A.P.O. 932, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

MY SON

DORA HOKE DEVINE

(This poem was written and is dedicated to my aunt, Mary Hoke Huss, of Kannapolis, North Carolina, who has two sons in the army, and is dedicated to all mothers who have sons in service.)

*My son, it seems only yesterday
That I pressed you to my breast,
Then placed a kiss upon your brow,
And soothed you to sleep and rest.*

*My son, it seems only yesterday
When you said your little prayer,
Kneeling at your mother's knee,
While I stroked your pretty hair.*

*My son, it seems only yesterday
When in age you became a man,
How I gazed and admired you then,
As only a real mother can.*

*Uncle Sam called, today you are gone
To fight for your country and me;
Be brave, be strong, to God be true,
And fight for freedom and liberty.*

*Today America salutes you, my boy,
Do your duty, victory must be won;
And no matter what may happen,
I am proud of you, my son.*

Composed March 23, 1943
Concord, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I would like to hear from Christian young people. My heart's desire is to hold Jesus up until He calls for me. I am looking for Him to come and take me home where there will be no more death, pain or sorrow and no tears will dim the eye. I covet the prayers of all Christians.—Pvt. Marvin H. Leatherwood, 94th Air Drome, Army Air Field, Walla Walla, Wash.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have been in the army over six months. I am unsaved, and in a pretty bad nervous condition. I can't sleep much at night, but I am still going on with my training. I know that the Lord is the only one who can help me. I would like for everyone who will to pray for me that the Lord will save and heal me. I have a good mother and sisters who I know are praying for me. I do not drink or gamble, and I know they can rest assured of that, and I do not intend to take it up.

Pray that I will have a home in heaven.—Pvt. Richard Fritts, A.S.N. 34369860, Cannon Co. 23rd Inf., A.P.O. No. 2, Camp McCoy, Wisc.

Dear Friends:

I am a soldier in the armed forces and a sinner at that, but let me warn you people at home who don't know what a poor soldier has to go through with, give your heart to God and serve Him, because we all are going to meet Him some day.

I am glad that I was privileged to attend the good Y.P.E. at Earls Grove, Tenn., Church of God, where I at one time took part in the services. I believe it is one of the best that I have ever attended.

Some of the boys here are not interested in hearing about the Lord. They will turn the radio off when a preacher is up speaking, but some day they are going to need the help of God.

I ask every Christian who prays to pray for me.—Pvt. Thomas W. Collins, Miami Beach, Fla.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in the name of our dear Lord! Truly, the beauty of Jesus' love for His chosen will never be told by this mortal. As I sit here writing you my thoughts and hopes are submerged and waves of joy and peace as dispensed by His power through the working of the Holy Ghost abiding in my soul.

I would like to thank the dear saints for their prayers, for they mean so much to the men in the armed forces. I know many are praying for us and though we cannot see them, we can feel the effects of their prayers as they lift us to the throne.

There is a wonderful Church of God here in Oklahoma City, Rev. Curt-singer is the pastor.

We appreciate the prayers of all, and would like to hear from you.—Your brother in Christ, Pvt. Earl Wilkerson, 670 Bomb Sqdn., Will Rogers Field, Okla.



WHAT IT MEANS TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN

(Continued from page 4)

"Now let us turn to John 1:29," said Mother. And together they read: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!"

"Do you know what the word 'behold' means, Mary Ann?" asked Mother.

"Why, it means to 'look,' doesn't it?" replied Mary Ann.

"Yes, that's right," answered Mother. "You are to look to the Lord Jesus, who is called in this verse 'the Lamb of God.' In the Old Testament days, lambs were sacrificed and their blood shed as a covering for sin until the Lord Jesus, the true Lamb, should come into the world to die on the cross. God says that when the Lord Jesus died on the cross, Mary Ann, He bore your sins. Do you believe this, dear?"

"Yes, I do, Mother."

"Then you are ready to read the next verse, John 1:12."

Mary Ann began reading: "'But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the children of God, even to them that believe on his name.'"

"To 'receive' means to take. Are you willing to take the Lord Jesus as the One who died on the cross in your place, bearing your sins. Are you willing to do this?"

"Yes," said Mary Ann softly, "I do take the Lord Jesus as my own Savior."

"Then, according to this verse, what do you become?"

"His own child," quickly replied Mary Ann.

"Yes, my dear daughter, you are now His child because God's Word says so—and as a Christian now, wouldn't you like to thank Him for being your *own* Savior and bearing all of your sins?"

"Yes, Mother, I surely would," answered Mary Ann as she knelt down beside her mother, and together they voiced their heartfelt praise.

Dear boys and girls who read this page, have you, like Mary Ann, received the Lord Jesus as your own Savior? If not, won't you read the same verses she read and, like her, believe on the Lord Jesus as the One who died for you?—*M. S. H.*

HOW CAREFUL ARE YOU?

(Continued from page 5)

understood in your home that young people dependent upon their parents and minors in the eyes of the law are duty bound to respect the wishes of their parents?

How careful are you of the relationship between your son or daughter and his or her intimate chum? Remember, that one decayed apple can easily contaminate a whole box of apples; that one soiled garment can rob a whole suitcase of clean garments of their sweet freshness.

There is something wonderfully

fine about a David and Jonathan friendship, and something tragic where a fine, upstanding young person has been led astray through the wrong kind of companionships.

How well—how thoroughly—do you know your child's chum?

How careful are you as to wrong habit beginnings?

THE RELIGION WITH WINGS

(Continued from page 12)

crouch in bondage to man or demons, and do not migrate to the salubrious climes of the heavenlies. We follow the multitude to do evil, and with the multitude we shall perish. It costs nothing to be just such a Christian as the average of those around us. But to pass from the nominal indifference of this age to the entire and devoted Christianity of the New Testament, is a mighty stride.

It is the eagle Christian that soars to the higher altitudes, where clouds and mists never obscure the vision, where giant mountains push their shoulders through the raging storm, and where the eye sweeps the field of space that is as boundless as a sea without a shore. Such an one has a citizenship in the heavenlies. He catches the inspiration from the indwelling Holy Spirit. He has more than a traveler's interest in the heavenlies, this veritable terra firma, and becomes a naturalized citizen and settles down in it for life. Holiness is the only gate into this blessed land. For the terms of admission into this high and serene Christian experience see Eph. 1:3, 4.

MAY HONOR ROLL

Beatrice Carroll, Greenwood, S. C.
Edwin Mortenson, Columbia, S. C.
M. M. Mortenson, Decatur, Ala.
Mrs. C. W. Jackson, Calhoun, Ga.
Mae Couch, Fort Mill, S. C.
Nellie Davis, Anderson, S. C.

JUNE PRIZE WINNER

W. I. Bass, Box 463, Bluefield, Va., is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5.00 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

JUNE HONOR ROLL

Carl Johnson, Jr., N. Charleston, S. C.
V. B. Ellis, Greenville, S. C.
Beatrice Carroll, Greenwood, S. C.
Edwin M. Mortenson, Columbia, S. C.
M. M. Mortenson, Decatur, Ala.
Marie Calvert, Tucapau, S. C.
Mae Couch, Fort Mill, S. C.

The last two on the list tied. They each sold 308 papers and paid for them on time.

Please clear up your account. If accounts are allowed to run more than two months without payment, further credit for papers will not be granted.—**The Church of God Publishing House.**

LIGHTED PATHWAY RATING FOR JULY

	Sold for July	Total
Alabama	2,504	24,222
Arizona	144	800
Arkansas	387	5,079
California	459	4,334
Canada	140	1,499
Colorado	14	187
Delaware	180	1,779
Foreign	202	2,087
Florida	2,888	26,471
Georgia	4,844	60,479
Idaho	56	1,060
Illinois	2,526	24,941
Indiana	374	4,362
Iowa	112	1,309
Kansas	212	2,374
Kentucky	1,614	22,432
Louisiana	500	5,359
Maine	112	1,176
Maryland	1,073	8,054
Massachusetts	82	522
Minnesota	63	1,192
Michigan	1,175	17,947
Mississippi	832	7,468
Missouri	1,604	7,991
Montana	140	1,386
New Jersey	42	1,624
Nebraska	28	196
New Mexico	56	791
New York	154	1,146
North Carolina	5,923	55,571
North Dakota	332	4,113
Ohio	1,574	13,038
Oklahoma	515	3,626
Oregon	154	1,640
Pennsylvania	684	7,748
South Carolina	8,951	101,209
South Dakota	84	1,072
Tennessee	3,083	31,730
Texas	1,608	19,472
Virginia	6,798	31,188
Washington	294	2,514
Washington, D. C.	178	1,778
West Virginia	2,309	20,778
Wyoming	42	322
Wisconsin	14	138
	55,060	534,204

Amount Sent from Each State to the Fund for Sending Lighted Pathways to Soldiers

Virginia	\$219.85
North Carolina	53.89
Florida	34.00
Missouri	33.00
Illinois	13.75
Alabama	12.50
Michigan	12.00
Ohio	11.00
Georgia	10.00
Texas	8.00
Louisiana	5.40
California	4.89
Washington, D. C.	4.00
Oklahoma	4.00
South Carolina	2.00
Delaware	1.00
Kentucky	1.00
Massachusetts	1.00
Pennsylvania	1.00
Tennessee	1.00
West Virginia	1.00

Some say talk is cheap, but it has cost some people their soul's salvation and has separated husbands and wives, and has divided and separated brothers and sisters in Christ, and robbed many of a peaceful conscience; this kind of talk is not very cheap.



RACHEL

(Continued from page 3)

terous, but Rachel sat inarticulate and thoroughly unhappy.

Before the lengthy repast had quite reached its conclusion, other members of the Kalinsky family dropped in, having finished their own Seder suppers earlier. First came Joseph, then Otto and Goldie and their children. And then the inevitable Sophy Yasnik and Yetta Cash arrived and, following them shortly afterward, came the most honored friend of the Kalinsky family—Rabbi Mordecai Moses. These all sat around the room while the family continued eating supper at the table.

At last the feast was finished—all except the tea. Their guests must join them for this, Mrs. Kalinsky hospitably insisted. No, it was no trouble whatever. Rachel could quickly boil another kettle of water. A happy thought struck Sarah:

"Mamma, the teapot is too small. Why not use Rachel's samovar? We've never used it since it came here and it is so handsome. It's just what we should have for Seder."

Yes, surely! Why had they never thought of that before? "Go get it quick, Rakkel," Mrs. Kalinsky commanded. "You know it where it iss—in the big square box by the western corner in the attic!"

Rachel's senses reeled. She was struck dumb.

"Go Rakkel, vill you hurry up?" reiterated her mother-in-law sharply.

"—I don't know where it is," Rachel faltered miserably.

"Vot! You don't know it where it iss—your own grandmother's samovar which your mother brought it over from Roumanien! Listen, Rakkel, I am telling you! It iss in the box—the big vun—by the western corner—in the attic—near the window. You go for to hurry up and bring it down!"

Sarah saved the immediate situation. "Here, I'll go. I know exactly where it is. Put the kettle on, Rachel; the water will boil more quickly on the stove."

Rachel fled to the kitchen, her heart beating wildly. What would they say when Sarah returned without the samovar? What possible explanation could Rachel make? Had her moment come at last? Was this now her opportunity to make confession of the Christ?

Slowly she filled the tea kettle and placed it on the range. She remained as long as she dared, then reluctantly returned to the dining-room upstairs and slipped silently and trembling into her place.

A moment later Sarah returned from her fruitless search in the attic. The samovar was certainly not there. But she had brought down something else!

"Look!" she screamed excitedly. "Look here, vill you, what I found up there—beneath the eaves. Just look!"

All eyes were turned toward her as she stood with melodramatic pose within the doorway, extending at arm's length with unfeigned disgust and anger—Rachel's Bible.

The sight of it had a paralyzing effect upon Rachel. It was so sudden,

so absolutely unexpected. The reaction of the family and their guests—particularly of Mrs. Kalinsky and of Rabbi Mordecai Moses—was so terrific that Rachel was rendered utterly speechless.

"A Bible? With the New Testament in it? Here—in Deborah Kalinsky's home? And at Pesach? Where did it come from? Whose was it? Was there any name in it? Look!"

Yes, there was a name. Rabbi Moses read it out in awful tones: "Rachel Mendelssohn Kalinsky."

Every eye was fastened upon her in stern and terrible rebuke. Mrs. Kalinsky's eye portended swift and fearful retribution. Rachel quailed before it. Max turned upon her one long gaze of heartbroken reproach.

Mrs. Kalinsky snatched the sacred Book from Rabbi Moses' hands and flung it violently into the fire burning on the hearth. Rachel uttered a sharp, quick cry of grief and protest. Instantly a buzz of shrill, angry voices burst upon her as all the witnesses of the strange scene crowded menacingly around her chair. She grew dizzy before them. She tried to speak. She must confess her Lord. This was the time, yes, right now, she was sure. "O Christ, give strength, give strength," she breathed in fervent prayer. But the words of confession choked in her throat.

The buzz of voices grew more shrill, the angry outcry more insistent. Rachel became more and more dizzy. The room spun round and round. She was suddenly weak . . . she felt herself slipping . . . slipping . . . falling to the floor . . . the faces became dim . . . the voices sounded far away . . . then everything went black.

* * * * *

When Rachel came slowly back to consciousness some hours later, the process was a strangely bewildering one. She did not at all know what had happened. The voices still were far away, the faces indistinct. She was vaguely aware of a numbness both of mind and body.

Then gradually things and people began to assume reality. The voices became distinguishable—Mrs. Kalinsky's high-keyed and shrill, Rabbi Moses' deep and authoritative, Sarah's petulant.

Then Rachel began to remember. Yes—they were eating Seder supper. They had the goblets of wine . . . and the matzoth . . . and the seven-branched silver candlestick . . . why, where were they? They were no longer there! . . . And the table, too, was gone! . . . And then Rachel discovered she was no longer in the dining-room, but in her own ugly room upstairs, and in bed. And then she knew that she was sick, yes, very, very sick.

Gradually the faces became more distinct. They were no longer crowding angrily around her, but one by one they were emerging from different parts of the room. The first she recognized clearly was Max's. He was bending over her, ardently pressing her hands and sobbing brokenly:

"Ray darling, forgive me, forgive me! Oh, don't die, Liebchen! I do love you so much! Oh, Raychen, come back, come back!"

Yes, that was what it was. She was very sick. And she was going to die. That was what all the people were talking about in excited little groups. The other faces became quite distinct now—Mrs. Kalinsky's and Rabbi Moses' and Jacob's on the other side of the bed, and Goldie's and Sarah's at the foot. And Yetta Cash's and Sophy Yasnik's over by the window. Jacob was holding his back firmly against the door through which the children were trying excitedly to squeeze. Through the open transom above the door, Izzy and Becky were peering in curiously.

And then Rachel began to remember other things—the samovar—the Bible. Oh, her precious, precious Bible! And that dreadful Mrs. Kalinsky had burned it, just as she had burned her Testament!

And then at last Rachel remembered her Bible verses—those two verses from Matthew which for days before had scorched her very brain:

"Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.

"But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven."

A sudden stab of pain shot through her heart. She had denied Him before men! Yes, by her silence at the Seder supper she had denied her Lord. She had promised Him she would confess His name—before the Kalinsky family—even there at the beginning of the Pesach feast. It would have been such a wonderful opportunity when Mrs. Kalinsky burned her Bible. But she had failed—she had failed her Lord—miserably, miserably failed!

Great teardrops coursed down her cheeks for sorrow. Max's mingled with them as again broken-heartedly he pleaded with her not to die.

Two more people entered the room and came quickly to the bedside. Rachel recognized them at once—Dr. Levi Goldstein, the aged Jewish physician, the same one who had attended her mother on her deathbed, and with him a Jewish nurse. There was a rapid, skilful examination, and then a whispered consultation between them. Rachel caught the one word "Operate."

Others caught it too, and a buzz of hysterical voices followed. Mrs. Kalinsky, Sarah, Goldie, Yetta Cash and Sophy Yasnik—all were in seething excitement. The men as well were stirred. Rabbi Moses alone retained his poise and dignity. The children tried vociferously to push past Jacob and Otto, who still formed a strong bodyguard at the doorway. Above their voices the voice of Mrs. Kalinsky rose in shrill demand that they keep quiet in the sickroom.

Yes, Rachel understood it now quite well. She was going to die. That was why Max was crying. That was why she could not speak. She was going to die. Soon she would be in the presence of the King. In His very presence! A wave of terror convulsed her. She was going to meet the Lord Christ Jesus face to face—with her faith in Him as her Messiah unconfessed!

A deep moan escaped her lips. Oh, could she not confess Him even yet?



Even now it might not be too late. With fervent prayer she pleaded: "Dear Lord, give strength, give strength!"

The physician gave the nurse a signal. Quickly she drew from a case an anaesthetizing cone and passed it to him. Rachel, her mind now keen and alert, perceived exactly what his purpose was.

He uncorked a bottle . . . he began pouring the ether on the cone . . . one moment more . . . ten seconds only . . . and it would be—forever—too late!

In an agony Rachel poured out her heart in pleading petition: "O Christ, give strength, give strength! I will confess Thee before men, I will, I will! I love Thee, Lord, with all my heart. I will confess Thee as my Saviour and my King. Oh, I will, I will! Do Thou but give me strength, dear Christ, give strength!"

Gravely the kindly old physician approached toward Rachel and bent over her. Swiftly the nurse made deft adjustments. One instant more . . . and the anaesthetic was pressed to Rachel's face.

Suddenly with a strength not her own, but strengthened with all might by His Spirit in the inner man, as He heard and answered her prayer, Rachel thrust the doctor and the nurse aside, drew herself to sitting posture and began to speak. Raising her hand aloft with commanding gesture she electrified every one of the Jewish witnesses within the room listening breathlessly to her words. With eyes luminous with inward spiritual light, in clear and ringing tones she cried aloud:

"Wait! Wait! Before I die I want to tell you all—Max, Mrs. Kalinsky, Rabbi Moses, everybody—I am a Christian! I believe in Jesus Christ! I confess Him now before you all as Israel's Messiah and my own Saviour. I love—and worship—Him—with all my heart. I am—going—to—Him—now—my Lord—my—K—ing. . . ."

The last words trailed into an almost inaudible whisper. The strength, supernaturally given, had accomplished its desired purpose and now was spent. Exhausted, Rachel fell back among the pillows as the faces about her all registered horror.

A heavenly smile illumined her lovely countenance. All was well at last. She had confessed Christ before men, and He would confess her now before His Father which is in heaven.

The blackness gathered fast, but Rachel had no fear. Again she felt herself slipping . . . slipping . . . slipping. But she knew that underneath her were the everlasting arms. And in her heart was peace.

(To be continued)

SUPER-VISION

(Continued from page 13)

it is a far-sighted failure.

Perhaps a greater number of people are affected by the disease myopia than that of hyperopia, in the spiritual sense, for this is the class of people who live only for the present and for self. What a blinding and damning sin is selfishness! These victims are literally inside themselves. They

apparently never consider that there is a heavenly Father, an Almighty God to whom they are responsible. They remind one of the unhatched chick. Living inside the narrow walls of the eggshell he probably thinks the whole universe is there and that he is the only living creature. Little does he know of a big and beautiful world just outside his narrow confines. And what a surprise greets him on the day the eggshell breaks. But unlike the chick, too many of these myopic victims never get out of their own shell.

This fact is demonstrated in the life of the young man who spends sixteen or more years in obtaining an education. But for what purpose? That he may bless the world with his superior knowledge? Too often not so. The unfortunate fact is that after so thorough a preparation to live in this world for only a few more years, his vision is such that he sees no necessity or privilege of preparing to live with God in eternity. His plans are selfish and temporary. Multiply his case by the thousands who graduate annually from our universities and never seek God, and it will give some idea of the widespread effect of this disease. Needless to say, one so near-sighted he cannot see a place in his program for God will surely perish.

It is most gratifying, after considering the defects of human vision, to learn that there are those with perfect vision. Some have had it and some possess it today. Of this class were men such as Joseph the dreamer, and Daniel the prophet of exile. Paul experienced it and spoke of it as the "heavenly vision." It revolutionized his life and immortalized his name. No finer example can be cited of perfect vision than that of Moses, than whom a greater man never lived. Divine providence, in a time when other Hebrew babies were being put to death, placed this "proper child" in the palace of Pharaoh where he received every bestowment that Egyptian royalty could confer upon him. He was given the care of a prince born in the palace, an education unsurpassed in his day and he was the heir to the throne. But there came a day when this noble Hebrew son went into the palace to see his foster mother for the last time. Moses was a man with all the passions of great men. He was not unmindful of his opportunity to become the ruler of the land of Egypt and he did not lightly consider it. He was not unmindful of the fiery wrath of Pharaoh he would surely incur if he forsook Egypt. Neither was he ungrateful to Pharaoh's daughter for the love and favor she had given him. Such would have been unworthy of him. But on that eventful day he must have been greatly affected as he told her farewell. He must have spoken to her tenderly, but words similar to these: "I thank you for saving my life from the crocodiles, or from drowning in the Nile, when I was a tiny baby, for the lovely home you gave me, for the training and education and for the love you have shown me throughout these many years. But I am not your son; you are not my mother. My mother is a Hebrew woman, a slave, living with my people in the land of Goshen under the rigor

of the taskmaster. Those slaves are my people, and I cannot be content to live amid the luxuries of a palace while they labor and suffer under the burden and lash of the cruel taskmasters. So I have come to bid you farewell."

In amazement the princess exclaims, "Moses! What has happened to you? You speak like a madman!" They doubtless separated with many tears, but Moses departed with a heart full of hope. On the roster of the immortals (Heb. 11) is a paragraph devoted to him, and it furnishes us his reason: "By faith Moses when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt; for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward. By faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king: for he endured as *seeing him who is invisible*" (vs. 24-27). He had caught the vision splendidly. Not a faint glimmer, but the gleam he could afford to follow. Across the centuries he saw the coming of the Christ child, His march from Bethlehem to Calvary, His triumph over the grave, and farther across other ages, saw Him come again in majesty and splendor, and with Him a mighty host of the redeemed from earth. It was then Moses decided to forego the temporary pleasures of Egypt, just for the privilege of being in that number. A supervision inspired him and enabled him to see the Invisible.

The challenge of our day is, "Give us men of clear vision, unobscured by avarice, position or personal aggrandizement. Men who can see the way unmistakably, and like Moses, lead the people to deliverance, safety and victory."

TOMORROW

R. E. Neighbour, D. D.

Why should you your troubles borrow,
and be dreading your tomorrow,
Your "to-day" is what concerns you,
not your "then."

If you fill your "now" with doing,
there will be no need for stewing,
Dreading something that may happen
other "when"!

Why be ever crossing bridges, and forever
planting ridges

On a fevered, and a fretting, anxious
brow;

Just a-fearing that some shower, may
across your pathway lower,

You are living not your morrow,
but your now.

God is daily watching o'er you, planning
all your future for you,

But He only gives His grace for
your "today";

Do not try to run before Him, of your
future e'er implore Him,

Live each moment as it comes along
your way;

Trust in God and keep on smiling, and
your sorrows keep beguiling,

Giving God a happy, honest, wholesome
"yea";

Then when all your life is ended, you
will see how well it blended,

And the glories will the shadows
far outweigh.



GLINTS OF KNOWLEDGE

Fortunetellers of various types to the number of 80,000 in the United States make their living by their scheme, draining \$200,000,000 from the pocketbooks of Americans every year.—*The Gospel Minister*.

"Books make the man, especially the clergyman," is the conclusion from a survey of 116 ministers in the Pittsburgh area, conducted by the Rev. H. M. Eagleson, of Ingomar, Pa., and reported in the May issue of *Church Management*. The purchase of many books may or may not be a direct cause of a minister's effectiveness, but the survey makes it quite clear that the purchases of the most books among this group of clergymen were also the most effective men from standpoints of tenure of position, frequency of pastoral calls, time spent preparing sermons and the building up of church memberships.

Ministers who don't stay long in any one church don't buy many books. One man who has had 9 churches in 12 years buys only 4 books a year; 17 who stay put for an average of 2 years buy 25.5 books annually; 38 who hold their places for about 3 years buy 37 books; 19 whose average tenure is 4 years buy 40.4 books a year; 19 who average 5 years buy 42 books; 12 who hold a church for 6 years buy a book a week—52 annually.

The ministers who make the largest additions to their library shelves are also the most effective in increasing the membership of their churches.

A Devil's Invention

"I firmly believe," said a prominent physician, "that the cigarette is an invention of the devil to kill off young America. This year I have treated twelve boys under sixteen years of age for heart disease brought on by the use of cigarettes."—*Christian Witness*.

Hitler's Plan

"I promise to wash off the veneer of Christianity. The swastika will replace the cross. We will stop worshipping the blood of Christ, and honor the pure, German blood. We will revive the pagan gods, and I will take my place at their head."—*Christian Victory Magazine*.

An Adventist Publication

People who are disposed to think the Adventists do not affect public thinking should consider this—"The latest temperance issue of 'Signs of the Times,' Seventh-day Adventist week," ran to 2,300,000 copies, believed to be the greatest circulation of any single issue of a religious magazine in the history of the United States."—*Protestant Voice*.

We can approve their temperance, but not their theology.—*The Gospel Minister*.

How Hitler Paid a Bill

From the Portland Oregonian

In the poverty-stricken Austrian boyhood of Hitler the charity of medical treatment was given his dy-

ing mother by the village doctor, who was a Jew. The record is that this help was gently, generously given. Thus the Fuehrer is deeply beholden to one of a hated race, whose people he has cowed to scourge from the face of the world.

What became of the village doctor, friend of the friendless Schickelgrubers, when the Nazis seized Austria? The Gestapo confiscated all that the old man had, but allowed him to live. He was sent into penniless exile. Thus the magnanimous Hitler paid his dead mother's doctor bill.

No Confidence in Promises

George Rundquist, executive secretary of the Committee on Resettlement of Japanese-Americans, who recently spent six weeks visiting the centers, explained that the most difficult problem in connection with resettlement is to induce the evacuees to leave the protection afforded by the camps. They have been moved twice already, and have no desire to be precipitated into a location from which they may be forcibly ejected again. The discriminatory proposals of American Legion chapters, and the actions of several state legislatures, have convinced them that the entire populace outside the camps is hostile. Since the government has broken other promises made them, such as that adequate provision for education would be made within the camps, they now question every proposal concerning their welfare. They feel that the federal government, having created this situation, must now take the responsibility for liquidating it.

Saturday Night

The lodge meeting that keeps a man out so late that he is unable to get up in time for church, the bridge club that lasts so long that the players have no interest in worship on the Lord's Day, the Saturday picnic that leaves us so tired we go to sleep during the Sabbath service, the banquet that produces a headache on Sunday morning, the party that does not break up until three o'clock in the morning and calls for sleep until sometime after noon on Sunday, the business trip that carries over into the early hours of Sunday—all this is Sabbath desecration, and has no rightful place in the life of any Christian!—*Christian Advocate*.

Daniel Poling says, "Let the church beware and let the churchmen beware of those men and women who, in a false economy, assert that religious conventions should be abolished for the duration. If there ever was justification for religious bodies to function, now is that time."

American Bible Society says that today the publishing of the Bible is the greatest book business in the world. Through times of war and times of peace it continues to report the production and distribution of over 25,000,000 copies every year, in hundreds of tongues, in every continent and on hundreds of islands, in an

effort to satisfy a demand that is never met.—*Prophecy Monthly*.

Congratulate Gandhi

A statement of congratulation to Gandhi on the 13th anniversary of his declaration of Indian independence has been signed by five hundred or more Americans, chiefly ministers, with Dr. Fosdick, Pearl Buck, Stanley Jones, and J. H. Holmes. Fosdick and Holmes are well known as leading Modernists. One wonders how many of the rest of the five hundred are also Modernists.—*The Gospel Minister*.

Professional Men Yield to John Barleycorn

Such missions as the Bowery Mission, New York City, can accurately tell the story of the increasing drink curse in our country. Superintendent C. J. St. John says: "During prohibition we got only the chronic drunk on the Bowery; today we are getting the lawyer, the skilled employee, the professional man, the musician. All kinds are coming to us today; there is 300 per cent more drunkenness since repeal than before. We deal with 120,000 to 230,000 of John Barleycorn's finished products each year—men who started with a social drink, took two or three cocktails, thought they could handle booze."—*Selected*.

New Testament Number 4,000,000

It is a day of celebration when a firm is able to stamp the number "1,000,000" on its product.

The Gideon Association is praising God for His great goodness in enabling them to complete their four-millionth copy of the New Testament.

Not content to rest on their laurels, they are now ready to start on their order for another million!

You can search the world over and find no wiser observation than Herbert Morrison's that after this war no power, however great, will be able singlehanded to insure its own security.—*A Columnist*.

The American Army today is an army of specialists. Of every 100 inducted sixty-three are assigned to duties requiring specialized training. However, we are not getting them through the induction centers.

Since October, 1940, more than 200 colleges and universities have organized comprehensive war-training programs in engineering, science and management. These institutions have trained more than 700,000 men and women through some 14,000 courses at a cost of about \$38,000,000. This movement takes on added significance when it is realized that the activities were restricted to engineering, chemistry, physics and production supervision.

Challenge to Education

It is only natural that in this emergency the country should look to the colleges and universities for its potential leadership. This job of teaching men to win the fight is a real challenge to the educators of America today.—*T. D. Palmer, Jr.*



Where First Forgiven



*There is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale or mountain,
A spot for which affection's tear
Flows gently from its fountain.
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Though that were almost heaven,
But where I first my Savior found
And felt my sins forgiven.*

*Hard was my toil to reach that shore
Long tossed upon the ocean.
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath the wave's commotion.
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror
In that dark hour how did my groans
Ascend for years of error!*

*Sinking and panting as for breath,
I knew not help was near me,
And cried, "Oh, save me, Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, hear me."
When quick as thought I felt Him mine,
My Savior stood before me.
I saw His brightness 'round me shine,
And shouted, "Glory! Glory!"*

*O sacred hour, O hallowed spot,
Where grace divine first found me.
Wherever falls my distant lot
My heart shall linger 'round thee;
And when I rise from earth to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more
Where I was first forgiven.*

—From THE WAY OF FAITH

THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY
JOSEPH NEALE
OF THE BOSTON BAR
IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. I.
BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY
J. NEALE, AT THE SIGN OF THE
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NORTH STREETS. 1845.

The Lighted Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

Vol. 14

SEPTEMBER, 1943

No. 9

*Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winters chilling breeze
By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.*

"Thy
Word
is
a
Light
Unto
My
Path"

*He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing
precious seed, shall doubtless come again*

THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

We hope that every boy and girl, man and woman in whose hands this paper may fall will have a desire to lay some sheaves at the Master's feet, and have Him say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," when they reach the end of the way.



One of the saddest pictures ever hung on memory's wall is that of a man or woman who comes to the end of the way with no sheaves to carry with him. If it were possible for him to enter the City of Gold without winning a soul to Christ, could he be happy when no soul greeted him with the words, "You are the cause of my being here"?

Before we begin our message please read Ezek. 34. I feel impressed this month to write especially to our young ministers who are soon to return to their fields of labor. Some will take their first

pastorates, some who have been pastors will go to new fields. If I could be the instrument in God's hands to help you to be a better preacher and a better pastor this next year, maybe I could share with you in laying some sheaves at His feet. I'd like to do that more than anything else I can think of.

It is a wonderful thing to be called of God to do anything. It is wonderful to obey. The world is full of sad hearts today and they need a pastor, a real, honest-to-goodness pastor, someone who will visit them not only when they get sick and send for them but at other times. Some are bearing burdens that they cannot tell to the best friend on earth, but a visit from the pastor and a prayer will help them. Make them feel perfectly free to tell you their secret griefs and then be sure to keep them secret. A little story comes to me now.

A group of men on horseback approached a swollen river, neck deep to the horses. An ill-clad footman stood by and watched the riders enter the ford. The last rider was President Thomas Jefferson.

He asked him to take him across, which he cheerfully did.

The man was asked why he let each rider pass by and asked the last. He answered, "On the face of some there is written 'no,' and on the face of others is written 'yes.'"

If you are a real pastor with the love of God shining through, you will have a yes of sympathy written all over your face. The old man will read the "yes," the young man or woman will read it, the little child will read it and will be willing to be led to Jesus because of that "yes." There are comparatively few good pastors today. So often they get their eyes on big things they might do to build up their church and win for them a name. It may be to build a new church, which perhaps is badly needed, but nothing is needed more than the human touch. Nothing will build up your congregation or Sunday School like good pastoral work.

One of the arts that a pastor needs to develop is the art of friendship—true friendship.

Said Mrs. Browning, the poet, to Charles Kingsley, the novelist, "What is the secret of your life? Tell me, that I may make mine beautiful also." Thinking a moment, the beloved old author replied, "I had a friend."

This is what the world needs today, a friend. The church needs a friend. The young people need a friend. The old people need a friend. They should be able to find that friend they need in the pastor of their church.

At the church where you will pastor this year there will be young men and women who will be at the cross roads.

They need an understanding friend. Hundreds of boys and girls are going the downward way just because they were misjudged and failed to find a friend who could understand and help them. This is your responsibility, young pastor, as you go back to your field of labor.

The old people need a friend. They are on the downward slope of life and realize that their days of usefulness are ended. They expect you to visit them and pray with them. We are especially interested in the ministers who have retired. There is no group of people who need encouragement as they do. They have been living active lives and now they must give it up to make way for the younger pastors. It is the most trying time of their lives. Go to them for advice. They can help you; at any rate it will encourage them and make them feel that they are still worth while. Use them in your church work where it is possible. You may help them to meet old age with a smile.

A friend is not always one who pats you on the back and says, "Good fellow," but one who does his duty at all times. George Walter Fisk says, "One of the tests of real friendship is to be sometimes a nettle. It is not always easy to speak the truth even to our friend, and hardest of all when he needs it most. When he thinks too highly of himself and his hat no longer fits him, what will reduce the swelling like an appropriate word from his best friend? Or when he seems to have lost his ambition, has become satisfied with doing his second best, and is in danger of wasting his life by merely 'getting by' he needs a faithful friend with courage to act like a nettle and sting him out of his complacency."

We do not mean to leave the impression that you should become a scolding pastor. God forbid it. There may be some in your congregation who need some of the nettles, but go to them privately. Never spend the whole of a service scolding to catch one man. There are some at least there who have come for food for their souls. Feed them. Some have come through a week of persecution, or have been thrown into some serious temptation and have come to the house of the Lord for spiritual help. A good scolding would not help them. They are hungry for the Word of God. Neither did they come to be entertained. They came to be fed. Their souls are starv-

OUR COVER PAGE

The cover page of this issue is dedicated to our ministers and Christian workers who have been gathering sheaves for the Master this past year and will soon be on their way to the General Assembly at Birmingham, Ala. May God bless them as they meet together at this time to do business for the King. May their fellowship be so sweet that this occasion will be written forever on the pages of memory, and may they receive that inspiration that will send them forth to the whitened harvest field better equipped for a greater service the coming year.—Ed.

ing for the bread of life.

Jesus said, "Feed my sheep." This is as much a command as is anything found in the Word of God. How could you feed sheep without something to feed them? Then you must study to show yourself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. To be sure, the Lord has promised that He will bring all things to your remembrance, but this promise presupposes that you have something to remember and so we must dedicate our minds as well as our hearts and souls and bodies into His service that we may be better able to feed His sheep. Encourage your church to study the Bible so that they may be able to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason for the hope that is within you with meekness and fear. 1 Peter 3:15.

Evangelism is a wonderful work and perhaps that of putting on special efforts to save souls is the greatest work in the world. But the teaching of the Word of God goes hand in hand with soul-winning. And the pastor who does not emphasize this phrase of the work has partly failed. One of the greatest needs of the churches today is well-balanced pastors.

On another page you will find an article entitled, "The Bible Club Movement." This might give you some thoughts that will help you. Would it not be good to have a movement like this in our church? Get a good textbook for your members so that each one may be able to study at home.

(Continued on page 16)



Rachel

By Agnes Scott Kent

(Used by permission of the
Evangelical Publishers)

(Continued from last issue)

For His Dear Name's Sake

"Let us go forth therefore unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach."—Hebrews 13:13.

Underneath her were the everlasting arms. Rachel was blessedly conscious of them and rested content in their omnipotence and tenderness while, during many days, life and death waged over her grim battle. But at last life won. Life won because love won. Love, first and foremost always, for her Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, Whose she now was, body and soul and spirit, and Whom she longed to serve with entire consecration of her life, would He but give it back. Love, next, for Max—her own dear, dear husband. So weak he was—ah, Rachel knew it!—so infirm of will, so vacillating, so altogether disappointing; and yet, despite it all, so infinitely precious to her. For his sake she must live. And the one supreme purpose in her living now was that she might win Max, too, for Christ.

And finally, there was that wonderful heaven-sent love newly dawning in Rachel's heart—the love of a mother for her first-born son. As she lay day after day weak and helpless, but quite happy now, he slept in his little crib beside her or curled within her arms. And his plaintive, feeble cry upon awakening was sweetest music to her ever-listening ear.

They named him Abraham Moses Max Kalinsky—Mrs. Kalinsky did the naming. It would be a long time, however, before the wee morsel of humanity could measure up to the dignity of such a lofty patronymic. And so for the present he was merely "Little Abie." And Little Abie soon had won all hearts.

And for Little Abie's sake his mother was held in favor by the entire Kalinsky household and by the large Kalinsky following. The most anxious solicitations were expressed for her recovery; the most tender care was lavished upon her.

Her strange confession of the hated Jesus Christ on the night they thought her dying—on *Seder* it was—was tacitly overlooked. It was, of course, but a wild raving of delirium. With returning of health there would be a full return to sanity.

Of the Bible hidden surreptitiously in the attic, and of Rachel's very evident guilt concerning it, it was as well that this, too, be ignored. The Bible was safely burned; and if Rachel herself dared ever again to make mention of it or of anything else connected even remotely with Christianity, all that could very easily be attended to later. But just at present for Little Abie's sake there must, of

course, be no undue excitement. Mrs. Kalinsky and Rabbi Mordecai Moses, Jacob and Sarah, in secret conclave, all agreed to this. They agreed, too, that it wasn't necessary to say anything to Max. Max had worries and troubles enough already, poor darling boy—his business, Rachel's illness, the new responsibilities of fatherhood—without bothering him with this unhappy performance. There wasn't any occasion for alarm, Rabbi Moses assured them. Had Rachel been entertaining any secret leanings toward that blasphemous impostor, Jesus, the new cares and joys of motherhood would quite dispel them. Leave the whole sorry affair alone. Just watch her carefully, that was all. And so they said nothing.

Rachel, too, said nothing. But she thought much. She was not at all deceived by these new tactics of the family. Something was back of it, she knew. Between the extreme graciousness of every one—Mrs. Kalinsky's the most pronounced of all—on the one hand, and his or her most studied avoidance of the entire subject of Rachel's interest in the New Testament and in Christianity on the other hand, it was not difficult to perceive that storm areas were gathering. Storm signals were in the air. To Rachel's naturally sensitive intuition there now was added her rapidly deepening spiritual discernment. And she read the signs aright. She had made confession of the despised and hated Jesus Christ in Deborah Kalinsky's home. And she knew the die was cast.

But still her heart was kept in perfect peace. She had confessed her Lord before men. She was His forever. And He would guard His own. All unknown the future lay before her. But safe within His keeping she could face it without fear. Step by step He would lead her forward. However rough the path of His appointment for her life might be, His love and tenderness would be unfailing. His grace her all-sufficient portion to the end.

She would not run ahead of the Spirit's leading. Neither would she shrink and falter when the pillar of cloud and of fire might beckon her forward. The present pathway was made very plain. For Little Abie's sake, until he was well established and until her own health and vigor was restored, she must lie still and rest. Just that and nothing more. In quietness and confidence would be her strength.

And so the days—the weeks—of resting were very precious ones indeed. During the many long, quiet hours that she lay with her baby on her breast, she had sweet communion with her Lord. His power was present to heal; and body, mind and spirit gradually and graciously were restored by the great Physician's skill.

May passed, and June began with burning heat. For days and weeks the city lay within its deadly grip. Not in years had New York experienced such a sultry summer. There were many heavy storms. Thunder was constantly in the air, with depressing effect upon every one. By August Rachel's strength again began to languish. The baby, too, was often ailing.

The atmosphere within the Kalin-

sky home grew more and more oppressive. For thunder was there as well as in the clouds. Low and distant at first, its rumbling became day by day more ominous. Not yet had the storm clouds burst, but they were gathering in volume and in blackness. The storm was on its way—the most fearful storm of all.

Yes, dear Rachel, the storm is soon to reach its climax now. Already the thunder is rolling in, in deep reverberation. The lightning flashes angrily across your sky. Dear child of God! Confessor of Jesus Christ His Son! All you have suffered thus far for your love and loyalty to Him is as nothing compared to the storm that yet must come. But it is all within God's plan, as you have yielded up your life to Him, and you may dare to face it undismayed. He will give you grace and strength in Christ to endure steadfast to the end—for His own dear name's sake. In Him you will be more than conqueror.

Little Abie was his Grandmother's chief joy. Even her precious Max held but second place now in her devotion. Proudly she exhibited her youngest grandson to every one who entered the house, holding him on her lap or generously passing him around for critical inspection.

"Did you efer see a baby vich it vus so vunderful?" she exclaimed rapturously. "Oi, oi, he iss perfect. He iss so bu-tee-ful—so vise. He iss a true Kalinsky. See! He haf got the Kalinsky chin, the Kalinsky nose; his eyes they iss exactly like mine own. Und would you joost look at the shape of his head yet! I am telling you that baby he haf got brains!"

"Come, darling, come to your own Grandmamma! Mein precious Leetle Abie—vich it vus mein leetle grand-sohn—mein Maxie's boy. Come to Grandmamma, darling, come!"

Mrs. Kalinsky took upon herself full responsibility for the care of the baby. All of his mother's ministrations to him were strictly under his grandmother's jealous jurisdiction.

"Vy you don't put more voolens on him, Rakkel?" she would ask querulously. . . . "Vot, it iss too hot? Nonsense, I don't keer if it iss hot. Babies they must year always heaps of voolens in August efen . . . Vy you not gif him oftener his food? I am telling

(Continued on page 17)

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Devoted to the general welfare and spiritual
uplift of our young people
everywhere

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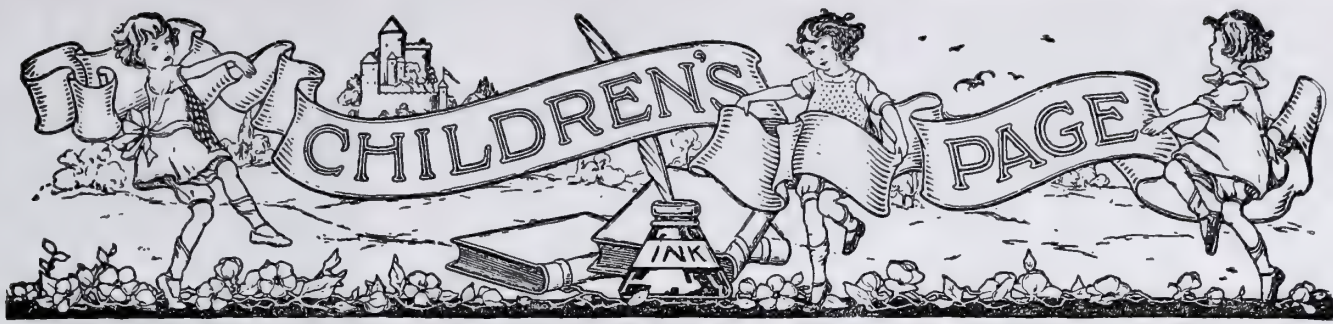
ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor
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Dear Happy Home Circle Children:

Here we come again. Another month has rolled around and I wonder what you are thinking about our Happy Home Circle. Do you like helping to make home happy?

Here is a little story about a little girl who had a bad temper and blamed everything on someone else. I guess you do not do that. It's very hard to keep your temper though without Jesus in your life to help you.

I wonder if you ever visit your little friends when they are sick. Perhaps you can visit them and talk to them about Jesus like little Amy in our next story.

Your home may not be as quiet and peaceful as you would like to have it be. It may be filled with selfishness and you wonder just what to do to make it happy. Uncle Tommy will tell you how in our third story.

HOW EDITH FOUND THE SCISSORS

"I can never keep anything!" cried Edith, because she could not find her scissors. "Somebody always takes my things away and loses them. I wish they could be let alone."

"There is one thing you might keep if you would try."

"I should like to keep even one thing," answered Edith.

"Well, then, my dear, keep your temper. If you will only do that, you will find it easier to keep other things. If you had used your time in searching for the lost scissors, you might have found them before this. You have only become irritated, and you have accused somebody, perhaps unjustly, of taking away your scissors and losing them. Keep your temper, Edith, even if you lose all the little property you have. Getting fretful never brings anything to light, except an unhappy face; and, besides you accuse somebody else of doing wrong."

Edith began to think. She got over her ill humor, searched for her scissors, and found them in her own workbag. "Why, mamma," she exclaimed, "here they are! I might have been sewing all this time if I had kept my temper."—*Selected.*

BESSIE AND AMY

When I was a little girl I met with an accident and lay in the Children's Hospital for many weeks. I grew very weary there, and longed to be able to play with my little school companions again. In the winter evenings there were many visitors to the ward, and one little girl who always came with her mother, brought me some nice

toys. I was delighted, and spent an hour dressing my doll. One night, just as Amy was leaving my bed, she bent her head close to my ear, and whispered,

"Do you love Jesus?"

I could not answer, for I had not then thought much about Him. Amy saw that I was unable to answer, so she whispered again,

"Jesus loves you, Bessie, and wants to save you."

I thought all the next day about that, and wished Amy would come again. When she did come, she brought with her a pretty book, saying,

"That's for you, Bessie." Then she told me that Jesus had saved her two years ago, and that she was happy.

"How did He save you?" I asked.

"I came to Him as a sinner, believing that He died on the cross for me—that was all."

I came to Him in that way, too, and He saved me.—*Happy Hours.*

THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS

Alice M. Barr

Joe and Josie were twins, and a merrier pair you never could have found in all the wide world. Morning, noon and night they played about the lovely house in which they lived. But one day Josie insisted that they play "King" and have a great court, and Joe agreeing, was immediately garbed for the occasion.

"Now, good king," said Josie, when her brother sat propped in what they chose to call the king's chair, "please show me the road to happiness."

"The road to happiness," interrupted the voice of their Uncle Tommy, who happened to be visiting in the family, "why, my dears, the road to real happiness is always found through giving joy to others."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the twins in unison. And then the king in his fancy robes, and the little princess, as Josie styled herself, came running to their uncle's side and begged him to explain more fully what he had meant about the road to happiness.

"I mean just this," said Uncle Tommy, "to be really, truly happy ourselves, we must make others happy and forget self. For instance," the man went on, "here's a big bag of candy; now if you would experience real happiness, just run down to the alley gate and divide with every little child that passes that way."

"But it's too good to give away," protested the king.

"Then eat it," laughed the man, "and be selfish with it."

And then Uncle Tommy arose from his chair and went strolling into the house.

For a moment Joe and Josie stood staring after him, and then a little puzzled expression covered Josie's face.

"Do you think Uncle Tommy is right, Joe?" she asked seriously.

"I don't know," returned the boy, "but we might try sharing our candy with the children that pass the alley gate, and see for ourselves how it works, then we will know."

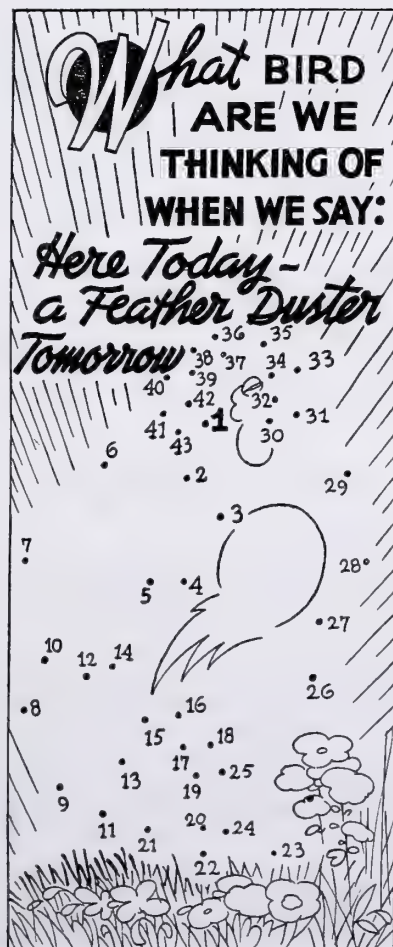
An hour later the two children, with only one piece of candy between them, were discussing what had happened.

"I believe Uncle Tommy was right," said Josie softly, "for truly I never felt as happy in my life."

"Neither have I," agreed Joe, "and the look of joy in the faces of those we shared our candy with—well, I'll never forget it, that's all."

"Neither will I," chimed in Josie, "but—" suddenly her little face lighted up with a wonderful smile, "unless, of course," she finished softly, "the joy

(Continued on page 17)



FATHER'S and MOTHER'S PAGE



Home, Sweet Home

A Prayer for the Home

*God's mercy spread the sheltering roof;
Let faith make firm the floor.
May friend and stranger, all who come,
Find love within the door.
May peace enfold each sleeping-place,
And health surround the board;
From all the lamps that light the halls
Be radiant joy outpoured,
Let kindness keep the hearth aglow,
And through the windows shine;
Be Christlike living, on the walls
The pattern and design.*

—T. L. Paine, in *The Christian Century*.

Dear "Happy Home Circle":

I think I shall try to show you this month what we are facing in our work for happy Christian homes. Perhaps it will stir the hearts of more of our people to join us in our attempt to make better homes for our nation. Cooperation and prayer and faith in God will bring about a great change if we will not get discouraged and give up.

Sometime ago I clipped from a certain newspaper an article which I am giving below. This shows how the enemy is deceiving our homemakers today.

LET THE CHILDREN ENTERTAIN

"Come on over to our house tonight and we'll have some fun." That invitation comes from the joyous realization that home is open to one's friends. It is a compliment to the heads of the family, one, I fear, dearly earned.

Having the friends of the children in for the evening means no quiet hour for father and mother. The rugs are rolled up, the radio is tuned in, or the phonograph records are laid out ready for use. The furniture is shoved around and the kitchen, the ice box and the bathroom are levied upon by as noisy and eager a group of young people as ever graced a home.

It is hard on mother who takes pride in the carefully tended furniture. The legs of the chairs are scuffed, the cushions are piled on the floor, sat on, shoved about, squashed and folded into comfortable bundles until they resembled some-

thing the junkman left behind.

Cigarettes leave their marks on windowsills, tables and even the piano. Ashes are scattered and drinks are spilled. The noise is terrific. But the children are at home, their friends are with them, and they are all being young together. That is the important thing.

Tell the young host or hostess, or both, that you need a little cooperation from them in the matter of the care of the household fittings. Explain their value, try to teach them the meaning these things have for you and which they will have for them, too, later, and see if they cannot keep the ashes closer to the trays and the drinks in the glasses, at least until they find their proper resting places.

Remove the family heirloom for the duration of the "At Home," or until the guests and hosts are sufficiently understanding of them to avoid injuring them. Allow the children to dress the room according to their requirements for the party, so there will be no bare spots. The young ones have plenty of ideas that come in handy in such situations. Let them put the five and ten dishes on the kitchen table, with paper napkins, and let them have their way with refreshments that they prepare, closing an alarmed eye to the sight of pickles and cookies with iced cocoa. If they like it, let them have it. An occasional spree will not hurt any wellfed child beyond a day's mending while a rigid home life might, and would.

Let them dance and sing. You won't understand the dances. They may shock you. Don't be alarmed. They are nothing more than physical exercise, set to the music that suits the mood of adolescent children. They enjoy them more if shared by the boy or girl of the moment. Take them in your stride and know that "this, too, will pass."

The songs may weary you beyond words, and the harmonizing may be an agony to your trained ear. Don't listen with your trained ear but with your understanding heart. The children are at home, with their friends, under their own sturdy roof, the roof

GOD, BLESS OUR HOMES

GRACE ELWOOD

*God, bless our homes, and make them happy homes
Where Thy great name is honored every day;
And give us fathers, mothers who know how
To lead their children in the straight and narrow way.*

*God, bless our homes, and put a circle of Thy love
Around our youth, protect them from above,
Don't let them stray in unknown paths of sin;
O God, watch o'er them, keep them pure and clean.*

*God, bless our homes in this fair land of ours,
Bind up the many broken hearts by Thy great power,
And give us peace from all this war and strife;
We need Thy help, dear Lord, to do the right.*

*God, bless our homes, there is no place so sweet
As home sweet home, where dwelleth love and peace;
God, bless our fathers, mothers, children everywhere
And make our homes a better place to dwell down here.*

you built for them with your own hands and your great love. With that understanding you will find yourself in perfect harmony with them.

Just now home and all that belongs to it is doubly precious. Share it with the children, gladly. It is the memories of those evenings when the gang gathered "over at my house," that is going to stay with these children down the years to warm their hearts in the day of adversity, to give them courage, to assure them that life, at its worst, is still mighty well worth the living.

Dear friends, I would not like my children to associate with young people who would have such bad manners as to destroy my furniture, and do the other things that are mentioned here. The writer of this article is a daily contributor to newspapers all over the country. Is it not time that our Christian people send out a clarion call to the homes of our land through the printed page, as we see what the enemy of our souls is sending out?

This writer has a part of the truth. It is necessary to make our homes happy and hospitable to our children's friends, but we should take Christ into our planning.

Another clipping we had from this same paper we will give below. This was illustrated by a fine-looking boy sitting on the banks of a stream of water looking up into the stars. It came out just before Father's Day. This beautiful poem caught my attention.

BLESS YOU, DAD

*Way out here, on nights when stars
are blinking,
I get a lonely feeling—sort of sad,
My thoughts go back to home and I
start thinking,*

—Of you, Dad.

*That day we said "Good-bye" down at
the station,
The smiling, but pathetic look you had,
That summer, when I spent my last
vacation,*

—With you, Dad.

*The friendly talks we used to have to-
gether,
Those trips we took when I was just
a lad,*

*That skiff we used to sail in
any weather,*

—You and me, Dad.

*I'm grateful for the many
gifts you brought me,
For the wonderful compan-
ionship we've had.*

*I won't forget the many
things you taught me—
—Bless you, Dad.*

The clipping continued as follows: "Today, more than ever, fathers have a moral, yes, a spiritual responsibility toward their sons, for boys, far away from home, tend to accentuate the sympathetic ties that bind them to their Dads.

"Ideals taught at home by precept or example are apt

(Continued on page 16)



HELPS FOR TEMPTED AND TRIED

DISPOSING OF MY DOUBTS

By EDWARD LEIGH PELL

I have a friend, a big, strong, healthy man, who was suddenly put to bed by a mysterious pain. For four months his case baffled the skill of the ablest physicians in his town. One day one of the physicians came to see him with a new idea. He thought that he could put his finger on the cause. He did. The next day my friend was well. They told me that all that he had done was to lift a little misplaced bone that was pressing continuously upon an important nerve.

Some years ago I found that the problem of getting rid of my doubts was often as simple as that. There was only a pressure somewhere—a little obstruction which kept things from going right—and all that I had to do was to find it and remove it.

I owe much to my wise father who, in addition to being a good writer, was a wonderfully successful doctor of souls. He had consecrated his common sense, along with everything else, to God, and he believed that it was just as much his duty to use his common sense in God's service as it was to use anything else that he had consecrated to Him. Whenever a friend came to him so full of doubts and fears that he wanted to throw up his hands, my father would look at his eyes and ask him a few questions about his health. Then likely as not, he would tell him to go home and take a blue pill.

Sometimes I found that simply finding the cause of my doubts was sufficient. The minute in which I became sure of the cause, they would begin to disappear. My nervous system was wrecked in early childhood. Until a few years ago it was always giving me trouble. Often I would have a sinking feeling in which a horror of great darkness teeming with doubts and fears would come upon me. The whole world would seem to be slipping from beneath my feet. If, after the horror passed, my doubts remained and it suddenly occurred to me that there was no reason for them except nerves, they would vanish almost as quickly as the black bats of night vanish at the approach of dawn.

But my experience with doubt soon convinced me that my real trouble was not my doubts or my doubting spells, but my doubting habit. I saw that the means I was using to get rid of my doubts was leaving my doubting habit untouched.

Ever since our teachers of

science began to emphasize the importance of the attitude of doubt, multitudes of young people have been going out from college into life under the illusion that doubt is the only intelligent attitude in any sphere of life. As a consequence the old-time fear of doubt as a paralyzing vice has been steadily giving way to an almost superstitious regard for it as a virtue. In such an atmosphere it takes more courage than the average doubter possesses deliberately to renounce the attitude of doubt for the attitude of faith.

Doubt eats out the heart of courage like a canker. In all probability my doubting habit would have remained with me to this day if my lot had not been cast where doubt as a paralyzing vice was doing its very worst right

before my eyes. Time and again I have seen brilliant young fellows just from the university pause on the threshold of life, tremble, and shrink back, never to start again. It was simply because they had discovered that life was an adventure, and something had taken away their courage to venture.

One of the most brilliant and best equipped young men I have ever known indulged in the doubting habit at the university until he became uncertain about almost everything except his doubts. When the time came to start in life, he was in such a fog about life and the great fundamentals of life—God and fellow men and truth and duty and goodness—that he did not have the courage to start. He could not even decide where

to start or in what direction to venture. He was afraid. And because he was afraid, he buried his spirit there on the threshold—buried it in a grave that he had dug with the doubt that he had been harboring within himself.

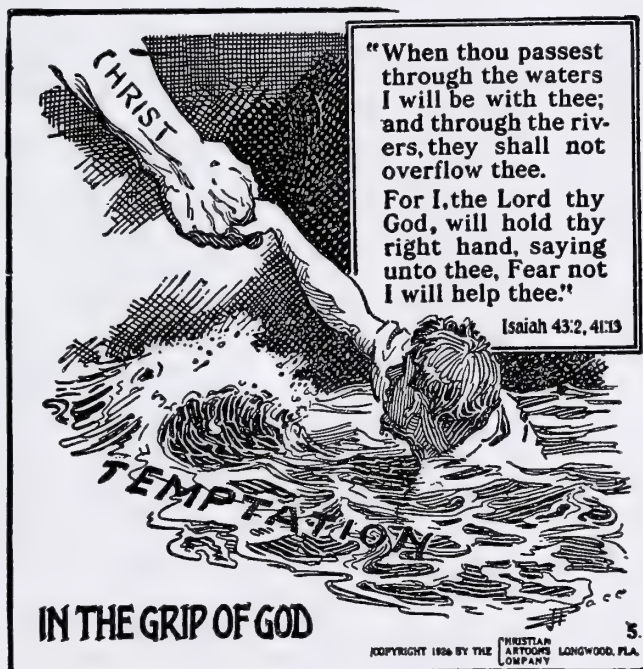
You cannot stand in the presence of such a tragedy and escape the conclusion that, although the attitude of doubt or of questioning is necessary in the field of scientific investigation, in the midst of the actual business of living it is the most devastating vice that ever overtook the human spirit. It was almost inevitable that I should resolve that henceforth, whether or not I could always face life with faith, I should at least go forward with the will to believe.

I have found that the will to believe, with one exception, does more to clear the way to a life of faith than anything else in the world.

That exception, of course, is the knowledge from which faith springs. The will to believe in my new neighbor will not make me believe in him, but it will move me to get acquainted with the real man down in the depths of his heart—the only knowledge that makes it possible really to believe in a fellow man and fully to understand him.

I have found no sure secret of a life of faith except a personal knowledge of God maintained through daily fellowship with Christ. It was not enough for me to accept a distant Christ. I had no faith in my ability to travel alone his highroad of sacrificial love. I had to have a Comrade for the way. Remembering His promise to be with those who kept His word, I took Him at His word. Every morning I turned my waking thoughts to

(Continued on page 17)



OUR GUIDE

A vision I see of Jesus, He's standing very near,
He's walking close beside me to comfort, guide and cheer;
His presence hovers o'er me and in loving words so true,
I hear my precious Saviour say, "I'll take care of you."
"Just look to me, my child," He says, "you need not have a fear."

While all around is dark as night, remember, I am near,
I've promised to go with you and what I've said, I'll do—
If you will follow closely and until the end be true.
There's nothing that I cannot do, if you in faith believe,
And stand upon the promises then surely you'll receive
The blessings that you ask of me, then if you trust me too
I'll be a refuge for you and will lead you safely through.
The weary world of unbelief and criticism too,
I'll lead you to that mansion that I've prepared for you.
Where all is rest and peace and love, where everyone is free,
From sin and strife and toils of life, you'll be at home with me.
Earth's sorrows and afflictions will press you nevermore,
When you have reached the City over on the shining shore,
The Cross that now you carry will be lifted from you when
Heaven's pearly gates swing open wide and you have entered in.
Now is the time, get ready for the great and final day,
Let us keep our minds on Jesus, also labor, watch and pray,
We must not doubt, we surely know the time is drawing near,
When Christ our loving Shepherd in His glory shall appear.

Then—

Palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory, I shall wear.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Perry.



TREASURED GLEANINGS

KICKING AND PULLING

Alice C. Hoffman

"Oh, we've seen a lot of things since we've been here!" exclaimed Ned who, with his cousin Bob, was visiting in the country.

"Yes, I guess we've seen almost everything around the fine old farm," put in Bob. "Haven't we, Grandpa?"

"Well, well, let me see!" said grandpa thoughtfully. "Have you seen a horse that kicked while he was pulling?"

"O Grandpa, you are teasing us! Of course, a horse can't kick while he's pulling!" exclaimed Ned.

"Or have you seen a horse that pulls while he is kicking?" chuckled grandpa.

"Now Grandma, you know we haven't," said Bob with a grin. "A horse can't pull while he is kicking."

"Well, I see you boys have learned something down here on the old farm that ought to be of help to you through life," reflected grandpa.

"You mean that we are hitched up to things like school, Sunday School and church and if we pull an honest load we can't kick," reflected Ned.

"And that if we do kick, it's plain proof that we're not pulling," added Bob.

"Yes, that is just plain horse sense," said grandpa. "That's just what I mean."—*Our Boys and Girls.*

APPEARANCE TELLS

"What a pretty girl!" said one observer. "Not so pretty as she was a year ago," said a quicker-eyed one, "for her temper is beginning to show through." Five years later every one could see what he meant, for the "showing through" was too plain to be overlooked, and the pretty girl was a frowning, thin-lipped woman. We may be sure that what we are will write itself on our faces before we get through, no matter what the unformed outlines of youth may be.—*Unknown.*

BE COURTEOUS

C. E. Cornel

It pays at all times to be courteous. One may not feel just like it, the circumstances may not always warrant an effort, but in the end it will pay to act the gentleman.

A friend of the writer tells of a young lawyer of brilliant prospects, who located in a Western town and began the practice of his profession. One day soon after he had opened his law office, he was riding on the streetcar, when an influential business man noticed him, and thinking to introduce himself and encourage the young man, he moved across to the other side of the car, by the side of the young lawyer, and said, "What is your name?" "My name is mud," curtly answered the young man. "Oh," said the other, "excuse me for interrupting you."

The years went by and the young lawyer was successful, and finally aspired to a certain political office of prominence. The politicians said to him, "If you can secure the votes of

the men working in—mine you are sure of election." He visited the mine, asked for the superintendent, who soon came into his presence. With much dignity the young lawyer said, "My name is—." "Ah," said the mine superintendent, "when did you change your name?" "Change my name?" replied the political aspirant. "I have not changed my name."

"Oh yes you have, for you told me on the streetcar a few years ago that your name was mud." "Oh, ah! I know—that was only a joke." "No," said the superintendent harshly, "your name is mud at this time for any favor whatever."

The election came off, and the young lawyer was defeated by just seventeen votes, and these votes were cast by the men at the mine.

Again, I say it pays to be courteous, to act the gentleman anywhere—everywhere.—*Publisher Unknown.*

HE GOT LEFT

Clara Logan sat by a log fire telling stories of children. "A lady," she said, "was reclining on a couch in her library one night with the light low, trying to sleep. Beside her on a table was a dish of fine fruit. As she lay there she saw her little daughter tiptoe into the room, in her long white nightgown. The child, thinking her mother was asleep, advanced cautiously to the table, took a bunch of grapes, and stole out again. The mother was grieved at such misconduct on the part of her good little daughter, but said nothing. Five minutes passed, then back into the room again crept the child, the grapes untouched. She replaced them on the dish and as she departed her mother heard her utter, 'That's the time you got left, Mr. Devil!'"—*Publisher Unknown.*

Influence is the Effluence of Affluence

There came over the air a few nights ago a radio voice telling the story of a young woman who went to the superintendent of her Sunday School and said: "I can't do a thing with my class of boys. I don't seem to have a bit of influence over them." And what could a mere man do in face of a determined young woman? He let her resign. Later one of her boys was in a group where the discussion turned upon the credibility of the story of Jonah and the big fish. With challenge burning in his speech he said: "I'll bet if you had heard my Sunday School teacher tell it, you would have believed!" Someone who was present caught fire from that declaration and told the young woman. She called up her superintendent and said: "I want my class of boys back; I did not know until now what influence I have over them." And what could a mere man do in face of a determined young woman? She got her class back! *Influence is the effluence of affluence—the outflow of the wealth of a convinced personality intensely in earnest.*—John R. Riebe.

Billy Bray, the Welsh collier saint, always rejoiced when informed that Satan was after him; for to Billy this was evidence that Satan did not yet have him. And perhaps that should be a source of encouragement to us. Men who lie in Satan's chains have no occasion to boast of their immunities, for hostilities have ceased only because the enemy has triumphed. Rather let us who fight rejoice that Satan is a vanquished foe, and let us see in his strength but the energy of despair. His wrath is hot because he knows his time is short. If he gives particular attention to us it is because he sees in us unusual threat against his kingdom. If he hates us more it must be because we are precious to Christ; for Satan's quarrel is not against us directly—it is against us for Christ's sake.—*Herald of Holiness.*

WHEN A FELLOW NEEDS A FRIEND

There is before me a can of tobacco which has this written very boldly on it, "When a feller needs a friend." I get a very striking and a much truer effect by striking out the letter "r" in the last word—"When a feller needs a FIEND." Does not that sound much more real? That is just another alluring delusion of the devil that will catch the eye of some unwary young man (or woman in these last days) and make him a fiend for the damnable stuff. When he gets you to try his ware he considers the battle almost won, for once the habit attaches itself the person becomes a slave to the awful thing.

Also, I have in front of me the Bible. It teaches me how to live a good life and points me to the real Friend, the One who said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and, "Lo, I am with you, even to the end of the world." What a contrast! The one leads the way to life eternal and the other hastens you on to the regions of the damned. What will you choose, young man, the "FIEND" or the "FRIEND"?—Pfc. Doyle S. McCoy.

SING HIS PRAISE

A little boy was watching the birds in a field. At length a little songster perched itself on the limb of a tree. The boy prepared to throw a stone, but before the stone was thrown the little bird began to sing.

Slowly the boy dropped the stone. He listened till the song had ceased, and watched the bird fly away.

"Why did you not stone him?" asked a gentleman. "Couldn't," was the brief reply. "Couldn't, cos he sung so."

Thus the enemy of our soul is on the lookout to fire some poisonous dart of doubt or fear. Sing, sing, soldier, in the warfare! The trial may be fiery, the march may seem long; let the glory in your soul sing His praise. The devil will flee. He does not like songs of praise.

Modesty Is Beautiful

How beautiful is modesty! It winneth upon all beholders; but a word or a glance may destroy the pure love that hath been for thee.—*Tupper.*



FOR POETRY LOVERS

THE TIME OF THE GOLDENROD

Robert J. Burdette in the Watch Word

Whispering winds kiss the hills of
September,
Thistledown phantoms drift over
the lawn;
Red glows the ivy, like a ghost-lighted
ember,
Shrouded in mist breaks the slow-
coming dawn;
Sunlighted vistas and woodland dis-
closes,
Sleeping in shadow the still lake re-
poses,
Gone is the summer, its sweets and its
roses—
Harvest is past and summer is gone.

Plaintively sighing, the brown leaves
are falling,
Sadly the wood-dove mourns all the
day long;
In the dim starlight the katydids,
calling,
Hush into slumber the brook and its
song.
Gone are the sowers and ended their
weeping,
Gone are the gleaners and finished
their reaping,
Blossoms and bees with the song-bird
are sleeping—
Harvest is past and summer is gone.

—Sunday School Banner.

CHARITY

Nixon Waterman

When your brother man you measure,
Take him at his best;
Something in him you can treasure,
Overlook the rest.
Though, of his, some trait or fetter
May not suit you to the letter,
Trust him—it will make him better;
Take him at his best.

Do not note his limitations,
Take him at his best;
Toward his nobler aspirations,
Aid him in his quest.
If you'll tenderly inquire,
You'll find something to admire;
With that lever lift him higher;
Take him at his best.

Praise will make him worth the prais-
ing,
Take him at his best;
Keep the fire of purpose blazing
Ever in his breast.
Do not frown upon or scold him,
In the strength of faith enfold him,
To his highest yearning mold him;
Take him at his best.

—The United Evangelical.

WHEN FOLKS ARE NICE AND ALWAYS KIND

Alfred S. Rotz

When folks are nice and always kind
And live in humble peace of mind,
And lead a life that's always true
To God and man and conscience, too,
It helps old Mother Earth a lot
To bloom as like an Eden spot,
And spread sweet sunshine all around
Wherever mortal man is found.

When folks are nice and always kind,
It brings about a state of mind
Conducive to a warless land,
Where truth prevails and right shall
stand.

No carnal weapons can succeed
To heal poor broken hearts that bleed,
But love that's gentle as a dove
Brings peace to earth like that above.

When folks are nice and always kind
And live for God, meek and resigned,
Their faith in God and love Divine
No pow'r on earth can undermine.
Such hope brings blessings from above
With sweet assurance of God's love,
So boundless that it shall not fail
Until we land within the veil.

When folks are nice and always kind,
They're always wonderful you'll find.
Somehow, it seems to be the rule,
When folks are nice they're beautiful;
Their gifts and talents may be few,
They may be old and wrinkled too,
But when they're nice and always kind
Their like on earth is hard to find.

FLOWER TOKENS

J. Gilbert Mortimer

Flowers are love tokens scattered
about,
Tokens from God to keep us from
doubt;
When days are dreary the flowers
seem to say,
"God is above and is cheering your
way."
They stand for friendship, honest and
true;
Yellow for warmth, and loyalty—blue;
White is for purity unmixed with hate;
Red is a token of life and not fate.
Flowers are tokens of forethought and
will
God planted there for our joy on the
hill;
Giving us pleasure and easing the
strain,
Helping us forget both sorrow and
pain.
Give a flower token to one who is sad,
Then he will cheer up and not feel so
bad;
If he is shut in and can't see them
grow,
Take a bouquet and watch his face
glow.

AROUND THE CORNER

Charles Hanson Towne

Around the corner I have a friend,
In this great city that has no end;
Yet days go by, and weeks rush on,
And before I know it, a year is gone;
And I never see my old friend's face,
For life is swift and a terrible race.
He knows I like him just as well
As in the days when I rang his bell
And he rang mine. We were younger
then,
And now we are busy, tired men—
Tired with playing a foolish game,
Tired with trying to make a name.
"Tomorrow," I say, "I will call on Jim,
Just to show that I'm thinking of
him."
But tomorrow comes—and tomorrow

goes
And the distance between us grows
and grows.
Around the corner—yet miles away.
"Here's a telegram, sir,"
"Jim died today."
And that's what we get—and deserve
in the end
Around the corner, a vanished friend.

—Church of Christ Advocate.

WILL YOU NOT TELL?

"If the name of the Savior is precious
to you,
If His care has been constant and
tender and true,
If the light of His presence has bright-
ened your way,
Oh, will you not tell of your glad-
ness today?

"If your faith in the Savior has bro't
its reward,
If a strength you have found in the
strength of your Lord,
If the hope of a rest in His palace is
sweet,
Oh, will you not, brother, the story
repeat?

"If the souls all around you are living
in sin,
If the Master has told you to bid them
come in,
If the sweet invitation they never have
heard,
Oh, will you not tell them the cheer-
bringing word?" —Selected.

IF YOU—!

Nellie Goode

If you feel like feelin' gloomy,
You can look around and see
Just about a hundred reasons
To be as blue as you can be.
Every one is mean and selfish,
World is growing worse each day;
Life is hardly worth the livin'—
If you want to feel that way.

If you feel like feelin' happy,
It's an easy thing to find;
Every one around seems busy
Seekin' chances to be kind.
And if you will only notice,
You'll discover it is true,
Whether folks are cross or pleasant,
Just depends a lot on you.

—Unknown.

FAINT NOT

James A. Sanaker

Pray without ceasing,
Pray when alone,
Pray with God's people
Surrounding His throne.
Pray when you're working,
Pray all the day;
Pray in your household,
Pray when away.

Pray when you're fretting,
Pray when you're glad;
Pray when you're getting
Tearfully sad.

Pray for all mankind,
Pray for your own;
Pray much in meeting
But pray more alone!

The Bible Club Movement

BERNICE JORDAN

2 Timothy 2:15

"Lord, show us some way to reach these students for Thee," prayed a young missionary as she watched the thousands of young people on the streets of Manila some years ago. In answer to this prayer of faith God put upon her heart the plan for Bible Clubs, and from the first His blessing was manifested. Six years ago last summer Miss Bessie M. Traber, former missionary to the Philippine Islands, was led to Philadelphia, and there, as a group of earnest Christians glimpsed the need and waited upon God, the Bible Club Movement in America was born. Since that time, more than 1,600 Bible Club chapters have been registered, reaching thirty-six states, Alaska and Canada. Clubs have been organized among children, young people and adults with Bible lessons adapted for each age group. A simple system of awards for memory work, ranging from pins and pencils to Scofield Bibles and a week at camp, is used. These are sent without charge from the home office. Volunteer leaders, including housewives, teachers, business girls, shop employees, business men and high school students, give of their time, their strength and their money in response to the need and the call to their hearts by the Spirit of God.

Doors to many mission fields have been closed these past months, but workers in this field of the unreached youth of America find doors wide open on every hand. Figures published recently state that in the few months since the war began there has been an increase of 41 percent in delinquency and crime among children 7 to 14. In prewar days it was stated that 80 percent of all our criminals were under 25 and that our army of the lawless then ran to 4,500,000. One can seldom pick up a Christian periodical without reading of 27,000,000 unreached children and the 9,000,000 unreached young people in our own United States. Statistics also state that 90 percent of all Christians are won to the Lord before they are 21 and that of all unbelievers over the age of 25 only two out of one hundred ever make a decision for Christ. A little boy who said he attended no Sunday School, when asked by a Bible Club leader if he knew anything about the Lord Jesus Christ, replied, "My daddy says Jesus Christ when he gets mad." A little Negro girl in a Philadelphia Club came to her leader at the close of her first club meeting with eyes wide and wondering as she asked, "Teacher, who is dis heah Jesus-man? I nebber did heah of Him." In Philadelphia alone there are 175,000 boys and girls who attend no Sunday School.

In these past years, the Lord has brought into being many organizations of labor in this mission field, but still there is much land to be possessed.

The Bible Club Movement, recently incorporated under the laws of Pennsylvania, is an undenominational faith work which exists for the purpose of

reaching the unreached and supplementing the Sunday School. One small boy, when asked what he did at Bible Club, replied, "Well, first you learn that Jesus loves you; then you learn to love Jesus." Daily the entire staff at 522 Schaff Building in Philadelphia, as well as hundreds of other "prayer warriors," wait upon the Lord, praying for the leaders, the needs of the organization, salvation of souls and God's blessing upon His Word as it is stored up in hundreds of hearts. Doors have been opened for clubs in schools, in homes, in churches, in rented halls, in institutions, as well as out-of-door groups in the summer time. Thousands of Bible verses have been memorized weekly and the blessing resulting from this ministry has been poured out upon leaders as well as club members. Thousands of children were gathered into regional spring rallies where many accepted the Lord. Eight hundred fifty boys and girls attended the four Bible Club camps last summer where daily miracles of grace were performed.

Teen age or S. O. S. (Sword of the Spirit) Clubs have been organized in many places. It is stated that 80 percent of our Sunday School members slip through our fingers during this adolescent or early teen-age period. One young girl, when invited to attend a High School Club, replied: "What do you do? If they teach you to read and understand the Bible, I'd like to come. If they just tell you things about it, I don't want to take the time." Some former Bible Club members are already in the army. Many others will be. What better thing can we do for the children and youth of our land than to bulwark them with the Word of God?

Labor in this mission field is not limited to those having specialized training. A vision of the need, a place to meet, some good material secured and a heart prepared by the Spirit of God are the essentials. More than two years ago a freckled-faced lad about eleven years of age appeared at the back door of the home of an earnest Christian who had been praying that God would open up a field of service for her. He pulled a Bible Club folder from his pocket and said, "Ain't it funny nobody cares enough for us kids to have one of them things for us and teach us?" The Lord spoke to her heart and great blessing resulted in her community. This mission field can be touched by warm hands and loving hearts.

Lift up your eyes and look on the fields that are white unto harvest.

Lift up your heart and pray.

Lift up your feet and go.

LIGHTED PATHWAY RATING FOR THE ASSEMBLY YEAR 1942-43

(Papers not paid for are deducted)

	Sold by Sub.	Sold by Rolls	Total
Alabama	1,608	25,728	27,336
Arizona	96	900	996
Arkansas	1,008	5,293	6,301
California	924	4,664	5,588

Canada	648	1,457	2,105
Colorado	48	200	248
Connecticut	12		12
Delaware	48	1,895	1,943
Florida	3,394	29,670	33,064
Foreign	432	2,291	2,723
Georgia	2,610	64,044	66,654
Idaho	156	1,081	1,237
Illinois	1,377	30,740	32,117
Indiana	204	4,627	4,831
Iowa	138	1,283	1,421
Kansas	108	2,469	2,577
Kentucky	924	23,868	24,792
Louisiana	336	5,430	5,766
Maine	204	1,239	1,443
Maryland	810	8,807	9,617
Massachusetts	72	673	745
Minnesota	144	1,245	1,389
Michigan	1,932	18,441	20,373
Mississippi	1,182	7,915	9,097
Missouri	486	8,992	9,478
Montana	258	1,567	1,825
Nebraska	24	210	234
New Jersey	132	1,464	1,596
New Mexico	180	930	1,110
New York	156	1,300	1,456
North Carolina	5,052	59,454	64,506
North Dakota	342	4,267	4,609
Ohio	1,428	13,865	15,293
Oklahoma	570	3,715	4,285
Oregon	240	1,820	2,060
Pennsylvania	1,464	8,221	9,685
South Carolina	1,596	109,067	110,663
South Dakota	195	1,226	1,421
Tennessee	3,144	33,520	36,664
Texas	1,344	20,541	21,885
Utah	72		72
Virginia	1,002	33,476	34,478
Washington	468	2,695	3,163
Washington, D. C.	12	1,918	1,930
West Virginia	2,604	21,875	24,479
Wisconsin	126	152	278
Wyoming	60	441	501

39,370 574,676 614,046

LIGHTED PATHWAYS

	Sold for 1941-42	Sold for 1942-43	Increase this year over last (decrease*)
Alabama	25,375	27,336	1,961
Arizona	741	996	255
Arkansas	3,990	6,301	2,311
California	3,648	5,588	1,940
Canada		2,105	2,105
Colorado	889	248	*641
Connecticut		12	12
Delaware	1,062	1,943	881
Florida	30,436	33,064	2,628
Foreign	3,256	2,723	*533
Georgia	55,411	66,654	11,243
Idaho	1,007	1,237	230
Illinois	11,940	32,117	20,177
Indiana	3,039	4,831	1,792
Iowa	957	1,421	464
Kansas	1,686	2,577	891
Kentucky	23,987	24,792	805
Louisiana	5,833	5,766	*67
Maine	1,462	1,443	*19
Maryland	5,713	9,617	3,904
Massachusetts	429	745	316
Michigan	6,239	20,373	14,134
Minnesota	781	1,389	608
Mississippi	6,515	9,097	2,582
Missouri	3,626	9,478	5,852
Montana	1,266	1,825	559
Nevada	36		*36
Nebraska	364	234	*130
New Jersey	1,196	1,596	400
New Mexico	1,399	1,110	*289
New York	324	1,456	1,132
North Carolina	56,973	64,506	7,533
North Dakota	3,436	4,609	1,173

(Continued on page 16)



Mission Page

A TRIP INTO THE TROPICAL WILDS OF SOUTHERN MEXICO

By J. W. ARCHER

(Continued from June issue)

Well, well, you youngsters surely got up early. Here it is only six o'clock and I could hear you chattering around in the hall like a flock of these tropical parrots. But, then, I guess you are just as excited as they are, and with the new sun, want to see what the new day has to present in the way of excitement and interest.

All right, you don't have long to wait. Just come on, all of you, out onto this veranda at the northwest end of the hotel. As we are on the third floor, which is incidentally the top floor, we can see out over a typical city of the tropics. There, look at that for a view! As far as you can see over these flower-enshrined roof tops, and stretching out across those increasingly higher mountains to that snow-capped mountain peak off there forty miles away, is a solid mass of tropical green forests. Hear the birds singing everywhere, and see how the sun turns into gold the snow-white shroud of that distant mountain peak. What?—that mountain can't be forty miles away! Why child, it's a good two days' hike to the base of it, and another day to the top,—if you can get to the top over those icy steeps. Yes, I know it looks to be only about ten or fifteen miles, but distances are very deceiving in the cool, fresh air of the early morning. That peak is Mt. Orizaba, the second highest peak on the North American continent. Who can tell me the highest one, and where it is located? Eh? Oh well, never mind, I wouldn't be sure whether your answer was right or not. Lookout Mountain? Well, hardly, though it might be to Chattanooga. This peak reaches some 19,000 feet, a thousand higher than the volcanoes you saw near Mexico City. This one is also volcanic.

Have you noticed how fresh the air is here and how much more deeply you can breathe? That's it—just fill your lungs good. The air is laden with the life given off by the millions of forest leaves. One breath does you as much good here as three in Mexico City. That's why, in Mexico City, you have to breathe so fast when you climb a simple flight of stairs, and here you never notice it.

Well, let's eat breakfast and get over to the depot. The train doesn't leave until 9:15, but when we get there at eight o'clock there will be a tail a half block long waiting for the ticket window to open,

Note from the Writer

Many have been asking me if these articles are true or fiction. Of course, the group of you young people traveling with me is imaginary, but every word in these articles is a statement of experiences of the writer in his work in Mexico. I have just visited the United States and have been somewhat overwhelmed with gratitude to all of you good people for your expressions of appreciation of these and my articles in the Evangel. I wish to take this means of expressing to you, and to the many who have written me letters, the feeling of humility and love that has been engendered in my heart to you all, because of your many kind words, and to say that I am remembering as many of your prayer requests as possible. Adios.—Hermano Archer.

and there will be three or more people for every seat. This is the terminal for the line operating but once a day from here clear to the Guatamalan border, more than two days south of here, and for that matter, the only train clear to Panama. We meet another line coming out of Port of Vera Cruz about midday, but the two combine and form the one train daily running south. And as I have already told you, this is the

Dear Mrs. Harrison:

Greetings in the name of Jesus. Please pardon my taking up your time but for some weeks I have wanted to write you.

While spending a few days at the Assembly of God Bible School in Havana, Cuba, I saw a copy of the Lighted Pathway. I surely enjoyed reading it. After returning, I lost your address, but Brother and Sister Case, your missionaries in Santiago de Cuba, gave me another copy and one of the Evangelists. They are a grand couple and are working hard for the Master.

My work is outside of Santiago. Caney is just a stop in the road. The people are poor and humble. The men look like Mexican cowboys, wearing spurs, large hats, etc., when driving their horses and using such fancy leather saddles. Everyone is so friendly and nice, though, that I love it here.

As I am doing orphanage work it doesn't leave me much time to go out, but reading makes up for that. This work here is the first Assembly orphanage work in Cuba and yet we have hardly started. I came here from Puerto Rico in November, 1942; God has a great work to be done on this large island for His glory.

I would very much like to subscribe to your paper.

Thank you so much and when praying for the Case family, please remember the work here.—Marguerite E. Lansen, Caney, Ote., Cuba.

jumping off place. From here south there has been no means of transportation other than the train, except horseback, ox cart, or burro.

Now don't get so excited! All of these 500 people you see milling around and squatted in groups on the ground are not going to board the train, although a surprising lot of them will; but for each group leaving on the train there is a flock of relatives to see them off. Yes, all these baskets, chickens, dogs, cats, bird cages, etc., will be somehow crammed on. Yes, you are right, the odors will come aboard also. No, son, thanks; I appreciate your offering to stand in this long, tiresome line for me waiting for tickets. Just watch as I walk down along this line. "Patron, patron! Puedo comprar sus boletas, patron!" They are saying, "Boss, boss, I can buy your tickets for you, boss." Here, let's give our money to this fellow almost up to the window; he will buy our tickets for a small commission, and we can get comfortable seats on the train, that is, as comfortable as straight-back, wooden bench seats can be. I assure you they will get plenty hard before we reach our destination at four this afternoon.

We didn't get on any too soon, did we? Look at them racing for seats. Soon they'll be crowding the aisles besides us, hanging their many-colored, overloaded burlap bags on the hooks above our heads, and planting their kids and chickens at our feet. But I like to ride second class. In the first place it is just half fare, and in the second place it gives one a burden for souls. So many of the first-class folk try to act first class. They feel and act as if they felt above the average human. But these folk are natural. Notice how they all grin and chatter. They don't seem to mind how much they are shoved around and tramped on; nor for that matter, how much they shove you around and tramp on you. Inconvenience and hardship and suffering are as common to them as kitchen sinks are to us. Maybe more so, because they all have suffering and we don't all have sinks.

Let's sing. No, they won't do anything to us, and these precious people will drink it in like desert sand absorbs a thunder shower. Oh yes, sure! It's against the law, but they practice doubly in Latin countries our system in the United States; instead of repealing old laws, they just forget about them. Of course, it has been only six or eight years ago that they would have put you in jail, or raised up a riot right here on the train if we were to sing—but, well, anyhow, let's sing. That's it! Well, glory! Didn't that sound good? And look out the window. Two hundred people are trying to crowd around. Most of them are seriously interested or smiling with joy. That army officer over there looks like he ate a green persimmon. Maybe he didn't like that one. Let's try

(Continued on page 18)



HYMN STORIES

WOMEN'S SONGS IN PREACHING OF THE GOSPEL

Carolyn F. Staats

Some of the most beautiful and soul-stirring hymns the world has ever sung have been written by women. It is as if, to repay Christ's sympathy and love which opened up a new life and a grander, wider mission to her, she had used her talents in telling the redemption story in song.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote:

*"Not she with trait'rous kiss her
Savior stung;
Not she denied Him with unholy
tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could
danger brave,
Last at His cross, and earliest at His
grave."*

The influence and great service of women's songs have come down to us through history. The songs of Fanny J. Crosby are sung more today in revival meetings and Sunday Schools perhaps than those of any other living person. Three thousand songs is considered a fair estimate of the number produced by her. "Saved by Grace," written in 1891, was a favorite of D. L. Moody, and he believed it would become one of the greatest of revival hymns. The simplest of all her songs, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," was her favorite. This was played at the funerals of Presidents Grant and Garfield. "Rescue the Perishing" has been one of the most powerful of missionary songs.

No more tender or heartfelt prayer could be uttered than that contained in the hymn, "More Love to Thee, O Christ," written by Mrs. Elizabeth Payson Prentiss, of Portland, Maine, who also produced many other hymns. Her book, *Stepping Heavenward*, reached a sale of two hundred thousand copies in the United States and had a wide circulation in foreign lands. She became an invalid at an early age, and died in 1878 at the height of her literary fame. The hymn above mentioned was written during great suffering of body and soul.

One afternoon in 1860, Mrs. Ellen Gates of Newark, New Jersey, wrote a hymn entitled, "Your Mission," which during the dark days of the Civil War Philip Phillips was invited to sing in the Senate in Washington. The chamber was crowded with leading statesmen, generals of the army and friends of the Union. The audience sat spellbound until he reached the fifth stanza, when the hearers were roused to a state of great enthusiasm:

*"If you cannot, in the conflict,
Prove yourself a soldier true;
If where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battlefield is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead."*

President Lincoln, who was present, was so moved that he hurriedly wrote

the following note and sent it to the Secretary of State:

"Near the close let us have 'Your Mission,' repeated by Mr. Phillips. Don't say I called for it. LINCOLN."

Mrs. Gates also wrote, "Oh, the Clanging Bells of Time," and "The Home of the Soul," beginning, "I will sing you a song of that beautiful land."

"I Need Thee Every Hour," is one of the songs written by Mrs. Annie Sherwood Hawks of Brooklyn, N. Y. Thousands have been thrilled by this beautiful hymn and it has been especially influential in foreign missions. Another precious hymn is the one beginning,

*"Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scatt'ring full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me,
Even me."*

Its author is Mrs. Elizabeth Codner of Somersetshire, England.

In 1866 Miss Katherine Hankey, the daughter of a London banker, wrote the life of Jesus in a poem of fifty stanzas. From this poem two well-known hymns have been taken,

*"Tell me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,"*

and "I Love to Tell the Story." Both these hymns have been greatly used in revival work and translated into many foreign languages.

In gospel temperance work the song, "What Shall the Harvest Be?" was much used:

*"Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare;
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?"*

This hymn was written by Mrs. Emily Sullivan Oakey, a teacher in the Albany Female Academy for many years until her death in 1883.

No solo sung by Mr. Sankey previous to "The Ninety and Nine," produced more remarkable results than the one beginning with the stanza:

*"What means this eager, anxious
throng,
Which moves with busy haste along?
These wondrous gatherings day by
day,—
What means this strange commotion,
pray?
In accents hushed the throngs reply,
Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."*

A great revival was held in a large church in Newark, New Jersey, in 1864. The preacher gave a talk on the answer given to blind Bartimeus, when they told him that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by. In the audience was Miss Emma Campbell, a teacher in Morristown, New Jersey, who was deeply moved by the service. Returning to her home she wrote this hymn. Audiences of many thousands have been thrilled by it, and many led to Christ.

*"Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;*

*Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers.
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done."*

This most impressive hymn was written in 1854 by Miss Annie L. Walker of Canada. Another gospel hymn used in evangelistic services was Mrs. Lydia Baxter's "Gates Ajar."

One of the most effective of sacred hymns is "The Ninety and Nine." At a revival meeting in Edinburgh when Mr. Moody had preached a sermon on "The Good Shepherd," the attentive audience was still as death. At that moment Mr. Moody stepped over to Mr. Sankey and asked, "Have you anything appropriate to sing?" Mr. Sankey remembered an anonymous hymn that had been found on a train, and seating himself at the organ he proceeded to sing it, improvising the tune as he sang. While the audience sat spellbound, a woman sitting back in the gallery was moved to tears. A few days later she wrote a letter to Mr. Sankey in which she said: "I thank you for singing the other day my deceased sister's words. She wrote them five years ago." The poem was written by Miss Elizabeth C. Clephane of Melrose, Scotland, probably in 1868.

The vast influence of women's songs in evangelism is an interesting study. Their songs have been a benediction to the world. "What they learned in suffering they teach in song."

The founder of the Pillar of Fire church, Bishop Alma White, is a writer of hymns, having written about one hundred fifty, many of which have been set to music. Besides her hymns she has written several volumes of verse on other subjects. Some of her best hymns were born of suffering. They are the outpourings of a soul that in trial is leaning on the everlasting arms of Christ the Savior.

HYMNS WE LOVE

The beloved preacher John Fawcett and his wife stood on the porch of their cottage to bid farewell to the congregation he had served faithfully for many years. Parting from the little Baptist Church at Wainsgate, England—even with the prospect of a great future in one of London's most prosperous parishes to cheer them—was difficult. In fact, it was too much for John Fawcett. He looked at the assembled church folk for a minute, then looked back at the empty house, and said, "We will not go. Unload the wagons and put everything in the place where it was before." Then he dispatched an explanatory letter to London, and settled down once again to serve his people—at a salary of less than two hundred dollars a year.

It was in commemoration of this event in his life that John Fawcett wrote one of the world's best-loved hymns:

*"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above . . ."*

—From Sunday School Times.



BIBLE LESSONS

Program Outline

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on someone to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but interperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHT FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The subtopics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topics. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program, it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a Y.P.E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Jesus.

EXAMPLES

John 13:15

Thoughts for the Leader

In work or recreation we should remember someone is watching us. We should be examples to all people we come in contact with, and over all God sees and hears, knows our very thoughts, and just how much of our lives are lived to glorify Him. Dear reader, it is in the moment that you think not that someone is trying to find out if you are living the life you are preaching about. Oh yes, they will talk about you, they would do that, Jesus said they would. But deep in their hearts if you are living the life you preach, they have a respect for you that they cannot hide, even as they persecuted Christ and in different ways they had respect for Him. At times they turned away with head-hanging because they could not look in the face of the Lord of glory and disbelieve. Even now, with the Bible plain as it is they will try to gainsay and laugh it off, but in the sinner's heart you have sowed a seed that will not die, when you preach and live the life the Son of God has planned for you. Let us all watch ourselves that the Lord of glory may be glorified in us and pray that every moment may be one of praising God.

EXAMPLES IN CHURCH

Lev. 19:30; Psalms 89:7

Eccl. 5:1,2, "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear, than to give the sacrifice of fools: for they consider not that they do evil. Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine

heart be hasty to utter any thing before God: for God is in heaven, and thou upon the earth: therefore let thy words be few."

Dear reader, as we enter into the house of God do we realize that God is in His holy temple and is listening for the voice of His saints? Do we bend the knee and bow the head in reverence to our King and Master? The sinful people of the earth when they enter into the presence of their king bow to him. Child of God, do these people love and fear their king more than we do ours? As we go into the church building and see first this one and that one gossiping with his or her neighbor, do we ourselves join in their conversation or do we set an example by getting on our knees before God and giving Him the first-fruits of our lips? Do you know the sinner is close by watching you, perhaps listening to our conversation? The Bible says, "God looketh on the heart," but the same Bible says, "From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." So, child of God, if our hearts are as they should be let us give God the homage that is due Him.

EXAMPLES IN THE FIELD OF WORK

Isa. 53:11; Prov. 11:30

Child of God, how sincerely do you work to bring Christ to a lost and dying nation? Are your minds on how you may bring some lost soul to know the love of Christ the Savior, the Author of our salvation? Are your actions and ways all they should be to show that God has claimed you for His own? Has every thought, word or deed been committed unto God that you may be an example to them that they may see something in you to give them a desire to know your Christ? Does your soul cry out to God on how you may turn the lost and dying world from their sin into His marvelous light? Does the love God gives radiate from your faces until the child of sin can see his lost condition? We should examine ourselves to see if we are examples, to see if our lives inspire someone to turn from sin. Oh that the sinner could see Christ in us! Are our Bibles read that we might give the Word of God to those who desire to hear? Are our prayers made in secret every day that we can travail before God to save some soul? Does the convicting Spirit of God work as we are telling them about the God of our salvation? Are our prayers going up continually before the throne of grace in earnest pleadings that God will work His will in our lives that they may be profitable unto Him?

WHO CARES FOR MY SOUL?

WILMA UNDERWOOD

Psalms 142:4, "I looked on my right hand, and behold there was no man that would know me: refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul."

These are the words of the Psalmist David when he was in the cave. Saul had chased him from the city, from

pillar to post. He felt persecuted and forsaken. It seems strange for a man like David, who had already been anointed to the kingship of Saul, to say such words. Still stranger is it for any man in our day, with such opportunities to know Jesus, to say, "No man careth for my soul." Yet, probably our next door neighbor can truthfully say, "No man cares for my soul." Why? Because we have neglected to say anything to him about his soul. Have we proved we do care?

SATAN CARES FOR YOUR SOUL

Yes, the devil cares for your soul, the human soul, because he wants to destroy all that is fine and noble. He wants to destroy manhood, and the redemption work of Christ. In 1 Peter 5:8, "... because your adversary, the devil, ... walketh about seeking whom he may devour." The devil is always throwing "hooks" at your soul. I'm sure you recall Jesus saying to Peter, "Satan has desired to have you." Yes, that old serpent desired Peter's soul. He desires my soul, your soul, every human soul. Shall we let him have his way, or shall we as Christians hinder him in every way possible?

THE CHRISTIAN'S CARE

Christian people care for your soul, though some of them may be backward about saying so. The houses of worship they build and gladly welcome you to show they care. Thousands of earnest ministers of Christ are preaching the gospel all over the world. Thousands of sincere men and women everywhere are praying and agonizing for your soul. Yes, we Christians care for that precious soul. We may seem not to care sometimes but deep in our hearts we have the burden for lost souls. We yearn to see that soul satisfied. The long roll of martyrs and the comfortable homes our ministers and Christian workers leave, prove that we do care for your soul.

CHRIST CARES FOR YOUR SOUL

Above all, the lowly Nazarene cares for your soul. He cared so much that He came from heaven, took upon Himself the form of a servant and went to death on the cross. Calvary is Christ's love-sacrifice. In Romans 5:8, "But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." While we were yet sinners, Christ cared so much for us that He was willing to die. His refuge never faileth. Aren't you glad that we have a Friend that cares so much for us? Oh, thanks be to God, He doth care for my soul! He's my burden-bearer, a very present help in the time when it seems that no one cares for my soul.

A CHAT ABOUT TALK

SARAH BLANCHE MCGUIRE

Psa. 50:23

Thoughts for the Leader

In Matt. 5:37 we read in Jesus' own words, "But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

How seriously do we think about these words and ponder them and see the good in them? Our Lord Jesus saw the danger of His people, for in many places He tells us to watch and keep

a guard over our lips.

Paul also in his epistles, many times, tells us to be careful about this member. Do we see the need today to set a guard upon our lips? Many times we are told of the harm that this member can do to ourselves and also to others. Let us remember these things and pray as in Psa. 141:3, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

IDLE TALK

Psa. 34:13; Prov. 26:20, 28

In Ephesians 5:4 we read, "Neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient: but rather giving of thanks." Remember just as other things become habit so does talking until when we have nothing better to talk about we will resort to foolish talking and jesting. After it is finished how lean we feel within ourselves and then wonder why. Talking is a bad habit to form and the devil is there ready to help us with little flattering speeches and little untruths until in just a little while we throw caution to the winds and lie and flatter to the devil's content. How much better if we had spent the time in prayer and thanksgiving, glorifying God, praising His holy name and giving honor to Him.

SOUND SPEECH

Eccl. 10:11, 15

Titus 2:8, "Sound speech, that cannot be condemned; that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of you." Do we think of what sound speech consists? If our speech is sound it will glorify God and those who are unsaved will not be able to point the finger of scorn at us.

Sound speech is the voice of authority. When we know whereof we speak, who can speak against us? Our words, with the power of God with them, carry a weight that those who would speak and deny the truth are made ashamed and turn away.

A SANCTIFIED TONGUE

Eccl. 5:1-4; Col. 4:6

We should as children of God seek to have our tongues sanctified and in God's house as reverence to Him our tongues should be used to glorify God, not visiting with each other and telling each other things that happened yesterday or of things that are going to happen tomorrow, but with our hearts, minds, and tongues we should give thanks and praise to God the author of our salvation. It would be very foolish to go see our mother and look and talk to everyone but her, so it is when we go to the house of God to worship Him; after seeing and talking to everyone else then do we greet Him whom we profess to love? Do we as children of God believe that He honors such? Or do we go to God's house, get on our knees for ten minutes and spend fifty minutes talking to others? Let us as children of God take this question and consider it gravely, for God's Word is truth and he who bridleth not his tongue this man's religion is vain.

COOPERATION

MILDRED AUSTIN

Scripture Lesson: 1 Cor. 3:9

Thoughts for the Leader

Without a doubt there will never be

Shut-in Corner

This Shut-in Corner is dedicated to the shut-in readers of the Lighted Pathway in memory of my sister, Mrs. W. G. Rankin, Edmond, Okla., who recently went to be with Jesus after twenty-five years of suffering.

Route, Box 184
Brooksville, Fla.

Box 186
Wapato, Wash.

Dear Editor:

I certainly thank the Lord for the paper, The Lighted Pathway. It has such wonderful Christian reading. People can read your paper and get such a good blessing out of it. I am confined to a wheel-chair and have been for over six years, but I am happy in my soul, and ready for heaven; ready to meet my Lord Jesus whom I serve. I am still trusting that the good Lord will yet let me walk on this earth once more, and won't that be grand? Praise His holy name! I am inclosing a dollar for a subscription to your fine paper.—Yours in Christ, John T. Mould.

Shut in, God knoweth why,
That days and weeks and month pass
by

And still, shut in.

The busy rush of life goes on,
The new year comes, the old year
gone,

And still, shut in.

Shut in; still there comes love,
And peace, and joy down from above,
While thus shut in.

Shut in; so may it be

anything accomplished without cooperation. Never has there been anything worth while done without cooperation. When we all pray and work together, the impossible, it seems, can be done. Of course, we all know that when we stand together we can do things for God and His great program, but surely, if we become divided the devil creeps in and everything worthwhile crumbles. Today, more than ever we must cooperate and stand together. Let us all look for the best, and cooperate so that the very best can be accomplished. And, too, remember that we can build the walls of faith against all opposition if we cooperate.

IT WORKS MIRACLES

In Daniel 2 we find that through cooperation the great tower of Babel was built. It seemed impossible, but through this great standing together the imp of impossibility was knocked asunder. Isn't it wonderful to know that we have stood by our fellow-workers and have accomplished something worthwhile for Jesus? Such a blessing it is just to know! And in Dan. 2:21 we find "He changeth the times and the seasons: he removeth kings, and setteth up kings: he giveth wisdom unto the wise, and knowledge to them that know understanding." So we see, if we'll pray and cooperate, our desires will be made a thing of the present, and not something of a hope so.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have been a cripple all my life. I am sending a request for you and all the saints to pray for my healing. I am a member of the Church of God. I think it is the most wonderful church on earth. To me the Lighted Pathway is the best paper. It is a blessing to my soul.

I am thankful I am saved, sanctified, and filled with the Holy Ghost and on my way to heaven. May the Lord be with you and bless you.—A brother in Christ, Aaron Cole.

Anyone who feels led to write these brothers, it would certainly be appreciated.—Ed.

Until the hour He saith to me,
"It is enough—go forth to service with
thy might,
Either in earthly ways or fields of
light,
No more shut in!"

So on I go not knowing—
I would not if I might;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light.
I'd rather walk by faith with Him
Than go alone by sight.

—Sel. by Grace Ward.

LAZINESS HINDERS

The devil is making many believe laziness is poor health and sickness. Neh. 4:6, "For the people had a mind to work." If he can only get us in a state of self-pity, we'll do nothing, but if we have that determination and mind to work we will do something for Jesus! As long as we are worried about the other loafers we'll become so wrapped up in their laziness till we'll eventually become lazy ourselves. When Christ appeared again to His disciples before the crucifixion we find that Peter became interested in who would betray Him, and on one occasion asked, "And what shall this man do?" In return Jesus answered, "What is that to thee? Follow thou me." So we see as long as we keep our eyes steadily on Him, we'll only have ourselves to answer for, not that lazy so-called Christian who does nothing.

IT KEEPS THE CHURCH ALIVE

Have we ever seen a church on fire for God without cooperation? Emphatically no! As long as Christians sit back and lean on the other fellow, our churches of today will have no spirit and fire. Just with that simple, yet great word, "cooperation," people are healed and made whole. John 5:7 says, "moving waters heal." Had the man, who had been an invalid for thirty-eight years, not cooperated with Jesus and had that faith, would he have been healed? No!

(Continued on page 16)

OUR CHURCH PAGE

(NOTE: Condensed from an article in the Wesleyan Methodist by Rev. W. M. Phaup.)

There are several things that go to make up good public speaking in any walk of life, and public speaking for the minister must embrace the same principles. The English of the pulpit is one of the major elements in a discussion of the preacher as a public speaker. There are special reasons why no man in the pulpit should lose an opportunity of mastering the language he speaks. Public speaking is one of the chief tools of the ministry, and this tool must not be allowed to rust or become blunt. The using of good English does not necessarily make a good preacher, yet without a certain degree of skill on this line, no man can discuss convincingly the great truths that are his to discuss. More than one preacher has woefully handicapped himself by taking an erroneous attitude toward the language he speaks. Occasionally we hear the statement, "I have no time to bother with my English; my business is to preach the gospel." It can well be said that the man who pays no attention to his language will always be a bungler.

STYLE

One of the first things to be taken into consideration is the **STYLE** of public speaking. A good style is nothing more nor less than the expressing of a thought in the right way. Different types of thoughts demand different forms of expression, but simplicity of style is always good taste. Any person of average intelligence can learn to shape language to thought. The preacher who is handicapped by a lack of mastery of his mother tongue has simply failed to put forth a sufficient effort. The requisite for progress is the will to improve. Power over words does not fall as the gentle rain; skill of speech comes only as the result of persistent labor. Many a preacher disgraces himself and humiliates his congregation by making errors which could easily be corrected. For instance, one preacher began his testimony by saying, "Brethren and sisters, the Lord has *did* wonderful things for me during the past year." People judge us by our language; therefore our language needs to be judged.

CLEARNESS

In his public speaking the minister must take **CLARITY** of thought and expression into consideration. It is very necessary that the minister use the language of his congregation. Apparently one pastor failed to do this when a witty layman described him by saying he could "dive deep, stay down long, and come up dry." We are told that in the Buddhist religion the more obscure and mystical a lecture is, the more highly it is regarded. And there are some in the Christian religion who are impressed by high-sounding phrases and long words, no matter how meaningless they may be. But big words do not indicate deep thoughts. **CLEARNESS ON THE PART**

OF A PREACHER IS A SACRED DUTY.

One sin against clearness is the badly constructed sentence. Dr. Dale of Birmingham used to tell of a preacher whose sermons consisted of a conglomeration of endless sentences, each "sprouting out into joint after joint, never ceasing to grow, until for some inexplicable reason he finally said, Amen." One of the fathers of New England Methodism, Edward Taylor, was given to using long, unwieldy sentences. Now and then he would become hopelessly involved and give up the struggle saying, "Brethren, I have lost the subject of this sentence, but bless the Lord, I'm on the way to heaven." Not everyone, however, can extricate himself so skillfully.

FORCE

Style and clarity having been considered, let us now look at **FORCE** as an element of public speaking. The virtue of forcefulness must be cultivated. Some words are weak and colorless; others are strong and vivid. A sentence may emit a few gentle purrs, or it may crack like a whip. A sermon may sprawl or march. It may induce sleep or be an inspiration. It was said of Napoleon that his words were half battles.

Force is never the result of loud shouting or extreme statements. "Don't scream, Sammy," was the exhortation of Wesley to one of his preachers. This is still good advice and in many cases sorely needed. Some confuse noisy preaching with good preaching. But often noisy preaching is a "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

"Most college professors today are

going to hell, and carrying all their students with them." Statements so extreme that they are false are not effective under any circumstances. Another thing to remember is that *ranting is never force.*

BEAUTY

Beauty is another element of public speaking. Beauty is not necessarily ornament, nor does it have to mean figures of speech. It does mean the elimination of the harsh and crude. One enemy of beautiful speech is the too frequent repeating of a word in the same sentence or paragraph. The imagination must be employed to develop beauty of speech. There is no literature in the world richer in beautiful expressions than the Bible. From David we have, "Let the sea roar and the fulness thereof." "Let all the trees of the field clap their hands." "The wings of the morning." Beauty of speech is *caught* rather than *taught*. The man who hears beautiful language is likely to speak it. Studying great writers and great orators is much help in developing beauty of thought. It made John Bunyan, an ignorant tinker of Bedford, a well of undefiled English. If one is a student of the Bible, his speech is sure to improve.

DAILY

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily." "Daily"—this is the trial. A man may heroically do it once for all, and he would have plenty of people to honor him, and books written about him, but it is terribly difficult to go on every day denying oneself, and no one knowing anything about it.—J. N. D.

LAMPLIGHTERS

By Clarence Edwin Flynn

Across the reaches of the past
They came with patient care,
And where the darkness had been cast
They set lamps glowing there.
Some feared their coming, for their eyes
Were so unused to light
It startled them, but some were wise,
And welcomed freer sight.

Across the future, shadowed still,
Shall the lamplighters go,
Till dawn has touched the dimmest hill
And all the vales below,
Till men who wander lost and spent,
Through the mind's age-long pall,
Shall move erect and confident
Where Truth illumines all.

—The Adult Student.



SHINE

I would not give much for your religion unless it can be seen. Lamps do not talk; but they do shine. A lighthouse sounds no drum, it beats no gong; and yet far over the water its friendly spark is seen by the mariner. So let your actions shine out your religion. Let the main sermon of your life be illustrated by all your conduct and it shall not fail to be illustrious.—C. H. Spurgeon.



LETTERS FROM OUR TRAINING CAMPS

Dear Sister Harrison:

For many years I have read and enjoyed the Lighted Pathway. It is a source of blessings to many people where it is read. I don't believe that anyone could do any one thing that would be of more profit to the Christian soldiers than to send the Lighted Pathway to them each month.

You are doing a great work in the position which you hold and my prayer is that God will lead and direct you in this great work. If we can get the young people to accept Christ and follow His teachings then the church of tomorrow will be better than the church of today. You, in the position you hold, are one of the leaders in the move to save the young people. May the Lord richly bless you in your work is my prayer.

Again let me thank you for sending me the Lighted Pathway.—Cpl. Benjamin H. Delay, Air Corps, 11th A. D. G. Hq. Sq., 12th A. F. S. C., A. P. O. 528, c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I received your letter the other day and also the roll of Lighted Pathways. The boys really enjoy reading the paper. Please pray for the boys here at camp. We are having good services at the little church I attend. God is blessing in a great way. May He bless your work.—Cpl. John E. Pringle, 417 Bomb Group, 675 Sqdn., Will Rogers Field, Okla.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Please extend my thanks to the many friends who wrote to me in answer to the letter published in the Lighted Pathway. I certainly appreciated each letter and I was helped and encouraged very much. I wish that it were possible for me to answer every one of the letters, but it would take a long time under the censorship regulations. God bless every one who made me happy by writing and sending greeting cards for Easter.—B. S. Prescott, Sea. 2/C U.S.N.R., Aviation Overhaul, Navy 140, c/o Fleet P. O. Div. 2, San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I thank you very much for the roll of Lighted Pathways. I have placed them in our day rooms where many of the boys go to do their reading and writing. I feel sure that the paper will be a blessing to them.

I am now listening to a quartet over the radio as they sing those good old songs I love to hear. It reminds me of the services we had back home in the hills of West Virginia.

Please keep praying for me.—Cpl. Hayward Gibson, Co. C., Maint. Bn., A.P.O. 262, Camp Campbell, Ky.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Many thanks for the rolls of Lighted Pathways. I have read each copy over and over and find that the Lighted Pathway is one of the best Christian magazines I have ever read. I distributed the copies in the day rooms, chapels, and libraries where several persons could read each copy.

It is refreshing to have such a fine magazine as the Lighted Pathway to read.

I praise the Lord for keeping me here in the army. He can go with us anywhere and will fight our battles for us. He is still on the throne and He knows our every need. Oh, that our whole nation would turn to Him for help and guidance! Don't forget to pray for us boys.—Pvt. Talmadge McNabb, Btry. B. 563 (AAA), Camp Stewart, Ga.

LETTERS FROM CHAPLAINS

Dear Friends:

Thank you for the copies of the Lighted Pathway. The men of the forts like the magazine. I've never seen a magazine so chocked full of good things as the Lighted Pathway. Thanks again for the copies and may you have continued success.—Carl O. Wirey, Captain, AUS., Chaplain.

Dear Friends:

Appreciation is hereby expressed for receipt of twenty copies of the Lighted Pathway. These copies shall be placed in our extensive library and distributed in the hospital.

Thank you very much for your generosity and consideration.—A. R. Jones, Major, Chaplain.

Dear Friends:

We received the copies of your periodical and wish to thank you for them. I can assure you they were distributed very judiciously among the soldiers here at the post.

You may continue to send them as we can use them to good advantage.—Lt. Col. C. Clarence Neslen, Post Chaplain.

Dear Friends:

We have received a goodly number of the Lighted Pathway. These periodicals are excellent and are being placed in the many "God's Corners" in the day rooms of units on this post, as well as being distributed to individuals.

The men and I deeply appreciate your kindness to us and hope that you will continue to include us in your mailing list.—T. W. B. Magnan, Chaplain.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I received the roll of Lighted Pathways and I thank you very much for them. I distributed them around for other boys to read also. I certainly appreciate the Lighted Pathway and find it a great help to read it and my Bible. I am proud that people are praying for me, for I certainly need prayer.

I also have a special request. Please pray that I will be privileged to go back home and help my father and mother. They are in poor health and need my help very much.—Pvt. Wayne

Collins, 413 Training Group Flight, 4, A.A.F.T.T.C., Basic Training Center 4, Miami Beach, Fla.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am glad to report victory in my soul today. The Lord has been very good to me. He saved and filled me with the Holy Ghost when I was fifteen years of age, and I am twenty-three now and He still abides. He is such a wonderful friend. I have been in the army since November, and I find it harder to live a good Christian life, but I have managed to do so thus far, and I want to stay true. I have a good Christian friend here with me and I praise God for him. We often talk to the boys about the Lord. Every Christian has a real job to do. I am proud of the hope we have of living after this life is over. I am proud of a good praying wife at home and a good mother, and also lots of good friends. There are lots of boys who do not have this kind of encouragement. Pray much for my buddy and me that we will stay true to the Lord.

My wife sends me the Lighted Pathway and it is real food to my soul. I think it is a wonderful paper, and is a great help to those who want to learn about Christ.

Keep the good work going, and some day you will be paid in full.

Remember and pray for all the boys in the service. Prayer will help when everything else fails.—Your brother in Christ, Pvt. Noble B. Walls, 34478021, Med. Det. 536th C. A. Bn. (AA) A.P.O. 3792, c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a reader of the Lighted Pathway and enjoy it so much. I have been in the army three months, but there is no place like home. I thank the Lord that some day we will have a home that we will not have to leave.

I belong to the Church at Smithfield, N. C. I have the privilege here of going to church once a week; I am grateful for that, but I still love the Church of God.

Pray for me that I will stand true to the Lord.—A brother in Christ, Pfc. Charles J. Harrell, 397 T.S.S. Bk. 8 G-F. B., Keesler Field, Miss.

Dear Friends:

While the soldiers are playing stringed instruments, I am glad that I can offer a word of praise to the good Lord for salvation.

I have the peace of God still abiding in my soul and am pressing my way to the glory land. I wonder if you can imagine some of the tests and trials that we undergo here.

One brother here was sick and later he got a letter from some sister who said she had been under a great burden and she told just when she prayed through and it was the time this brother got healed. So you see how God answers prayer.—Pvt. C. S. Green, A. S. N. 34244371, Quartermaster Lndry Dep., A.P.O. 990, c/o Postmaster, Seattle, Washington.

EDITOR'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 2)

At the end of each quarter have an examination and give a nice prize for the one who makes the best grade. To have this in the homes would be good. Do you not think that our young people should be encouraged to study the Word of God? What church or Y.P.E. will be first to organize into a club of this kind?

Don't wait for all your church to sign up for this. Take your interested ones, if only two or three, and hold on until others catch the fire. People are needing to study and if the pastor does not lead out it will not be apt to succeed. How wonderful it would be now if our boys in service had had someone to take an interest in them. It would not be so easy now to overthrow their faith as they meet with all kinds of temptations. Let it be our aim this year to be well-balanced workers for the Lord.

Suggestion for Books To Study

The Great Doctrines of the Bible, Wm. Evans, Ph.D., D.D. Order from the Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn. Price \$1.50.

July Prize Winner

Edwin M. Mortenson, Columbia, S. C., is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5.00 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

July Honor Roll

Larence E. Bragg, Harrisburg, Ill.
Mattie Roberson, Valdese, N. C.
J. L. Barfield, S. Greenwood, S. C.
Marie Calvert, Tucapau, S. C.
Mae Couch, Fort Mill, S. C.
Beatrice Carroll, Greenwood, S. C.

COOPERATION

(Continued from page 13)

Let us have the cooperating spirit and that first love so that our church and its great program will be alive and worthwhile.

*It isn't what we have,
But what we give;
It isn't where we are,
But how we live;
It isn't what we do,
But how we do it—
That makes this life
Worth going through it!*

LIGHTED PATHWAY

(Continued from page 9)

Ohio	10,799	15,293	4,494
Oklahoma	4,068	4,285	217
Oregon	1,220	2,060	840
Pennsylvania	12,041	9,685	*2,356
South Carolina	76,578	110,663	34,085
South Dakota	9,699	1,421	*8,278
Tennessee	37,655	36,664	*991
Texas	22,497	21,885	*612
Virginia	12,684	34,478	21,794
Washington	1,928	3,163	1,235
Washington D. C.	1,000	1,930	930
West Virginia	26,193	24,479	*1,714
Wisconsin	60	278	218
Wyoming	220	501	281
Utah		72	72
Rhode Island	14		* 14
	479,672	614,046	150,004
Decrease			15,680

Amount Sent from Each State to the Fund for Sending Lighted Pathways to Soldiers

Illinois	\$223.70
Florida	48.35
Virginia	43.25
South Carolina	39.10
North Carolina	33.00
Kentucky	24.85
Missouri	23.40
Tennessee	23.00
Georgia	22.37
Maryland	4.00
Washington, D. C.	2.10
Massachusetts	2.00
West Virginia	2.00
California	1.68
Delaware	1.00
Pennsylvania	1.00
Texas	1.00
Louisiana	.40

Total Amount for the Year Sent from Each State to the Fund for Sending Lighted Pathways to Soldiers

Virginia	\$665.61
Michigan	486.36
Illinois	460.88
Florida	188.85
North Carolina	161.44
South Carolina	147.35
Missouri	123.30
Georgia	112.72
Ohio	91.00
Kentucky	82.95
Alabama	67.95
Texas	43.40
Washington, D. C.	40.30
Tennessee	40.00
California	39.49
Minnesota	28.00
West Virginia	26.00
Louisiana	24.52
Maryland	24.00
Pennsylvania	20.20
Arkansas	16.00
Delaware	13.90
Oklahoma	12.00
Oregon	12.00
Mississippi	10.75
Indiana	8.00
New York	3.00
Massachusetts	3.00
Canada	2.00
Wisconsin	2.00
North Dakota	1.70
Maine	1.00
	\$2,959.67

LIGHTED PATHWAY RATING

	Sold for August	Total
Alabama	2,139	26,361
Arizona	100	900
Arkansas	399	5,478
California	452	4,786
Canada	126	1,625
Colorado	14	201
Delaware	194	1,973
Foreign	230	2,317
Florida	3,338	29,809
Georgia	5,407	65,886
Idaho	28	1,088
Illinois	6,144	31,085
Indiana	443	4,805
Iowa	114	1,423
Kansas	224	2,598
Kentucky	2,245	24,677
Louisiana	337	5,696
Maine	98	1,274
Maryland	1,194	9,248
Massachusetts	82	604
Michigan	918	18,865

Mississippi	713	8,181
Minnesota	35	1,227
Missouri	1,408	9,399
Montana	140	1,526
New Jersey	168	1,792
Nebraska	14	210
New Mexico	98	889
New York	154	1,300
North Carolina	5,424	60,995
North Dakota	281	4,394
Ohio	1,240	14,278
Oklahoma	295	3,921
Oregon	154	1,794
Pennsylvania	677	8,425
South Carolina	10,103	111,312
South Dakota	84	1,156
Tennessee	2,998	34,728
Texas	1,412	20,884
Virginia	3,036	34,224
Washington	284	2,798
Washington, D. C.	140	1,918
West Virginia	2,022	22,800
Wyoming	119	441
Wisconsin	14	152

55,239 589,443

FATHERS AND MOTHERS PAGE

(Continued from page 4)

to become a fixed rule of conduct.

"Thus today, many fathers who sincerely believe in, and have practiced moderation in their own lives are grateful to see their sons wisely following in their footsteps.

"Through their intelligent and temperate example, they are helping to establish fine whiskey in its rightful place in the scheme of American living.

"We, of the House of Seagram, hope that our nine-year effort to promote moderation in the use of liquor may have helped to bring about this desired effort."

After all this beautiful poem and comment was a whiskey advertisement. The picture was 15x10½ inches taking up a large part of a page. Yes, there was plenty of paper for whiskey advertisement but little for the papers that are carrying the gospel to this needy world. No wonder our nation is engaged in this great conflict and I doubt if it is ever free until these things change. Will you not join our ranks to pray and work for better homes? If you do not know about it, send 25c for May, June, and July issues of the Lighted Pathway.

We trust that you will work with us in promoting this "Happy Home Circle" work until it reaches the ends of the earth. If you feel that you are a perfect mother and father, join us for prayer for others. Our circle is growing gradually but should be growing by leaps and bounds. Perhaps it is because of the study we are requiring. Then don't expect much of your children if you are not willing to sacrifice a few moments each day for study. The same Bible that calls us to prayer for our loved ones also tells us to "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." If we do not want to be ashamed of our children after awhile, then let us obey God's command to study. You do not need to study everything I suggest but as much as possible. At least we would like for you to subscribe for *Mother's Golden Now*. Price 25c per year. Order from David C. Cook Publishing Company, Elgin, Ill. Also "The Baby's



Mother, price 50c per year. Order from The Standard Publishing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio. These papers will give you some wonderful thoughts on child training. God bless you and your little ones.

WHAT YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BOOKS

Four Books for Men

By Sylvanus Stall, D.D.

What a Young Boy Ought To Know
What a Young Man Ought To Know
What a Young Husband Ought To Know
What a Man of 45 Ought To Know

Four Books for Women

By Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen, M.D., and
Mrs. Emma F. A. Drake, M.D.

What a Young Girl Ought To Know
What a Young Woman Ought To Know
What a Young Wife Ought To Know
What a Woman of 45 Ought To Know

These books have been recommended by some of our great men and women; namely, John R. Mott, Charles M. Sheldon, F. B. Myer, Frances E. Clark, Margaret E. Sangster.

Order from Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn. Price \$1.00 each.

THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS

(Continued from page 4)

we give tomorrow will make today look like nothing."

"That's the big idea," interrupted the voice of their uncle from the corner of the house, "make every day stand for something, and then there will never be any regretful yesterdays nor dreaded tomorrows."

And sure enough, these two very wealthy little children adopted Uncle Tommy's plan, grew into very good and useful citizens, and a happier pair you could not find today, even though they are twice as old now as when Josie demanded of the "king" to show her the road to happiness.—*Light and Life Primary Paper*.

DISPOSING OF MY DOUBTS

(Continued from page 6)

Him, definitely placed myself at His disposal, and fell in with Him as my Comrade for the day. Then I went to my task, assuming that whatever I might feel He was actually with me. Soon I found that He had become the Supreme Reality in my life and that I could trust Him even when I could not understand Him.

Mystical? Well, yes. I was thinking a moment ago of my comradeship with my first-born son. We never saw each other; each of us saw only the physical covering of the other's real self. But we were so constantly together that people called him his father's shadow, and in our comradeship each of us came to know the other's hidden self. When one day at the age of fifteen he passed into the unseen, he carried with him a faith in his father as well as in his God which no power could shake. It was as mystical as that.

RACHEL

(Continued from page 3)

you, you are starving that baby unto death . . . Rakkel! Vy you let him cry like that? Vy you don't you pick him up und rock him? . . . Come, mein poor darling baby, mein precious Leetle Abie, come to your own Grandmamma. Grandmamma she knows how leetle babies wants to be took keer of. There, there, mein own poor leetle lambie, there, there, there!"

Many a time Rachel had to endure the indignity of having her baby snatched from her arms by her disgruntled mother-in-law. Many a time, too, the sleeping infant was lifted from his crib and carried triumphantly downstairs solely that Mrs. Kalinsky might feed her greedy vanity on the fulsome praises of some neighbors who had just dropped in.

But the hours when Rachel did have her baby to herself were precious ones indeed. When Mrs. Kalinsky and Sarah were off upon their Hadassah affairs, and the children were at school and the house quiet, she would feel then that Little Abie was really her own, and she feasted her hungry heart upon him.

Yes, he was wise indeed! Mrs. Kalinsky was quite right upon that score. How very understanding and intelligent he did look as, curled in his mother's arms, he crowed up into her face with approving baby gurgles, agreeing perfectly with everything she said. To him alone Rachel confided her deepest secrets:

"Little Abie! Mother's own precious baby boy—mother's own dear little son! You are mine, Little Abie—mine and my darling Max's—our own beloved first-born child!

"And you are His, dear, you are Christ's. Do you know that, darling? Yes, Little Abie, you are Jesus Christ's. You belong to Him. Mother gave you all to Him even before she saw you, before she held you, darling, in her arms. Yes, Little Abie, you are going to be a Christian. Mother is a Christian—a Hebrew-Christian, dear—and some day Daddy is going to be a Christian too. And then, Little Son, we shall be, oh, so happy, all together. We won't have to stay here always, Baby, in this dreadful house. Some day very soon we are going to have our own dear home once more. And then we all shall live for Christ—Daddy and mother and our precious baby boy.

"And soon, Little Abie, you will be a big, big laddie and go to school and learn many wonderful things. And you will go then, too, to Church and Sunday School and learn the most wonderful things of all—all the lovely stories about the dear Lord Jesus. Once He was a little baby too, dear, just like you, and then a fine, strong boy just as you are going to be some day. And then, darling, when He grew up to be a man He died upon the cross for you and me and for our dear, dear Daddy. And that is why we must all love Him so—because He is our Savior, our own Messiah and our King.

"Yes, Little Abie, the Lord Christ Jesus is the true Messiah of the Jews. Only the awful thing, Baby, is that so many of our dear, dear people do not believe in Him. It was the Jews, darling, who crucified Him. He came unto his own, and his own received

him not.' But some day, Little Abie, they will believe because you are going to tell them. Yes, dear, when you are old enough you will go to college and study hard, and then when you are a big, strong man that is the wonderful work that you are going to do for God. You are going to tell our own dear Hebrew people about their true Messiah, the Lord Christ Jesus. Yes, my Son, you are going to be a missionary—a Hebrew-Christian missionary to the Hebrews."

But Mrs. Kalinsky had plans quite otherwise.

"Oi, oi, mine own Leetle Abie," she would say to him, "you vus so clefer a baby which it couldn't be no cleferer baby possible. Und some day soon you vill be a big, big boy mit pockets yet, and then you vill go to Cheder and to Talmud Torah. You vill learn it there the Talmud und the Taanach. Und you vill learn to read und write in pure Hebraish. Und ven you iss thirteen you vill make it then *bar mitzveh*. You vill get to be of age yet and then vill haf to become yourself responsible to keep the law which it iss your dear parents they now keeps for you.

"Und then later when you vill be sixteen already, you vill go to the College of the City of Noy York, where it iss so many Jewvish boys yet. Und when you make it finish, then your darling father he vill be by that time very rich. Und he vill send you for two more years yet to the great noy Hebraish University in Jerusalem. Und then when you came home a great, strong man already, ve vill get for you a fine big Synagogue like Temple Emanu-El by Central Park, und from all over the whole world peoples vill come to Noy York to hear it preach the vunderful noy Rabbi Abraham Moses Max Kalinsky!"

Rachel's plans were whispered secretly into Little Abie's ear alone. Mrs. Kalinsky's were broadcast freely and jubilantly to all her friends and neighbors. Frequently, also, with significant emphasis they were rehearsed to Max and Rachel. Though no open word of opposition was ever spoken between the mother-in-law and the daughter-in-law, each very keenly sensed the other's antagonism. Thus through that first sultry summer of Little Abie's life, there was strong atmospheric disturbance in the Kalinsky household. The electrical elements, positive and negative, were swiftly approaching collision, and heavy thunder soon began to roll.

The first real cloudburst came in mid-September. And between Rachel and her Max.

Since her convalescence in the early summer one thought had greatly troubled Rachel. She had made confession of her faith in Christ at *Pesach*, but not once since by word or act had she confirmed it. For the first few weeks when she lay so critically ill it was quite all right, her silence. For the baby's sake, until he and she herself again would both be strong, she knew that God would have her do nothing more than rest and have quiet, sweet communion with Himself.

The vigor gradually returned, but Rachel argued with herself that on little Abie's account she must even



yet avoid all possible excitement.

When, however, by midsummer she still had spoken not a word, her sensitive heart discerned a grieving of the Spirit. She was not standing true to her colors. Her banner, far from being gloriously unfurled was dangerously near trailing. Her very silence was giving occasion for triumph to the enemy. Rachel realized it suddenly with keenest penitence.

Firmly she resolved to make amends. She would honor her confession. She would make good her claim to faith in Christ. As she had named His name before men, so now she must continue to proclaim it. But she found it far from easy.

It was vastly harder than her first confession. Then her illness had been a protection. They all had made allowance: "Rachel is in high fever; she is delirious; she is not responsible for what she says."

But there was no such wall of defense now. She was perfectly lucid; she was almost completely restored to health; she was fully accountable for all she said or did.

Before, too, she had confessed Christ in the face of what she had believed to be certain death; now she would have to confess Him with life before her.

Also, when she first had made confession, the baby had been her silent plea for mercy. For his sake they, of course, would never harm his mother. But now, however, the baby himself had become—next to Rachel's loyalty to Christ—the most insistent reason for her open allegiance to Israel's Messiah.

With growing alarm Rachel noted the frequent earnest conclaves between Mrs. Kalinsky and Rabbi Mordecai Moses concerning the immediate and future training of this promising Hebrew child. She resolved that the strong orthodox current must be deflected and a stream of Christian influence made to flow around her son.

And so, for Little Abie's sake, as well as for her loyalty to her Lord, Rachel steeled herself to speak. And therefore, not only because he was the child's father, but also because he was the one least inflammable in that orthodox Jewish household, Rachel resolved that she would speak to Max.

(To be continued)

WHY I ENJOY THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Dear Sister Harrison:

Why I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway is more than I can express. First, I enjoy it because I realize it is God's work and also because every time I read one I feel better within my soul. I enjoy it so much that I try to get one each month and would like it better if it was published every week. I can't tell which part or page I like best. Every page and paragraph means so much to me and I get food from heaven.

I enjoy it so much that I would like for every friend and loved one to have a Lighted Pathway. I think it helps a young person along the Christian way. Many souls have been saved through reading this good paper.

Another reason why I like this paper is because it helps in our Y.P.E. It seems the older people like to hear

us young people talk about it. Little children like for it to be read to them also. I have read it to my little nieces and they always beg me to read it over and over.

Not only do the young people enjoy it but the older people also. I have noticed in the church that about as many older people get the Lighted Pathway as the young people.

I am just seventeen and starting out and I need the prayers of everyone. I would like to get letters from young people. I promise to answer every one. May the Lord continue to bless you and your fine work.

Do pray for me that I will continue to serve the Lord.—Helen Shipley, 33 Montana Ave., West Asheville, N. C.

A Trip into the Tropical Wilds of Southern Mexico

(Continued from page 10)

another tune. What? What does this woman want? Oh, she says she wants to buy one of our hymn books. And this fellow talking so earnestly here wants a Bible, and here's one who wants to give his address in a village down the line. He asked if we will please come to his home and hold services. And here's another who says he is president of his village, and that if we will come, the village will be ours. Say! It looks like we have started a revival right here! Oh, I tell you, young folk, these people are indeed ripe to be harvested, but we are so pitifully few compared to the need. Why, we can travel this train for the next two days and nights, passing through a village every few miles, that needs, and is hungry for the gospel. And ranging back from the railway for hundreds of miles are thousands of such villages.

Here we go, folks. For the next seven hours we will make brief stops in about thirty towns and villages, in only three of which we have a work. What do you say that we sing in every village! It's a new way to preach the gospel, and certainly the first time it has ever been done in this country. Here, I have a couple of thousand tracts; pass them out at every stop, and watch how eagerly they climb over one another to get them.

Here it is three o'clock in the afternoon already, and I know you are all tired. But not tired of singing and giving out tracts, are you? In this next village I want you to turn on double power. When our train stops we will be almost directly in front of our church building. There it is! And there is our pastor in the door of the palm hut next door. Look at them grin and wave. Bless their hearts. And doesn't that sign, "THE CHURCH OF GOD," look good way down here in the raw edge of nowhere? This is Los Naranjos (The Oranges), and our next stop will be Tres Valles, home of the Apostle Paul of Mexico, Ruben Arcos, and our headquarters church for this vast district. Ruben and his brother have organized some thirty-five or forty churches in this country. Ruben has been poisoned three times, and nearly died. He has been shot at, beaten, jailed numerous times, and greatly persecuted.

We are approaching Tres Valles (three valleys) now. Get ready for a

royal reception, for out of the five hundred natives who meet this train, at least a hundred of them will be Christians come down to welcome us. We are slowing down, and here they come, piling on before the train stops. You may as well surrender, for they will take your bags and suitcases, and almost carry you off bodily. What's the excitement? Oh, don't worry about their passing your bags out the windows to those wild looking strangers; they are all members or friends. That's just the Mexican way of getting the baggage out easily. You probably won't see your baggage again until we get to the church building and parsonage, but it will get there—we hope.

Well, have you recovered from your hugging? Put your hat on straight there, girlie, they've knocked it all crooked, but your smile isn't crooked; I see you like it. Well, who wouldn't, if he has Christ in his heart! These dear, happy, smiling people really love us. This is the biggest day in their lives, for fifteen American Christian loved ones to shower down on them at one time. Yes, they have forgotten the train, haven't they? Everyone is gazing at us. The news will travel these forest trails to the furthestmost villages quicker than one of those parrots yonder can fly, and how our large tabernacle will be crowded tonight. This burro trail is the main street. This village has 5,000 inhabitants, and is a major shipping point for the vast banana plantations, rice, sugar cane, tropical fruits, etc., that grow in abundance here.

Here we are at the church. Isn't it romantic, with its palm roof and palm parsonage, under these towering tropic trees? Now, we must first march into the church, and be formally received with a song and prayer. Ha, I knew that would surprise and overcome you! How does it feel to be showered with rose and gardenia petals until your hair and clothes are littered? Personally, it overwhelms me with humility and with the great love these people have for us. There, now don't be ashamed. I cried, too, the first couple of times they welcomed me this way, and I still cry down inside. These girls are mostly dark, but they are pretty, aren't they, with their shining faces, white dresses, and flowers in their jet black hair? And did you ever see such a profusion of flowers? vases full of them and the rafters strung with them.

Now that they have sung and prayed, they want us to go to the parsonage right here beside the church to eat. They will have tables spread under these beautiful shade trees, as the house is too small. Huh? Oh, that? Why, that's parrots out here in the forest behind the church. Isn't that a great racket, though? Sounds like the peak of a negro camp meeting. It is the mating season, and I suppose there are a thousand of them out there.

(To be continued)

The old world is never too busy
To tender a welcome worth while
To one who is thoughtful of others,
Who brightens the day with a smile.

—Anon.





The Lighted Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR



Vol. 14

OCTOBER, 1943

No. 10



"Thy
Word
is
a
Light
Unto
My



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at Post
Tenn.



THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

I am wondering what our cover page suggests to you. When I first saw it, I was reminded of the scripture you find at the bottom of the page: "Be still and know that I am God." Now did you ever get so tired that you just



longed to get away alone somewhere and be still? It seems that the young woman in the picture is enjoying that quietness, and as she gazes up into the beautiful cliff of rock and at the stillness of the water I wonder if she isn't thinking, "How can we have infidels with all of God's wonderful handiwork around us?"

To "be still" is one of the most difficult things to do these days when everything is in such a turmoil. We rush along from day to day, not realizing that God is longing to speak to our hearts. There are so many things He wants to say

to us, if we would only listen.

High decisions, great purposes, and noble deeds can only form themselves in us as we take time and quiet for meditation and prayer to cleave them out as did Jesus. He is our example here, as in all things; He knew the need, the necessity, the value of prolonged periods of quietness, meditation, and prayer as a necessary preparation for strenuous and victorious living. Before taking up His ministry He spent forty days in a wilderness place, and so throughout His ministry He spent days—sometimes in "a desert place," sometimes on "a mountainside," or by the lake, or in the woods, and repeatedly nights alone with His soul and God. We, who must live our lives in this period of greatest stress and confusion, need desperately to hear and heed God's ancient words—"Be still, and know that I am God."

We have all kinds of listeners these days. Some are listening for one thing and some another.

A naturalist, walking with his friend through the busy streets of a great city, stopped suddenly and asked, "Do you hear a cricket?"

"Of course not," laughed his friend. "You could never hear a cricket with all this roar of traffic."

"But I hear a cricket," persisted the naturalist, and turning over a stone, he uncovered the insect.

"Did you actually hear that cricket chirping above the noise of the street?" asked his friend in astonishment.

"Certainly," said the naturalist. "I spend my time in listening to nature, whether I am in the forest, the field, or the town. Everyone hears that for which he is listening." Taking a coin from his pocket he dropped it on the pavement, and each passerby put his hand in his pocket to see if he was the one who had dropped it. They were all intently listening for coins.

Are you listening for? Your ears are tuned to listen even as the receiving set is tuned to receive from a distant station. God's ears are tuned to our prayers. Are ours tuned to hear His voice?

Are you listening for? Let us stop and listen. Let us start out anew in this

Assembly year are we listening for the coin as these people were, or are we listening for the still small voice of our Master saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it"? Are we listening to know what course He would have us take in our new field of labor or if He has a better way in our old field for next year? He is waiting to speak to us if we will listen. I am sure if you made a failure last year it was because you did not listen, for God never calls us to do the wrong thing.

It is very easy for us to get down on our knees and bow to God for the things we need, and that is our blessed privilege, but it is not so easy to wait 'til God's answer comes or 'til He speaks to us. One of God's ways of speaking to us is through the study of His Word. This is His most reliable way of revealing His will. I wonder if we spend enough time on our knees with His Word. The writer knows just what you are going to say, for in these days of confusion seems almost impossible for us to find the time we should have for needed devotions. But this is the biggest business the enemy has today, for if he can keep us from studying God's Word and waiting quietly for His voice, then he surely has won a great victory. He knows he will soon find us void of God's power in our lives and without His power we are useless as soul winners.

About twenty-five years ago the only sister I had became afflicted with arthritis, and as we watched her in the clutches of that terrible disease, it was hard to understand. Her faith and her consecration was the most beautiful I have ever seen. A few weeks ago she died still trusting God. We do not know what with all her beautiful faith she was not healed but we are trying to "be still and know" that "all things work together for good to those who love God." One thing I know is that she is not sitting in that chair now bound down with Satan's chains. No, she is loosed and is enjoying the real presence of our Lord. What more could we ask? And as we wait quietly before the Lord we hear those wonderful words, "Let your heart be troubled; believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

Yes, she has gone to take possession of her wonderful mansion over there. I am expecting it to be much more beautiful than mine, for she paid more to have it built. Every pain and heartache she bore patiently for Him, every smile or kind word she spoke to those around her, the prayers she offered for others built for her a gorgeous mansion. I think that I want to pay her a visit there some day just to see its beauties.

Dear friends, are you suffering or are some of your loved ones suffering? Be still and know that we have a wonderful God. The same God that made the beautiful cliffs, the rock on our cover page and the clear still water is working out something for you. Some day when all the mists have been cleared away and our vision becomes perfect we will understand. It may be you have recently lost a loved one.

Just yesterday I was taking care of my little grandson and he was wanting to be taken up. He had been spoiled by too much attention and I knew he must be conquered now if he was to make a good man some day. So I let him cry. All the time it was nearly breaking my heart. I thought

(Continued on page 9)

A PASTORAL PRAYER

Heavenly Father, in whom we live and move and have our being, behold us drawn together by a deep yearning: our natures are diverse, but our need is one. Gather us close to Thee at this hour of prayer.

Out of the turmoil of the week, out of the dust and din of daily life, out of our troubles, out of the cheap and trivial things of the passing hour, we come to hear Thy still, small voice. Transform our lives from what they are to that which they ought to be. Unite us in a new love, a new grace of service and a new happiness of obedience. Make us to know that between us and Thee there is nothing but our own blindness of heart.

Our prayers, O Lord, reach out to all peoples of the earth. May all feel the nearness of Thy love and care. Strengthen the fainting hearts, speak to the listening ears. May we spread Thy bond of fellowship to all Thy children everywhere. We pray for all races of men. Those in bondage, may they be freed. Those in pain, may they be relieved. Those who are experiencing great sorrow, may they feel Thine everlasting arms about them.

O God, bless the leaders of our nation. In their hands rests today the responsibility for grave decisions. May they realize their dependence upon Thee. May Thy Word be a lamp unto their feet and a light to their path.

We feel unworthy of all Thy blessings, heavenly Father. Forgive us our repeated sins, remove from every heart the lurking grudge, and open in our lives new vistas of strength and beauty and love which may be sources of refuge in this trying hour.

We thank Thee for Thy Church and seek Thy continued blessing upon it. May we who claim Thy name ever live our lives in constant touch with Thee, our Source of strength, so that our daily walks may show forth the precepts of Thy Son and our Savior, even Jesus Christ.—Sel.



Rachel

By Agnes Scott Kent

(Used by permission of the
Evangelical Publishers)

(Continued from last issue)

For several days she watched her opportunity. At last it came one Sabbath evening. Supper was just over. The candles burned upon the table. Jacob was reading the evening prayer when Rabbi Moses entered. Jacob turned the devotions over to him, and he made them an occasion for a lengthy discourse upon Hebrew parents' duties toward their firstborn son, Little Abie on his grandmother's lap furnishing the inspiration and the object lesson.

As the most rigid orthodoxy was insisted upon as the foundation stone in Hebrew child-training, Rachel burned with indignation. She held her peace before the Rabbi and the family, but as soon as she and Max and the baby were alone upstairs she expressed her unbridled resentment with vigor and directness.

"Max," she said decisively, "I do not like it."

"You don't like what, Ray?" Max asked blankly.

"Their interference! I tell you I will not have it!"

"Whose interference—about what?"

"Rabbi Moses' and your mother's about our Little Abie. He is our child, Max, not theirs."

"Yes, of course. But Ray, dear, aren't the Rabbi and Mamma the best ones to say how we should bring him up?"

"No," replied Rachel hotly, "they are not!"

"Why not?" asked Max with mild astonishment.

"Because I tell you, we are Little Abie's parents. And they are planning on orthodox Hebrew training for him; and Max, I do not want it. I tell you, dear, I cannot, cannot have it!"

"What on earth are you talking about!" Max's astonishment was no longer mild. His dark eyes flashed with a warning glint of anger. "Tell me, Rachel, what do you mean?"

"O Max darling," pleaded Rachel, "you know exactly what I mean. You know, Max—by now you must know surely—that I am a Christian, and I want my child—our child—to have a Christian training—never, Max, a Jewish one."

Max's reaction was terrific.

"You are not a Christian. And my son shall never be a Christian—never on your life!"

He wheeled upon her sharply. "Are you crazy, Rachel? I thought that you were done with all the Christian stuff. You ought to be—all the havoc you have made with it. I tell you, girl, to let it out. Cut it out!"

Quietly, with steeled composure Rachel faced the storm. "No, Max," he said firmly, "I will never cut it at. I am a Christian. I love the Lord

Christ Jesus with all my heart, for I know, dear Max, that He is our true Messiah."

Max's reply took the very breath from Rachel's body.

"Well, suppose He is—what of it?"

"Max!"

"Oh, you needn't look at me like that. Of course, He's the Messiah! I know it, Ray, as well as you. No one can help knowing it if he read the New Testament at all intelligently, as I have done, out of curiosity, a dozen times. Jews everywhere are reading it today. John's Gospel alone clinches the question of His Messiahship absolutely. Certainly He is the Messiah. Without a doubt He is. Thousands of Jews believe it. Jewish rabbis believe it, lots of them. Why, I'd be willing to wager this very moment anything I've got that Rabbi Moses himself is a secret believer in Jesus Christ. But does he confess Him? Not on your life he doesn't! It would mean his bread and butter. You can't hold down a job as Chief Rabbi of a synagogue and say that you believe in Jesus Christ!"

"O Max, Max!" Rachel looked at him with heartbroken reproach. But he ignored it and continued quite indifferently.

"Yes, He's the Messiah all right enough—but that is not the point. The point is, what has all that got to do with us? We are Jews. And no Jew can be an open follower of Jesus Christ. I tell you, Rachel, no Jew can be a Christian."

"Oh, but Maxie darling," exclaimed Rachel eagerly, "indeed he can be! In the Lord Christ Jesus there is neither Jew nor Gentile. The middle wall of partition is broken down. We are all one in Him."

But Max shook his head stubbornly. "I tell you no, Rachel. Now don't misunderstand me. I have no fault at all to find with Jesus Christ. In fact we Jews should all be proud of Him. He's the finest product of manhood that Israel has ever had. He's the flower of our Hebrew race. I grant all that. And what is more, as I've already intimated, I believe His claims were all authentic. I believe, without a doubt, He is the Son of God. But just the same—in spite of all of that—I tell you, Rachel, I can never be a Christian."

"Oh, but Max, Max," cried Rachel pleading, "why not, dear? If you accept Him with your intellect, why will you not receive Him with your heart? Why will you not yield your soul—your life—to Him? Ah, Maxie darling, He longs so for your love, for your allegiance to His name. He is lonely, dear. He came unto His own and His own received Him not. We crucified Him, Max! And we today are crucifying Him afresh each time we close our heart against Him. O Max, He longs so to come in! He died for us, dear—for us; and oh, we must surely give our all to Him. Dear Max, He is standing even now outside the door of your heart, knocking, knocking patiently, for you to let Him in. O Maxie darling, won't you? Won't you give yourself to Him, your Lord and Savior—your own Messiah—Jesus Christ?"

A wistful look came into Max's eyes. As Rachel pleaded with him it deep-

ened and grew very tender. Almost it seemed that he would yield. But suddenly his eyes grew cold. His mouth hardened. His jaws and shoulders set. With finality of decision he shook his head.

"No, Rachel, no! I tell you I can never be a Christian. It would cost too much!"

"Suppose I did. Suppose together we both confessed our faith in Jesus Christ. All right, what then? You know what, well enough. We would be Meshumed to our Jewish people. We couldn't stay here in my mother's home another night. We would lose our business. We would lose our friends. We would lose our membership in the Hebrew synagogue. We would lose the respect of all the neighborhood. We would lose the prestige the Kalinsky family has always held. We would lose all the wonderful chances we have for our Little Abie's future. We would be cut off, I tell you—cut off and scorned by everybody—yes, and even cursed. I tell you, Ray, we never can be Christians. It costs too much."

Rachel sat silent, stunned with chargin and grief. But Max persisted in his argument:

"And then, Rachel, look at it from another angle. Suppose we were willing to pay the price. Suppose in spite of all its costs we still decided that we wanted to be Christians. All right, what then? What would we gain by it?"

"When our own Jewish people did cut us off and cast us out, what then? When we should go out of this house homeless and friendless and accursed, would the Christians take us in? Would the Christians open up their homes to us and give us food and warmth and shelter? Would the Christians give us aid and comfort in our sorrow? No, they would not. Why not? Because we are Jews. Jews aren't welcome in the homes of Christians."

"Would the Christian business men give me a job? No. Why not? Because I am a Jew. Christian business organizations don't want Jews. Would the Christian women hold out a loving, helping hand to you? Would they receive you into their exclusive social circles? No, certainly they would not. Why not? You are a Jewess. Jewesses

(Continued on page 17)

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Devoted to the general welfare and spiritual
uplift of our young people
everywhere

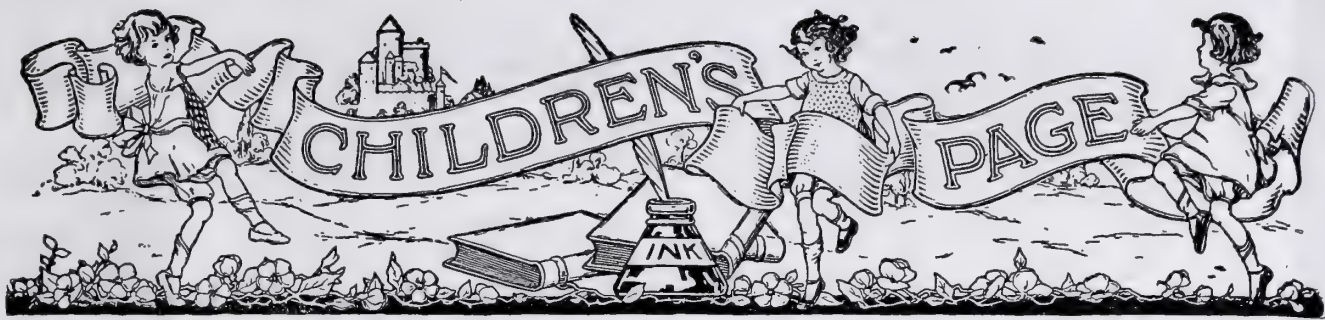
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Dear Happy Home Circle Children:

I wish I could be a little mouse and creep around through your house and see what you are doing to make home happy. I'd like to hear just how you answer mother when she speaks to you or asks you to do some little errand for her. I'd like to know just how you greet Daddy when he comes home from work all tired out from working for you. Then I'd like to come over in person and just talk to you face to face about these things. I think we would have a good time, don't you? Well, I can't do that but there is one who can. He can talk to you and I expect you have had Him speak to you often, but perhaps you did not know it was He. Did you ever start to do something and something within would tell you not to do it? Or perhaps you felt in your heart that you should do something nice for mother or daddy, or it might be some friend who needed your help and a voice within seemed to say that you should? Well, that was Jesus talking to you. Then don't forget that old Satan talks to you also, but you can always tell which it is, for Jesus always tells you to do good and Satan tells you to do bad things. Now I want you to listen and always try to find whose voice it is speaking to you before you act.

I thought perhaps some of you would write to me and tell me how you are getting along as a member of the Happy Home Circle. I think the children who do not belong to this circle are missing something, don't you?

Does your daddy and mother go to Sunday School? If they do I am sure you are happy. Read our story about how Joan led her family to be Christians. Yes, all but father. Does all of your family love and serve Jesus? Well, if they do not, maybe you can lead them. And then I wonder if you would not like to be great by doing kind thoughtful deeds for people and have your name engraved upon people's hearts like Henry in our second story.

LED BY A LITTLE CHILD

One Sunday morning at the breakfast table little Joan, who is about five years old, said, "Mother, I want to go to Sunday School this morning. Can't Bud take me?"

"Aw, I don't wanta," Bud quickly replied, for he did not care to go since he was a little older than Joan and was afraid of ridicule from his friends.

"Papa, will you take me?" Joan asked.

"No, I don't have time, but Bud

can. Bud, you get ready and take your sister to Sunday School," said the father.

With much grumbling and evident distaste, Bud finally agreed.

For many weeks Bud and Joan went down the path to the little Sunday School. Finally Bud accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his Savior. That made Joan very happy, but she still yearned for her father and mother to go with her.

One Sunday morning Joan asked her mother once more to go.

"Mother, please come with us to Sunday School. Lots of other children's parents come."

Mother, being able to find no excuse this time, said, "Oh, all right this once, but I can't go every Sunday."

Of course, after her mother started once, the music was so good and the classes so interesting, that she just couldn't stay home. She, too, soon became a Christian.

If you would like to visit Joan you must walk about a mile up the creek. Let us in imagination do so. We start from the new parsonage at Clayhole, and cross the highway. In order to walk up the path, we must pass along a ledge where there is a room for just one foot at a time. Since there is a bridge crossing the creek right there, we can hold on on one side of it while climbing around the ledge two or three feet.

Now we are safe. There is a narrow path, sometimes near Troubleson and far, far above. That is a very good name for this stream, for not long ago it rose so high it washed away many bridges and houses. Many homes are built along the creek and in order to get to Joan's home you must cross a small creek where empties into Troublesome, and walk up this small creek, and sometimes right in it, to get to her home.

Can you see the difficulty which Joan had to meet to be able to come to Sunday School? Indeed she is true little missionary, for she is trying to get her father to go to Sunday School too. Shall we all pray: Joan's father to become a Christian.

—The Brethren Missionary Herald

WHERE HENRY'S NAME WAS WRITTEN

Henry's father stopped his automobile near the entrance of a great business block.

"Wait for me, Henry," he said, "either in the car or on the sidewalk near by."

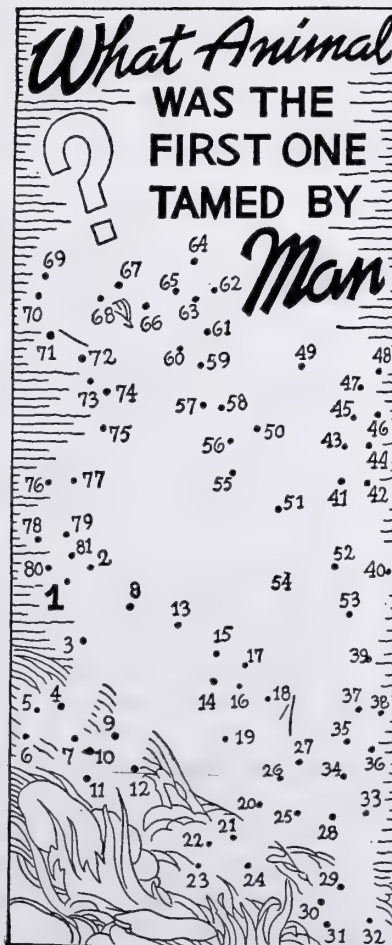
Henry watched his father till he saw him disappear inside the building. Then he looked above the entrance and read, in great letters carved in granite, "Henry Wal Building."

It always made Henry's heart throb with pride when he read those words to think that he was the nephew of the man who had put up that great building. It was his greatest ambition that some day he might be able to build as fine a one, and have his name written over the entrance would look like this, "Henry Wal Building," and it would be several stories high and cover half a block just as his Uncle Henry's did.

Henry was in the third grade, studied hard and brought home the best marks. He wanted to know a great deal, so as to earn money enough to build such a great building as his uncle's.

He wanted to be as much like Uncle Henry as he could be. He wanted to walk like him and talk like him and to "keep his eyes open," as Uncle

(Continued on page 17)





FATHER'S and MOTHER'S PAGE



Home, Sweet Home

Dear Home Circle Members:

I am giving you these stories this month to let you have a glimpse of the condition of many homes in our country.

Do any of the Lighted Pathway readers have homes like this? If so, God may have to permit the Good Shepherd to carry away one of the little lambs in order to draw them heavenward.

LED BY A CHILD

By Laura Niswonger

The judge arose and said in his quiet, deliberate, but firm manner, "You have both acted like children—spoiled children. You have each been so bent upon having your own way, and carrying out your own plans, that the welfare of your child has been forgotten. His future has played no part in your selfish lives; you are not deserving of consideration; so you may each go your own way unhampered by the care of the child. The court will now take over the custody of the child, and you two are dismissed."

As the couple left the room the boy called, "Daddy! Mother!" and sobbed out his fright and loneliness. The father and mother parted at the door without a word. Tears were streaming down Mrs. Reynor's face, but she hid them, and walked back to a deserted house—not a home, for the parents had failed to make it such. Mr. Reynor caught a car and went stolidly to join the friends in his crowd at the pool-room on the east side, and was soon engaged in a game to drown his thoughts.

The Child Welfare Agency was called and Miss Johns soon arrived at the courthouse. The only detention home in the city was full of children, so she decided to drive out about seven miles to a little village where an orphan's home was located to see if she could place the boy there for an indefinite time, paying his board from county funds. This was to forestall his adoption by any one who chanced to visit there and admire him, for hadn't Miss Johns seen, time and again, young couples

who came to their senses, leaving their carefree ways and settling down to establish a home after just such a fling?

Yes, the good matron would take him in, and make life as homelike for him as possible. The large, high rooms awed the little one, but this was soon forgotten when he was taken to the nursery where there were many interesting children, some of whom were just four years of age also.

As it was nearing the time of the evening meal, the nurse, with her assistant, tidied up the children, and when the bell rang they were marched into a large dining room where the wee folk sat at a long table. Jackie, for that was his name, enjoyed the nice bread and milk, the fruit salad, and the little cookies.

"But what does this mean?" he questioned in his mind as the whole group pushed back from the table and began singing, "Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so." The superintendent, a fatherly-looking old man, read from a black book about Jesus taking the little children up and blessing them, then they all knelt while he talked to this same Jesus.

"We didn't do that way when I was with daddy and mother," he soliloquized. "They usually were quarreling, and daddy often said bad words and looked cross."

It was not long until Jackie fell in with the ways of the institution by watching the other children; but when he became better acquainted with "grandpa," as the little ones came to call him, he asked abruptly one day, "Who's Jesus?"

Then the old man gave him his first lesson in divine things. It was

THE LOVING SHEPHERD

Mr. M. had had a long and tiresome journey. How glad he was when nearing his home once more. As he thought of his dear ones, his heart leaped with joy, but when he reached the door he was met by his dear wife. Her face was sad and her voice trembled as she said to him, "Our little Bessie is very ill. The doctor says she can only live an hour."

"What, our only little darling! How can that be?" He had left her only a few days previous to this time so playful and happy.

"She has been calling for Daddy," she said, as she led the way to the bedside of their only child.

"Daddy," said the little one. "Yes, here is Daddy! What is it, dear?"

"Daddy, sing of Jesus' love."

With a choked voice he tried to sing of the wonderful, loving Jesus who came to save lost sinners. When he had sung the first verse through she said, "Oh! sing some more." He sang the next verse, telling of the beauties of the heavens. He is preparing for His children. Soon the little one fell asleep in Jesus. Three days later, he stood beside the open grave of this little body, whose spirit had gone to the God who gave it.

His thoughts went back to his happy home, how it had been brightened by the coming of their little bright-eyed girl. Now his heart was hardened. Why had God taken from them this treasure? Just then he had a vision. He saw, as it were, a flock of sheep. A shepherd was leading them. They had just come to a stream and were unwilling to cross. The loving shepherd stooped down, picking up a little lamb in his arms, placing it on his shoulder. He also gathered another in his other arm, then He proceeded to wade across the stream. Of course, the parent sheep, with all the flock, began to follow the shepherd across the water. Likewise, this father saw the meaning of this wonderful vision. Giving his heart to God he, too, followed the loving Shepherd.—Word and Work.

given so simply and honestly that Jackie believed it without a doubt, and accepted Jesus as his personal Savior, saying he would always be Jesus' boy. The tender love and care he received won him completely, and he was happy; yet at times the picture of a pretty face would come to him, and he remembered that it was his mother, and he wished that she might be there, too. And why didn't daddy ever, ever come? This bore upon his mind, so one day when he had been with grandpa to feed the chickens, he asked him if he would ever see his daddy and mother again. Grandpa told him that a divine providence might bring them together again some time if he asked God and had faith.

Some weeks after this, as Mr. Reynor was engaged in a game of pool, the local news was being broadcast. He was right at a strategic point when this sad news fell on his ears, "Jackie Reynor was struck by a hit-and-run driver this afternoon while crossing the state highway with an older boy out at the orphanage; he was rushed to the Deaconess Hospital and is not expected to live." Mr. Reynor never finished that game. He grabbed his coat and hat and ran for a car.

Mrs. Reynor was, at the same time, waiting tables uptown in a cafeteria, and also heard the message. So noticeably did it affect her that she almost dropped the tray. She made her way to the desk and was excused without an explanation, for her pallid countenance gave the impression that she had become suddenly ill. She, too, made her way to the hospital, where she found "grandpa," a doctor, and a nurse, anxiously waiting beside a crib. A young man—yes, it was her husband—was asking questions, and she heard them answer, "An operation—we're waiting results—a chance in a thousand."

About midnight he rallied. As soon as it was permissible the parents crowded near, each anxious to see some sign of recognition. After a time the boy raised his eyes and saw them. He looked from one to the other, then feebly asked, "Daddy, what is divine providence? Grandpa said divine providence might bring you and mother to me."

At this they both burst into silent tears, and Mr. Reynor, in broken words, told him that it was the heavenly Father bringing his parents to him; for he had been raised in a Christian home, but had forgotten God. The mother rested her hand fondly upon the forehead of her child and whispered, "Jesus, help us." The little pleading voice then said, "And you know Him, too, Mother? Why didn't you tell me?"

The father's hand sought that of his companion and he murmured, "We must go back! We must make a home for him! O God, spare him, and we will not leave

(Continued on page 17)



HELPS FOR TEMPTED AND TRIED

DIVINE POSSIBILITIES

I dare to say that—it is possible, for those who are willing to reckon on the power of the Lord for keeping and victory, to lead a life in which His promises are taken as they stand and are found to be true.

It is possible to cast all our care upon Him daily and to enjoy deep peace in doing it.

It is possible to have the thoughts and imaginations of our hearts purified, in the deepest meaning of the word, through faith.

It is possible to see the will of God in everything, and to receive it, not with sighing, but with singing.

It is possible, by taking complete refuge in divine power, to become strong through and through; and where previously our greatest weakness lay, to find that the things which formerly upset all our resolves to be patient or pure or humble, furnish today an opportunity — through Him who loved us, and works in us an agreement with His will and a blessed sense of His presence and His power — to make sin powerless.

These things are divine possibilities, and because they are His work, the true experience of them will always cause us to bow lower at His feet and to learn to thirst and long for more. We cannot possibly be satisfied with anything less than —each day, each hour, each moment, in Christ, through the power of the Holy Spirit —to walk with God.—*Publisher Unknown.*

TWO GOLDEN DAYS

There are two days of the week on which I am about to write, that should never worry us, two carefree days kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension. One of these days is yesterday. Yesterday with all of its cares and frets, with all its pains and aches, all its faults, its mistakes and blunders has passed forever beyond the reach of my recall. I cannot unsay a word that I said on yesterday. All that it holds of my life of wrongs, regret and sorrow is in the hands of the mighty love that can bring honey out of the rock and sweet water out of the bitterest desert, the love that can make the wrong things right, that can give beauty for ashes, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, joy of the morning for the night of woe. Save for the beautiful memories sweet and tender that linger like perfume of roses in the heart of the day that is gone, I have nothing to do with yesterday. It was mine once but it is God's now.

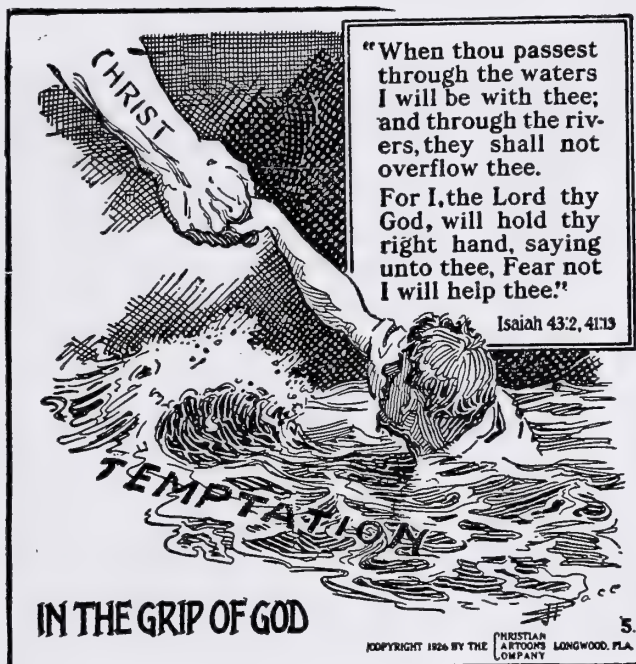
The other day that we should not worry about is tomorrow. Tomorrow

with all its possible adversities, its burdens, its perils, its large promise and poor performance, its failures and mistakes, is as far beyond the reach of my mastery as its dead sister, yesterday. It is a day of God's. Its sun will rise in roselate splendor, or behind a mass of weeping clouds, but it will rise until then the same. Love and patience that hold yesterday and hold tomorrow, shine with tender promise into the heart of today. I have no possession in that unborn day of grace. All else is in the safe keeping of the infinite love that holds

for me the treasure of yesterday, the love that is higher than the starry wider than the skies, and deeper than the seas. Tomorrow, it is God's day.

There is left for myself but one day of the week, today, for we are but yesterday and know nothing because our days upon the earth are shadow. Job 8:9. Any man can fight the battles of today. Any woman can carry the burden of just one day. Any man can resist the temptation of today. O friend, it is only when to the burdens and cares of today, cares of today carefully measured out to us by

the infinite wisdom and might who gives us the promise, "As thy days shall thy strength be," we wilfully add the burdens of those two awful eternities yesterday and tomorrow such burdens as only the Mighty God can sustain that we break down. It isn't the experience of today that drives men mad, it is the remorse for something that happened yesterday, the dread of what tomorrow may disclose. These are God's days. Leave them with Him. I think and I do and I journey but one day at a time, that is the easy day, that is man's day, nay, rather, that is our day, God's and mine, and while faithfully and dutifully I run my course and work my appointed task on that day of ours, God the Almighty and the all loving takes care of yesterday and tomorrow.



SUFFER WITH ME

A. C. HUDON

Can you walk with me, my little one,
In the path so long and steep?
Can you bear the hardships as they come,
And the long night vigil keep?

Then put your hand in my pierced one,
I have walked this way before,
In agony, in pain—alone—
As the whole world's sin I bore.

Can you watch with me, my little one,
When the day grows weary and long?
And no rest you find as the night comes on,
No help—in your heart no song?

Then come with me for a night of prayer,
To yon mountain's lonely heights,
Then down with me human needs to share:
For in this my soul delights.

Can you love with me, my little one,
When your friends betray, forsake?
When all seems lost, and you stand alone,
The way of the cross to take?

Then come with me to Gethsemane,
And pray, "Not my will, but Thine,"
Yes, follow me on to Calvary,
For I bore your cross and mine.

—The Way of Holiness.

JUST FOR TODAY

Lord, for tomorrow and its needs
I do not pray,
Keep me from every stain and sin
Just for today;
Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinkingly say,
Set thy seal upon my lips
Just for today.

I would both diligently work
And duly pray,
I would be kind in word and deed
Just for today;
O make me strong to do thy will,
Swift to obey;
Willing to sacrifice myself
Just for today.

And if this life of mine
Should ebb away,
Oh, may thy promise divine
Still be my stay;
So for tomorrow and its needs
I do not pray,
Oh, keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord
Just for today.

—Selected

The persons whose wills are fully submitted to God's will are in the best possible condition to be led by the Spirit.

TREASURED GLEANINGS

A SPECK IN THE SKY

A few years ago, a man in Detroit stepped out into his back yard, and looking up saw a speck in the sky. It grew larger and larger. Then he discovered it was something alive, a struggling, living mass of something slowly descending to earth. What he had first seen as a speck, had now revealed itself to be two large bald eagles in deadly combat. The huge birds were fighting in the sky over a fish. The fish had already dropped to the ground, but the birds had continued their struggle until they were bloody and exhausted. With a last wild scream, each made a fatal plunge at the other, and both birds came tumbling down to earth—dead, falling side by side, within a few feet of the man who had been witnessing the fierce battle of the sky. Greed had destroyed them.

So it may be with a life. Greed grows upon one. The selfish man finally destroys himself. Beginning as a speck, greed, if unchecked, will pull us down from the highest and noblest life just as it did those two birds of the sky. Unless we destroy greed it will destroy us.—W. G. M., in *Youth's Comrade*.

GENERAL HOWARD'S REWARD

A beautiful story is told of two great generals of the war. During General Sherman's last campaign in the South, certain changes in commanders were made. General Howard was placed at the head of a special division. Soon after this the war closed and there was to be a grand review of the army at Washington. The night before the review Sherman sent for Howard and said: "The political friends of the officer you succeeded are determined that he shall ride at the head of the corps, and I want you to help me out."

"It is my command," said Howard, "and I am entitled to ride at its head."

"Of course you are," replied Sherman. "You led the men through Georgia and the Carolinas; but, Howard, you are a Christian, and can stand the disappointment."

"If you put it on that ground," said Howard, "there is but one answer. Let him ride at the head of the corps."

"Yes, let him have the honor," said Sherman, "but you will report to me at nine o'clock, and will ride by my side at the head of the army."

Howard protested, but his commander's orders were positive. So that day, in the grand review, the man who had yielded his rights had a place of higher honor at the head of the whole army. It's ever thus—the meek inherit the earth; those who forget themselves and serve without striving for place, in the end receive the truest honor before both God and man.—*Classmate*.

NOT THE GIFTS, BUT THE GIVER

When preaching in London, the Bishop of Chelmsford suggested that

some Christians got into the habit of compiling a list of things they wanted God to give them, and they never knelt in prayer without asking for one of them. It reminded him of the time when his little girl used to come into his study, knowing that he kept a bag of sweets there, and that she would doubtless get one or two of them. But once she looked in, and when asked what she had come for, she replied: "Nothing; I've just come to see you, Daddy." Have you ever knelt down before God with the feeling that you just wanted to be near Him and to see Him and speak to Him, and listen for His words to you? If you have, you may be sure you are getting into the spirit of true prayer.—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

TRANSFORMED

There is a story of a young woman, a relative of Ruskin, who had been given by a friend a most beautiful silk handkerchief. By accident she overturned the inkpot on it as it lay on the table and soiled a good part of it. She wept until her heart literally ached when she thought of the gift, ruined by her own carelessness; and how she reproached herself! About that time Ruskin came in and saw her distress as she held up the spoiled handkerchief. But he smilingly took it from her. Artist that he was, as well as poet, he went to his study and set to work upon that blot, drawing figures upon it; and then with delicate brushes he painted a beautiful picture and returned the handkerchief to her. "Oh," she said, "that is not my handkerchief!" "Yes, that is yours. I simply took the ugly blot and transformed it into a picture!"

And so God does with our failures and mistakes when we are truly repentant and yield them to Him.—*Presbyterian of the South*.

TREMBLING OR SINGING?

In the early days of immigration to the West, a traveler came for the first time in his life to the banks of the mighty Mississippi. There was no bridge; yet he must cross.

It was early winter, and the surface of the mighty river was sheeted with ice. He knew nothing of its thickness, however, and feared to trust himself to it. He hesitated long, but night was coming on, and he must reach the other shore. At length, with many fears and infinite caution, he crept out on his hands and knees, thinking thus to distribute his weight as much as possible, and trembling at every sound.

When he had gone in this painful way halfway over he heard a sound of singing behind him. There, in the dusk, was a colored man driving a four-horse load of coal across upon the ice and singing as he went!

Many a Christian creeps tremblingly out upon God's promises where another stronger in faith, goes singing through life upheld by the same Word.—*The Ministry*.

A MILLIONAIRE'S REFLECTION

One of the most influential men in Great Britain is Lord Beaverbrook, who owns the London Daily Express and a number of other daily papers. He is the son of a preacher. He made a fortune in Canada and then went to England, where he has forged ahead and made money and a name for himself. Some years ago he was elevated to the British peerage. Recently he wrote, "The evangelist is the man who has the greatest opportunity for doing good and if I were in a position to influence the life of a sincere young man today I would say to him, 'Rather choose to be an evangelist than a Cabinet minister or a millionaire.' When I was a young man I pitied my father for being a poor man and a humble preacher of the Word. Now that I am old I envy him, his life and career."—*Unknown*.

A SOFT ANSWER

"I remember once," said the late Henry Ward Beecher, "that a man came to our house red with wrath. He was boiling over with rage. He had, or supposed he had, a grievance to complain of. My father listened to him with attention and perfect quietness until he got it all out, and then he said to him in a soft tone, 'Well, I suppose you only want what is just and right?' The man said, 'Yes,' but went on to state the case over.

"Very gently father said to him, 'If you have been misinformed, I presume you would be perfectly willing to know what the truth is?' He said he would. Then father very quietly and gently made a statement of the other side, and when he was through the man got up and said, 'Forgive me, Doctor, forgive me.' Father had beaten him by his quiet, gentle way. I saw it, and it gave me an insight into the power of self-control. It was a striking illustration of the passage, 'He that ruleth his spirit (is better) than he that taketh a city.'"—*The P. H. Advocate*.

KINKS

S. E. Du Bois

As I put my car into the garage the other day a lady was using the hose watering the lawn. We stopped to talk with her, when suddenly the force of the water diminished considerably as she turned to talk to us. Then she said, "The neighbors must all be using water also for there does not seem to be any pressure." I thought it rather strange for I did not think that was the cause, as the city of Portland has an abundance of water and great pressure. So I glanced back along her hose line, and sure enough there was a kink in the hose, and I said, "I think if that kink were straightened out the pressure would be all right." When the kink was removed, the pressure returned.

That little incident set me to thinking about the kinks that lessen the force of many lives. All know of young men and women who have been fine in almost every way when suddenly something goes wrong and they lose the strong influence which they once had. A kink in one's life is something that prevents the full flow of the Spirit of God.—*Selected*.



FOR POETRY LOVERS

OCTOBER

October is a month of fun,
And jolly times together;
Of husking bees and woodland trips,
Throughout its bright, clear weather.

Then chestnut burs unclasp and drop
Their brown nuts in the leaves;
And bonfires send up pungent smoke
To curl around the eaves.

Then pumpkins ripen in the field
Awaiting glad Thanksgiving;
And apples in the cellar lie,
Their bright red faces beaming.

Oh, June's the month of roses—
But 'tis known the wide world over
The very best of weather comes
In sunny, blue OCTOBER.

—Selected.

JESUS AND I

Fighting the battles of life alone,
I suffer many a sore defeat;
I strive so hard, but I cannot win;
And I fall before each foe I meet.
Baffled and beaten, for help I call;
Then we have victory over all—
JESUS AND I!

Sometimes the sky is o'ercast with
clouds,
The light grows dim and I lose
heart;

Plans I had cherished all come to
naught;

Friends I had trusted stand apart.
Then He appears and the dark is gone!
And oh, the rapture as we walk on—
JESUS AND I!

And when the night of my weeping
comes,

My heart in agony must bleed,
Shaken by grief that can find no
words,

So crushed and weak, so much in
need—

Then of His presence I grow aware,
And we, together, the load can bear—
JESUS AND I!

I cannot tell what it means to me
To have so dear, so true a Friend;
Counsel and guidance, and rest and
joy—

A friendship that will never end.
Walking together along life's way,
Dwelling together in heav'n for aye—
JESUS AND I! —Sel.

FAREWELL, MY SOLDIER

We've reached the crossroad, son,
And I must say good-bye.
I've walked too far,
And now, alone, I must return
Along the weary mile;
But see, my son, I'm not afraid;
Your mother still can smile.

I have no tears today;
Our God has made me strong.
Good-bye, my lad,
I'll look for you each evening
In our secret meeting place,
And hold your hand and kneel before
The Father's throne of grace.

—Helen Kuiper Noordewier,
in *The Banner*.

WATCH AND PRAY

By Frank von Christiernson

When your plans have gone askew,
And the world is blaming you,
And you're feeling tired and blue:
Watch and pray!

When the birds are singing sweet;
And the world is at your feet,
And your life one grand treat:
Watch and pray!

As the threads of life unwind,
And both joys and cares you find,
Through the round of daily grind:
Watch and pray.

THE TALLY

Richard Lord

It isn't the job we intend to do
Or the labor we've just begun,
That puts us right on the ledger sheet;
It's the work we have really done.

Our credit is built upon things we do,
Our debit on things we shirk,
The man who totals the biggest plus
Is the man who completes his work.

Good intentions do not pay bills;
It's easy enough to plan,
To wish is the play of an office boy;
To do is the job of a man.

THE BETTER THINGS

Alexander Smart

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank or titles, a hundredfold,
Is a healthful body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always
please.

A heart that can feel for a neighbor's
woe,

And share his joy with a friendly glow,
With sympathies large enough to en-
fold

All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors
close;

Better than gold is the poor man's
sleep,

And the balm that drops on his slum-
bers deep,

Better than gold is the thinking mind,
That in realms of thought and books
can find

A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of
yore.

ONLY A LITTLE THING

It was only a tiny seed,
Carelessly brushed aside;
But it grew in time to a noxious weed,
And spread its poison wide.

It was only a little leak,
So small you could hardly see;
But the rising waters found the break,
And wrecked the great levee.

It was only a single spark,
Dropped by a passing train;
But the dead leaves caught, and swift
and dark

Was its work on wood and plain.

It was only a thoughtless word,
Scarcely meant to be unkind;
But it pierced as a dart to the heart
that heard,
And left its sting behind.

It may seem a trifle at most,
The thing that we do or say,
And yet it may be that at fearful cost
We may wish it undone some day.

THE CALL TO PRAYER

John Cross Bell

Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the moon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling every fear away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee;
If any such there be;
Then for thyself in meekness
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis ere denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above,
May reach His throne of glory
Who is mercy, truth and love.

LIFE'S SHORT PILGRIMAGE

Mrs. Belle Miles Rice

How sweet to my soul grows the pros-
pect of heaven,
As, swift as the light, speed the
cycles of time,
Contrasting the changing and perish-
ing cosmos
With eternity's glories, so real and
sublime.

This earth is a highway, the Christian
a pilgrim

Who journeys by faith to a fair, dis-
tant land;

Earth's bitter sorrows and unfulfilled
longings

Are thorns in the pathway tha
mangle his hand

As he grasps for the roses of earthl
enjoyment

That appear in the springtime a
bright buds of hope;

But, oh! they are blasted by sin
blighting power,

And lie faded and dead, ere the
fair petals ope.

So short is the span of man's earth
existence,

It seems but a day he is seen in tl
race;

As the sunbeams that break in tl
morning, all glorious,

Are lost in the night shades th
gather apace.

But, out from the gloom breaks t
vision so wondrous,

The soul's bleak despair to hc
giveth o'er.

'Tis the light of that city, resplende
unfading,

To guide the tired pilgrim to he
en's glad shore.

THE LIGHTED PATHW

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Mission Page



Brother and Sister F. J. Thibodeau,
missionaries to Jamaica, B.W.I.

OUR MISSIONARY TOUR, JULY 18-22

We arose early Sunday morning (4:30 a.m.) to go to an early baptizing at Podmore church, Kingston district. A neighbor minister and wife took us in their Model A Ford. We had to climb a very steep mountain. You can't take any trip at all here except you cross mountains. We arrived at the church safely. Then came our journey to the river which was one I'll never forget as long as I live. Do you know I had never ridden a horse, so I walked. It was two and one half miles to the river and we were in the middle of the mountains. The minister and Brother Thibodeau rode a horse and mule, so the minister's wife and I walked together along with a large group. Sometimes we were walking straight up or straight down. The distance was not so bad; it was the strain our bodies were in all the time. After a long while we arrived at our destination, the river. About one hundred were present and seven were baptized. We had a real nice service, then our journey back to the church. Well, I was so tired from walking I thought I would try riding a horse, so I mounted the old mare and started off. Then Brother Thibodeau had to walk back. You would have had to laugh to have seen me holding on, on those real steep places. My horse almost fell down and I received a good scare. It was hot; my horse was wringing wet. I felt sorry for my horse. (I had my picture made on the horse too.)

After so long we arrived at the church, had our breakfast and went to the morning service. I think I was just as tired riding back because I was not accustomed to riding and every muscle was aching. It has been six days now and I am still feeling the effects. We stayed for the night serv-

ice. The Lord surely did meet with us. There were fourteen saved. Brother Thibodeau preached and I testified. The church was packed and at least two hundred standing.

Services over, we started for home. We made it to the foot of the mountain when a wheel came off, and we were thrown out of the road. If we had still been on the mountain it would have been good-bye for us because the road was narrow and no rail. The Lord was surely with us again. We arrived at home about 1:30 a. m. and went to bed.

At 4:00 a. m. in the morning we had to arise to catch the bus to go to our next appointment, which was one hundred and thirty-five miles away. We arrived there about 5:00 p. m. Had a long, tiresome ride on a very old bus. We had a bite to eat and then started for the church. There was a young people's convention in progress, Hanover district, Rev. I. L. Miller, district pastor. We were there for the last two days of it, and it was certainly a wonderful one, long to be remembered.

The church was located on the top of the highest mountain that I ever climbed. We walked a good long country mile right up the mountain, and remember this was on Monday night after I walked two and one-half miles and rode horseback two and one-half miles, so you can realize how I felt, with every muscle in my body aching. We finally reached the church. As we walked down the aisle to the platform, the congregation stood and began to sing, "The Bells of Heaven Ring a Welcome for Me." There were about six hundred present. We felt the presence of God there and tried to forget some of our tiredness. There were several welcome addresses, special singing, Brother Thibodeau preached and I sang a solo. We were both so weak we thought we would not be able to stand up, but as the altar call was given and people began to cry and pray, we felt better. There were fifteen saved, three sanctified, and two filled with the Holy Ghost that night. After the benediction we left the church and walked back down the mountain, and that was hard to do on our sore muscles.

The next service was at 6:00 a. m. the next morning, but I'll have to confess I couldn't get there that early. Wonderful services all day, some saved in every service. The last night of the convention came, which was a glorious one. Wonderful singing, musical numbers, I sang a solo, "When I Make My Last Move," Brother Thibodeau preached and the altar began to fill. There were one hundred in the altar seeking God. After the altar service they began to sing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," and had us to stand in the middle of the platform. They sang it again and again, and everyone waved his handkerchief. It was a pretty sight and I could hardly hold

the tears. These people seem to appreciate our presence so much. They had a march for two and one half miles with the band playing, most every one in white; about a thousand were in the procession. Wasn't that wonderful? A beautiful sight to behold. The final results of the meeting was sixty-five saved, six sanctified, five filled with the Holy Ghost. So we walked happily down the mountain with our muscle pains. We went to bed about 1:30 a. m. and got up at 3:45 a. m. to leave for home. We got a taxi for twenty miles to catch the train at 7:00 a. m., rode all day and was real glad to reach home again.

We have been in the island for one month and here is the report that we have to give. We have attended two conventions, visited churches and one hundred and fifty-nine have been saved, twenty-four sanctified and eleven filled with the Holy Ghost. We are giving God the praise and the glory for this. It was God who made the way for us to be here, and He is doing this great work for us. We love our Father dearly and He makes His face to shine upon us.—Lillian E. Thibodeau, Box 390, Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.

EDITOR'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 2)

I could not possibly stand it and started a time or two to take him and then I thought, Better let him cry a little now than to grow up to be a self-willed man and lose his soul after awhile. Then I thought, Just as soon as he quits crying I'll take him, but I want him to realize that crying will not bring attention. So directly he stopped crying and I started toward him and he began to cry again and I had to let him cry some more.

Some of you mothers understand just what I am talking about.

Well, as I was going through all of this the still, small voice spoke to me, That's just like my children act when I try to discipline them; they cry and cry against my will and then I must pretend not to care. We often hear people say, "Surely God is not kind or He would not have me suffer so." I have seen some people suffer who seemed almost perfect, and we wonder why they need to suffer. Perhaps it may be for the benefit of others.

Sometimes when our kind heavenly Father is just about ready to lift our burden we begin to complain and cry like my little grandson did, when I was just about ready to pick him up. Do you see the application, and has this been true in your own life? Do you not realize it is breaking our Father's heart to have to use the means that He does at times to break our self will, and make us useful servants in His vineyard? Oh, how we do hinder our Master's work when we cry and complain.

Our nation is being disciplined now, at a great price. God is trying to bring us back to Himself. We have wandered far. Each of us must do our part by surrendering our lives to Christ and doing our best to win others to Him. If each professed Christian would do this, the great wave of God's power would soon sweep our nation back to God.



Beside Still Waters

By LOURENNA MORELAND



In the 23rd Psalm, the latter part of the 2nd verse, we find these words, "He leadeth me beside the still waters." In this day when everything is moving at a fast rate of speed, we find that Jesus desires that we take time to rest and meditate, so He, Himself, leads us beside the still waters. A blessed thought, isn't it? We do everything in a hurry these days; we hurry to town so we can hurry back home. We hurry to church, and hope it doesn't last so long so we can hurry home. We eat in a hurry, we work in a hurry and we even try to pray in a hurry. Every nerve is strung at high tension, but God doesn't want it so. Folk today, seeing everything else in such cyclonic condition, have even tried to stream-line religion, but that is just one thing that we cannot do. Some have tried it and feel in their own estimation that they have been successful. God has His divine program and He will not run ahead of His schedule to suit us. He will not be late; God is always on time.

We find when Jesus was on the mount and Peter, James and John were there alone with Him that He was transfigured before their very eyes. What a sight for these human apostles to witness. They were away from all the noise and turmoil of the city. They were up on the mountain top where the air was pure, away from the crowd. It took hard work to get to the top, plenty of climbing, but the glory they were to behold was well worth it.

In Mark 6th chapter, part of the 31st verse, we read where Jesus said, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile." The Lord always looks after the best interests of His people. He realized they needed a rest from the throng of people. We

need to get alone with God, meditate on the riches of His grace, and draw strength from His divine presence. Going back to the 23rd Psalm, in the 2nd verse we read, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters." Again He bids us rest, even to lie down; that shows complete relaxation. So it is spiritually speaking, we must come in communion with God, our will laid on His altar in complete surrender. Holy hours with God are necessary for our spiritual growth. When we enter in the secret place, we seem to want to do all of the talking; we should be willing to listen once in awhile and see what the Lord would like to say to us. His Word tells us, "Be still and know that I am God."

In the secret of His presence we can tell Him how much we love Him and He in return will do the same. There in deep meditation and waiting on God we learn to know Him in reality. As Paul of old cried out from the depths of his heart, "Oh! that I might know him." To know Him is to love Him. He is our lover-Lord. We should delight to hold communion with Him. He is our heavenly Bridegroom. He is the Lily of the Valley and the sweet Rose of Sharon. The very fragrance of His Being seems to permeate the air. We come forth from the secret place refreshed, invigorated, ready for service or sacrifice. All our cares and worries seem to fade into nothingness as we sit and gaze upon His majestic Presence. With joy and anticipation we look forward to the time when our heavenly Bridegroom shall return and take us to the mansion He has prepared for us. What a glorious thought!

How wonderful is our Lord who loves and cares. He knows our bodies become tired and worn, and He bids us rest; He leads us beside the still waters. Did you ever stop to think how refreshing it is to sit down and just look on the calm waters? As we meditate on the Almighty, we forget our hurts, the words and deeds of others which have bruised and scarred, and after all, isn't it best to forget? As we look back over our yesterdays we may have many regrets, but we still can look forward to our tomorrows with high hopes. We must not lose our vision. The best way to keep the face of Jesus ever before us is to come in communion with Him often, and talk to Him. It is when we rest "beside the still waters" that the Lord loves to make Himself real to us. Jesus is not a disappointment. He is always the same, His love is unchanging, His care perpetual. His blessings everlasting and the life that He gives us eternal.

Did you know that doctors who treat patients for nervous breakdowns and general fatigue recommend the seashore? But just think how long our Lord has recommended the same, and He has promised to lead us "beside still waters" Himself. He also commands us to "lie down in

green pastures." He knows what we have need of. What is good in the natural, can it not be applied to the spiritual? Let us resign our case in His hands, and watch the results. I am sure we will come forth alert in mind, and refreshed in spirit, with a greater vision. May our prayer be that we shall be willing to be led by the Lord Jesus "beside still waters" here on earth, and then when we reach that Holy City, and again behold the river of the water of life proceeding out of the throne of God, we can again be led by the King Himself "beside still waters" and can worship and adore Him while the ceaseless ages of eternity roll on.

In the secret of His presence how my soul delights to hide!

Oh, how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus' side!

Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low;

For when Satan comes to tempt me, to the secret place I go.

When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of His wing

There is cool and pleasant shelter and a fresh and crystal spring;

And my Savior rests beside me, as we hold communion sweet:

If I tried I could not utter what He says when thus we meet.

Only this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs, and fears.

Oh, how patiently He listens! and my drooping soul He cheers.

Do you think He ne'er reproves me? What a false friend He would be

If He never, never told me of the sins which He must see!

Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord!

Go and hide beneath His shadow; this shall then be your reward.

And whenever you leave the silence of that happy meeting-place,

You must mind and bear the image of the Master in your face.

—By Ellen Lakshmi Goreh.

LET US HAVE A VOCAL CAMPAIGN

(An Incident from Pre-Volstead Days)

I was riding on a train through the eastern section of North Carolina, writes Rev. C. H. Mead, when two men came in and took the seat in front of me.

Shortly afterward one of them took a bottle from his pocket, pulled the cork and handed the bottle to his companion. He took a drink and the smell of liquor filled the car.

Then the first one took a drink and back and forth the bottle passed, until at last it was empty and they were full.

Then one of them commenced swearing, and such blasphemy I had never before heard in all my life. Women shrank back, while the heads of men were uplifted to see where the stream of profanity came from.

It went on for some time, until I began talking to myself—I always did like to talk to a sensible man.

"Henry, that man belongs to the devil."

"There is no doubt about that," I replied.

"He is not ashamed of it."

"Not a bit ashamed."

(Continued on page 17)

HYMN STORIES

"O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS"

By Calvin W. Laufer

The importance of Sunday to the religious world is only partly known. Too often, perhaps, it is only taken for granted. The day is neglected and prostituted to ends far removed from those for which it is intended. How indispensable it is to man, came to the writer late one Saturday evening while engaged in his private devotions. His prayer was going out in intercession for his comrades in the ministry scattered all over the world, many of whom that very hour were bending over their desks, reviewing sermons and making final arrangements for the services of the morrow.

Suddenly in his prayer he paused; he could say no more, as the wonder, the glory, and the significance of the Sabbath Day were flashed upon his mind, and power was given him to see in a moment of time vast assemblages of men, women, and children at worship the next day. In the throngs that passed before his vision were all sorts and conditions of folk: the rich and the poor; the wise and the simple; lovers with their betrothed; the aged with their wedded comrades; people in bondage to sins, and others rejoicing in their freedom; and the sick and the well in every nook and corner of the world. All were at worship, raising a glad song of praise that penetrated to the writer's room. It seemed that the entire universe had become a vast cathedral and every part of it was vibrating spiritual power. The prayer closed with a new vision of the Lord's Day.

Whether Bishop Christopher Wordsworth had such an experience before he wrote "O Day of Rest and Gladness," biographers fail to state; but the character and contents of the hymn make one conclude that he had. That the author was in an exultant mood and urged by spiritual vision is betrayed in every stanza of the hymn. He had a glimpse of something about the Lord's Day very real and compelling, for the hymn is the most inspiring of all his verses.

That he was impressed by the hymn, which is based on *Psa. 118:24*, is indicated by the way he introduced it to a friend, who later wrote about it. "I was with him in the library when he put his arm in mine, saying, 'Come upstairs with me; the ladies are going to sing a hymn to encourage your labors for God's holy day.' We all then sang from manuscript this hymn. I was in raptures with it. However, it was some days later before I knew that it was written by himself."

In 1862 Bishop Wordsworth published a hymn book of his own, entitled "The Holy Year." There were one hundred and seventeen hymns of his own in it, and the first as well as the best, was "O Day of Rest and Gladness."

Christopher Wordsworth was born in an intellectual atmosphere at

Lambeth, England, in 1807. Twenty years later the Duke of Wellington said of his father, then Master of Trinity, "I consider Dr. Wordsworth to be the happiest man in the kingdom"; and being asked why, he replied, "Because each of his three sons has this year got a university prize!" Of the three, Christopher was the youngest, but by no means the least. He was athletic and scholarly and delighted to tell how "he caught out Manning" (later Cardinal) in a cricket match. Extraordinary distinction characterized his work at Winchester and Cambridge Universities, and in consequence he won a fellowship at Trinity College, where he was a tutor. Before thirty he was made master of a great school at Harrow and remained there fourteen years. Sir Robert Peel made him a canon of Westminster in 1844. Six years later he assumed a country parish, which bore the name of Stanford-in-the-Vale-cum-Goosey. In 1869 Disraeli, who thought highly of his scholarly attainments and ability as a preacher, appointed him Bishop of Lincoln, where at a ripe old age he died on March 21, 1885.

Several tunes are associated with this hymn. In "Songs for the Sanctuary," by Dr. Charles S. Robinson, it was introduced to America to the tune "Mendebras," by Lowell Mason. However, the popularity of Mason's tune is contested by "Rotterdam," by Berthold Tours.

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"GOD BE WITH YOU TILL WE MEET AGAIN"

Calvin W. Laufer

"In all parting," wrote Mark Ruth-erford, "there is something infinite." When hand clasps hand in farewell, all the past looks on and the future stands at attention. Whether friends shall meet again in greeting, and under what circumstance, is known to God alone. There is to the thoughtful, therefore, a world of pathos and longing in our good-bys. From all time mankind has felt this and made farewell expressions rich in prayerful hope and spiritual solicitude. Of all farewell epithets none is more beautiful than the Spanish, which means, "Go with God." The English good-by connects the parting of friends with God and is an abridged benediction—"God be with you."

Good-by, our familiar farewell greeting, is the germ thought of the well-known gospel song, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." It was written in Washington, D. C., where there are no more farewells spoken than elsewhere, but where ties are constantly determined and altered by executive appointment or popular vote. Friends are with us today, gone tomorrow. No person knows this so well, or feels it so deeply, as the successful Washington pastor, who receives into his church with every new Congress or administration people whom he would like to have with him always.

"God Be With You Till We Meet Again" was written by Jeremiah Eames Rankin, D.D., while pastor of the First Congregational Church in the capital city. Dr. Rankin was a popular preacher and reached many governmental officials from all parts of the country. He was a man of fine culture and characterized by deep feeling and evangelical zeal. As for the genesis of the hymn, he has made clear in private correspondence that "it was the product of a cool purpose, and not the result of any experience or feeling." He tried to make the good-by greeting Christian in act and content, and succeeded in doing this by calling attention to the derivation of the words so used. The original meaning recurs repeatedly in the hymn, but always with cumulative effect.

The secret of the hymn's success is due to the fine wedding of words and music. How the tune came to be is interesting. The author states that when the first stanza was written he sent copies of it to two composers: the one well-known for his tune to "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," the other unknown and still to be heard from. The latter's tune, which was by William G. Tomer, was accepted, and, needless to state, has as endearing qualities as that associated with the other great hymn.

The hymn and tune, it is now known, were written in 1880, and made their first appearance in the popular songbook, "Gospel Bells," published that year. Within a few years it was recognized by hymnbook editors and incorporated in new publications. It was adopted by the Christian Endeavor movement, and is a favorite number in meetings of young people. The great gatherings of Christian people at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, for years have made use of the song. The author states that one day members of his family attending the camp meeting there, heard it sung five times.

Both author and composer were men of ability. Dr. Rankin, born in Thornton, New Hampshire, in 1828, died at Cleveland, Ohio, November 28, 1904. In his life of seventy-six years, he was a pastor of Congregational churches for thirty years. For thirteen years he was president of Howard University in Washington, D. C., and supported the advancement of the Negro people.

Mr. Tomer, who was born in Finesville, Warren County, New Jersey, October 5, 1833, died at Phillipsburg, New Jersey, September 26, 1896. He was a man of the Beecher type and had a varied career. He taught school at seventeen years of age, loved music, and led the village choir. The Civil War had claims on him and in it he served as clerk under General O. O. Howard, whose wholesome Christian life made an indelible impression on him. After the war he was tendered a clerkship in Washington, in which he continued for seventeen years. In later years he edited the *Hunterdon Gazette*, published at High Bridge, New Jersey, 1896. The hymn which he helped to make famous was sung at his funeral by a large assembly of friends and neighbors.

BIBLE LESSONS

Program Outline

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on someone to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but interperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHT FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The subtopics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topics. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program, it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a Y.P.E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Jesus.

Topic: **CHRISTIAN PERSONAL WORK**

Scripture Lesson:

St. John 15:1-14

ITS GREAT IMPORTANCE

The importance of personal work we cannot overestimate. Jesus worked personally when opportunity afforded, as in the case with Nicodemus, John 3; with the man at the pool, John 5; and with the woman at the well, John 4. The method was used by the apostles and the early Church. It is the work needed now, if many souls are to be reached.

The Holy Ghost will convict men and women of sin, but He needs human help to reach human hearts. Many people are already convinced that they should be Christians. The great difficulty is to get them to surrender now and seek the Lord.

Never was it more needful than now, that we go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in.

QUALIFICATIONS NEEDED

One who would have real success in winning souls to Christ must himself or herself be thoroughly converted and live a holy life and be filled with the Holy Ghost. Just as the telegraph wire must be insulated before it can carry the electric message, so the Christian must be insulated from his old life of sin before he can carry the gospel message to lost souls.

A love for lost souls is needed and also a realization that we may be held responsible for them. "When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost

not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand. Nevertheless, if thou warn the wicked of his way to turn from it; if he does not turn from his way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul," Ezek. 33:8, 9.

A knowledge of the Word of God is needed, also wisdom from the study of the Word, that it may be rightly divided.

The one who would have real success in winning souls needs the baptism of the Holy Ghost and to live a life of prayer.

THE SOUL WINNER'S PRAYER

The prayer of winning a soul to God must be one of faith and waiting.

1. Let us pray to always have grace and courage to confess Christ, always testify for Him for the sake of our influence over lost souls. Pray, "Lord, help me to acknowledge thee in all my ways."

2. Pray, "Lord direct me to the right person." "Then the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near, and join thyself to this chariot," Acts 8:29.

3. Pray, "Lord, show me what to say." "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally," Jas. 1:5.

4. Pray that God will give power to what is said. "It is the Spirit that quickeneth."

5. Pray that God will carry on the work with the soul after we are through.

FRUIT PROMISED TO FAITHFUL EFFORTS

God has chosen us and sent us forth in His service, promising fruit as the result of our work. "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain," John 15:16. "And the Lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled," Luke 14:23. "And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men," Matt. 4:19. "And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal; that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together," John 4:36. There are wages that come now as we work, and there is a reward that will come by-and-by.

"And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not," Gal. 6:9.

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever," Dan. 12:3.

FOR THOSE WHO FEEL WEAK AND FEARFUL

In all our work for the Lord, He promises to maintain us. Note some of His promises. "And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work," 2 Cor. 9:8. "And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness," 2 Cor. 12:9.

May we prove all of these promises?

"But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus," Phil. 4:19. "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint," Isa. 40:29-31.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," Phil. 4:13.

HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS

1. Worker's life text is 2 Tim. 2:15, "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

2. The field is ripe to harvest. "Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest," John 4:35.

Topic: **FRUIT BEARING**

Esther Holland

Scripture Lesson:

John 15

In the 15th chapter of John's gospel we are given a beautiful picture of fruit bearing, that of the vine and its branches. Jesus so earnestly desires that believers may bear fruit for Him, and realizes the weakness and frailty of humanity, that He outlines a way here whereby we all may bear fruit for Him. He tells us that He is the vine and we are the branches and that as the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can we, except we abide in Him. Jesus desires that we all be soul winners. The fruit we are to bear is souls. Then we wish to notice here also that we have not chosen the task, but that God has chosen us for the task.

CHOSEN OF GOD

John 15:15, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain; that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you." When we, as Christians, stop for a moment and look at our littleness and helplessness and see so many around about us who apparently are so much better qualified than we, we are made to wonder why God chose us instead of them. But let's look at the original twelve disciples—rough, everyday men, but Jesus looked at their hearts and chose accordingly. He saw buried deep within them a spirit that would respond to His call, and that would be yielded to Him in a measure that He could cause them to fulfill His will. We must realize, as they, that ours is a holy calling, from holy lips, for a holy purpose, to please a holy God. Not only has He chosen us, but ordained us, and empowered us to win souls for Him and promised that so long as we abide in this holy calling, we shall receive whatsoever we ask in His name.

BEING ROOTED FOR FRUIT BEARING

Isa. 37:31, "Take root downward, and bear fruit upward." Isaiah tells us that we "must take root" downward in order to bear fruit upward. In



other words, if the souls we lead to Jesus are to come to perfection in Him and continue unto the end, our roots must be so deeply planted in God that our entire lives will be guided by Him, and that they may see this evidence daily as we walk before them. The deeper we sink our faith in God, the greater awaits us. We are to be firmly established in Him, not wavering from day to day, but so thoroughly grounded in Him that we are not swayed by the petty annoyances of unbelievers or any wind of doctrine that may arise. When we are thus planted in God, He, the solid Rock of ages, becomes our protection from the storms, our keeper in time of temptation, and our leader where we bring forth fruit unto life everlasting.

ABIDING CONTINUALLY IN HIM

John 15:4, "Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me." If we abide in Jesus according to His will, as this scripture tells us, we will be partakers of His likeness, for we will receive of His love, His faith, His purity, His life, His divine nature, yea, and His endurance. And these are the essential elements in a fruit-bearing Christian life. As the vine partakes of the properties of the soil in which it is planted, so we receive the qualities of the one in whom we are planted. Therefore, it becomes us, if we are to be holy branches, to abide in the holy vine wherein we have been planted. In this way only can we hope to bear fruit, more fruit and much fruit for God.

THE UNFRUITFUL BRANCH

John 15:6, "If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned."

The lesson thus far is one of beauty and holiness and purity, which is possible through wholehearted obedience to God. But this verse portrays quite a different picture—that of one who will not abide in Jesus. The first thing we notice is that he is "withered," that is, his life becomes void, he loses faith, he forgets to pray and therefore all the godliness he possessed departs from him. We find many people who are unwilling to yield all to God; they will abide with Him for a while, but soon grow impatient and break themselves off, so to speak, and are no longer united with the true vine, Jesus, but want their own way instead. The doom of this class is clearly and unmistakably stated, "men shall gather them and cast them into the fire and they shall be burned." The saddest picture in the world today is that of the person who, after sins have been forgiven, because of a stubborn will, refuses to obey the Word of God and keep His commandments. Justice must be meted to this class as well as those who always reject Him, and this is the judgment God has pronounced. Young people, let's determine to abide in Jesus if it means standing alone with Him, rather than suffer this horrible judgment.

(Close with an altar call to all determined to abide in Him more fully than before.)

THE ESSENTIALS OF A CHRISTIAN LIFE

GRACE CHURCHMAN

Leading Thought

It matters not where we start to go, there are some things we must do. If we were going on a trip to California, it would be of vital importance for us to study a road map and decide which route to take, and to see that the car was in a good condition.

We have started on a journey to heaven. The Bible outlines the only route whereby we can reach our destination. There are many things that we can and can not do if we intend to reach the goal, and we are going to discuss some of the essentials of the journey.

LOVE IS ESSENTIAL

Love is a very essential attribute to the Christian life. If we love the Lord we will keep His commandments, Prov. 14:15. We should love our neighbor as ourselves, Matt. 19:19, and love our enemies, bless them that curse us, and do good to them that hate us, Matt. 5:43, 44.

PRAYER IS ESSENTIAL

Two wise men have said, "Prayer is the wing wherewith we fly to heaven," and "Prayer is a powerful thing, for God has bound and tied Himself thereunto."

In Luke 11:2 Jesus told His disciples to pray after this manner, first giving thanks to God for His guidance and aid in their lives. 1 Thess. 5:17, "Pray without ceasing." We should have a prayer in our heart even though it is impossible for us to kneel and pray.

Why pray? Matt. 26:41, "Watch and pray that you enter not into temptations." Luke 18:1, "Men ought always to pray and not faint."

STUDY IS ESSENTIAL

2 Tim. 2:15, "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Paul was a well educated man and God used him in a wonderful way because he consecrated his life to Him and was a man of knowledge.

When we study we should not do so that we might make a great deal of money or show off to the world, but that we could be of more service to Jesus. It is through study and consecration that we learn God's will.

KEEPING OUR EYES ON HEAVENLY THINGS IS ESSENTIAL

Col. 3:1

If we lose the vision of heaven, we will soon be back in sin. First we see sin, then we lust after it, then we conceive it, and the wages of sin is death. By keeping our eyes on heavenly things we increase our good works. If we keep our eyes on heaven, we will be unable to see our brother's faults and will not talk about them.

Cooperation is the keynote of any group's success. We must cooperate for we do not want to live a hermit life, Rom. 14:7; 1 John 1:3. We need to cooperate with people as long as they cooperate with God. But we must cooperate with God even if people fail to understand us, for it is He whom we are serving.

Topic: BIBLE OUTLINE A Perfect Savior

For Redemption—"Redeemed with the precious blood of Christ," 1 Peter 1:19. "Redemption through his blood," Eph. 1:7.

For Salvation—"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life," John 3:36. "I give unto them eternal life and they shall never perish; neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand," John 10:28.

For Deliverance—"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it," 1 Cor. 10:13.

"Thanks be unto God, who always causeth us to triumph in Christ," 2 Cor. 2:14.

For strength—"My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon men," 2 Cor. 12:9.

For Comfort—"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you," 1 Peter 5:7.

For Every Need—"My God shall supply ALL your needs according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus," Phil. 4:19.

Amount Sent from Each State to the Fund for Sending Lighted Pathways to Soldiers

North Carolina	\$56.30
Missouri	22.90
Virginia	21.20
Tennessee	20.00
South Carolina	19.23
Florida	15.70
Illinois	10.00
Texas	8.00
Georgia	7.70
Louisiana	7.00
Kentucky	4.70
Alabama	4.25
Ohio	4.00
West Virginia	3.00
South Dakota	3.00
California	2.62
Mississippi	1.00
Oklahoma	1.00
Delaware	1.00
Pennsylvania	.70
	\$213.30

Dear Sister Harrison:

I wish to express my appreciation to all the good people who have written me letters and sent me Bibles and Testaments for my fellow inmates. Several people have requested that I write to them personally before they sent any Bibles or Testaments. I am sorry but I am not permitted to correspond with any one except my relatives, except by special permission and under those circumstances I hope you will forgive me. May I repeat that Bibles and Testaments may be mailed to me direct but in care of the Prison Chaplain. Like this: James Knowles, No. 32594, c/o Prison Chaplain, 818 Jefferson Ave., Moundsville, W. Va.; other literature must come to the chaplain only.—James Knowles.



Sow Beside All Waters

I was lonely and sad. Everything about me seemed dark and desolate, and my soul, cast down, had forgotten the admonition: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

Suddenly, out of the deep silence and solitariness of that sad evening, came the sounds of sweetest melody. It was a street organ played by a young boy. I went out to give him a little money.

What an intelligent face was his, and at the same time those large dark eyes, which he turned upon me, what a story of need and sorrow they told! He is hungry, I said to myself, and placing bread and meat on a plate, I added a booklet which was lying on the table. I handed it all to him without any courage to say a word.

Yet he deeply interested me, and as I watched him eating, from behind the window where I sat, repeatedly my heart went up to God in prayer, that the booklet might be used for his salvation. After eating, which was quickly done, he took up the booklet, read its title, *How to Become a Christian*, and put it carefully away in his pocket.

Years passed, and war broke out with its tale of sorrows and distresses. My little organ grinder passed out of my mind.

One time I went to visit a hospital where the wounded were cared for. The surgeon was making his rounds. Silent and sad he stood by one of the wounded, holding his wrist, and counting his pulse, which was growing weaker and weaker. I stopped to look at the patient. He was a very young man; his eyes were closed and the seal of death was on his face. At the same moment the chaplain also came, and leaning over the dying man, seemed anxious to know if he still breathed.

All at once the young man opened his eyes and asked, "Am I going to die?"

The chaplain, looking sad, made no answer.

"Oh, don't be afraid to tell me. I am ready."

"I cannot say, my young friend," said the chaplain, "but do you know the Savior of sinners? Do you love Jesus?"

"Yes, yes, I have just seen Him. I am not wandering. I must tell you all before I go."

"Have you a mother? Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, sir, but she is not here. I am going to be with her soon; she is in Heaven." And as he said these words, what a lovely expression played through his dying eyes.

"But," he added, "I have a young sister. Poor child, she will be very lonely now. But I have committed her to the Lord and He will not forsake her. I would like to send her a few things," and so saying, he made a special effort, and drew from under his pillow a purse in which were a few gold pieces, then a Bible, a photograph, and a booklet quite worn, its cover soiled with blood.

"This little book," he said "brought me salvation, also to my dear mother. As a little boy I was a poor organ grinder—and I tried to care for my sick mother and little sister—we were very wretched then, when a good lady gave me this little book—oh, how glad my mother was when I read it to her! *Until then no one had ever given us anything to show us the way to Heaven. None had ever talked to us about that precious Savior, who died upon the cross to redeem us.*—Dear lady, we prayed for her every day—how I did long to see her again—!"

I drew near and nearer to catch every word from the lips of the dying

THE DEVIL SOWED SOME SEED ONE DAY

The devil sowed some seed one day
And he strewed them along the great highway;

He chuckled and laughed, then shook his head

And this is what the old devil said:
"I'll sow by the wayside, I'll throw to the breeze,

My seeds shall be scattered o'er land and o'er seas;

I'll plant the seeds of lust, envy and hate,

I'll visit the poor, the rich and the great;

For great is my power, in vice I shall rule,

My laws are mighty, treacherous and cruel!

"Although I am ancient, I'm still in the race,

My servants will follow anywhere, any place;

So I'll scatter my seed o'er hill and o'er dale

And mankind will follow along on my trail,"

So said old Satan as he strewed to the wind.

"The saints shall be fallen as with those who have sinned,

My seed shall grow in hate here and there

Through God's beautiful calm, peaceful and fair."

He laughed as he winked at the smiling sun

And said, "Why, my work is only begun."

"I'll sow in the garden of each little home as I should,

I'll kill all the beautiful, lovely and good;

With sorrow and hate I'm filled with delight,

I keep my slaves busy from morning till night.

I'll destroy all the good in youth and in maid,

I'll fill them with vice and evil instead;

I'll turn this old world upside down, And I'll earn for myself a victory crown."

So said the devil as away he flew.

"That's what I'm here in this world to do."

—Marion MacLean Bates, 3110 7th St., Rockford, Ill.

man, for I had recognized in him the little organ grinder who had once cheered my depressed spirit. After a little in weak tones he was saying, "What a beautiful dream it was! I had come to the gates of Heaven and went in.—Everything was so lovely; but I wanted to see my Savior, then my mother. She seemed—there—near Him. Then I thought of that good lady of the booklet, and I wanted to see her, but she had not got there yet—"

I could no longer restrain myself, and sobbed aloud. It roused the dying man and, looking at me, a flash of recognition lit up his face. Astonished, but unable to move, he said slowly, "I thank Thee, Lord; I know Thou hearest prayer."

Brethren, sisters, Christian friends, scatter the seed. "Be instant in season, out of season." "Sow beside all waters." "After many days" it will return. Sooner or later you shall see it bear fruit, and joy unspeakable will be yours.

Will anyone be looking for you?

(A letter written by Mrs. Mary Keheley to her young son, Robert)

May 21, 1943.

My dear Son:

I am writing you this letter as you graduate from grammar school. Thirteen years ago you came to me as a helpless little boy. You still seem to be a baby to me, but you are so tall and strong and I am so proud of you.

At this time you are just beginning to enter life, with all its problems and perplexities. There will be times you will wonder which step to take next. There are some things I would like for you to remember. First of all I want to say, BE GOOD, not the kind of goodness that is put on for the world to see, but the sort that comes from a heart that is good, down deep inside of you. It will shine out, anyway. Fear God and keep His commandments and walk uprightly in the sight of all men. There is nothing that pays such dividends in health and happiness, and even in worldly success, as just goodness. It can be done, for we are told in the scripture that "God will not suffer us to be tempted above that which we are able to bear, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape."

Look about you and you will see that the men who are hale and hearty in their old age are the good men who did not waste their strength in riotous living. You will see that the prosperous men are honest, fair-dealing men who built their fortunes on the faith that others put in them. You will see that the happy men are those who have a clear conscience. Never forget, son, that the only person whose good opinion is of vital importance to you is your own. If you can look yourself in the face, the rest of the world doesn't matter.

Be a gentleman. Somebody has said that a gentleman is a man who considers other people and never forgets himself. A gentleman never brags. He never boasts. He never whines. You have never been a cry-baby anyway. A gentleman doesn't have to go through the world beating on a drum

(Continued on page 18)



LETTERS FROM OUR TRAINING CAMPS

Dear Sister Harrison:

It might seem a little unusual for a person to go for a whole year without even getting to see a copy of the Lighted Pathway, especially when it is his favorite magazine or paper, but that is true in my case. You see, since I came overseas last summer, my first copy of your fine paper was your May, 1943, issue, which I received a few days ago. My! was I glad to read some decent religious paper for a change! My Bible has been almost alone as a source of spiritual enlightenment and with consistent prayer has been greatly responsible for my being able to live for Jesus through the numerous hardships. Without the love of God, of course, my whole life would have been meaningless.

Like most of our boys in the armed forces, I have been taken far from my home and family. I have been able to visit Jerusalem and the other places in Palestine where Christ lived while upon earth. Needless to say, this has been an inspiration to me. Now, since we are still faced by an uncertain future, each of us should put forth more untiring effort for the benefit of the unsaved, as well as the Christians everywhere, in the name and honor of Christ Jesus our Lord. Prayer is the main source of our strength—we must not let it go unused.—Cpl. William A. Wright, A. S. N. 14067340, 345th Bomb. Sqdn. 98th Bomb. Group (H), A.P.O. 683, c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I thank God for opening the way for such an interesting magazine to be brought my way. It has helped me more than any other magazine, I believe, I have ever read. I would to God that every person on this earth could have just one copy of this book. This world needs the Word of God more than anything else. And I know that this book is one good way of sending the Word of God out into this old world of sin.

Sister Harrison, I am just burdened for lost souls, so I am asking every Christian who will to pray with me at least thirty minutes each day for lost souls. Will you do that, Christians?

I thank God, too, for saving my soul nearly two months ago; for keeping me in sweet peace and happiness since that day.

Just remember, sinners, as one who loves everybody, I am praying for you.—Cpl. Edwin K. Herndon, 442nd Engineer Depot Co., Lathrop Engineer Depot, Lathrop, Calif.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I received the Lighted Pathways and was glad to get them and glad to distribute them around to the different wards. I know some of the boys will read them.

I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway very much. Please pray for me.—Pvt. Wm. L. Turner, Med. Det. Sta. Hosp., Camp Davis, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I didn't really know that the Lighted Pathway was such a grand paper until I entered the army: There

are so many good thoughts and encouraging topics in it. I'll be glad to distribute all the papers you can send.

I know you are praying for all the boys in service, but I want you to especially remember me that I may get closer to God and be a greater blessing for Him.—Pvt. Willis E. Dilow, B. Btry., 307 F. A. Bn., 37606597, Camp Butner, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Thanks very much for sending me the Lighted Pathway. I used to read and sell those Lighted Pathways and my mother and father back home read them.

"I'll Meet You There" in the July issue was surely good and also the "Letter to Soldiers." I enjoy reading the paper so very much.

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." This is my prayer.—Pvt. Joseph E. Mezo, S. C. U. 1911 Med. Sect., Camp Adair, Ore.

Dear Friends:

The Lord has been real good to me. I find His grace sufficient to sustain us even though we are in the army. I get the Evangel and Lighted Pathway and enjoy reading them. I go to church three and four times a week. I attend the Assemblies of God of Great Britain and Ireland. We have some good services. Some boys are getting saved and filled with the Holy Ghost. I have had the privilege of speaking to the boys three times since I've been here. By God's grace I want to live my life for Him and help those who are strangers to His saving grace to find the Lord Jesus who is abundantly able to save and to deliver from all the chains of sin and to give us the victory over the trials, tests and temptations.

May the Lord continue to bless you all. I ask to be remembered in your prayers.—Pte Roset C. I.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have been reading your edition of the Lighted Pathway and I find that it is real food to my soul. It fills me with joy and happiness each time I read it.

I am a soldier in the army and also a soldier for God. God is my leader and I trust in Him to keep me safe and give me a home in glory when this old world no longer exists. I believe that God is soon coming to gather His faithful ones and take them to glory. Please pray for me that I will ever stand true to God. Also remember all soldier boys everywhere. Christian friends, please write to me.—Pvt. James Stephens, 34584489, D 10th. A. A. R. T. C. Bn., Building 1314, Fort Eustis, Va.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I appreciate your efforts to get the Lighted Pathway to me. I also appreciate your encouraging words and prayers. I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway very much and my prayer is that God will anoint you with words from above that you might print what will be best food for the soul.—

Pvt. William E. Ward, 4th Med. Supply Depot, A.P.O. 759, c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am still getting the Lighted Pathway and derive much soul food from reading it. I am now overseas and I want you to keep sending the paper to me. I need the inspiration received from reading it.—Cpl. Herbert Anderson, 6th Gen. Hosp., A.P.O. 668, c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Thanks ever so much for sending me the Lighted Pathway. It has been going to my old address in New York but I have been getting every copy. I enjoy reading it so very much and it is a great blessing to my soul. Please send all mail to my new address. I wish to thank my friends for the nice encouraging letters they have written me.—Pfc. O'Dell Justice, Co. M, 473rd Truck Regt., A.P.O. 183, c/o Postmaster, Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a lonely soldier boy overseas. I have just received the May issue of the Lighted Pathway and I can't begin to tell you how much good it does me to read such a good paper. I want to thank the good people of Wake Forest, N. C., for sending me this good paper. I have been a reader of this paper for the past four years until I came overseas and missed a few copies. Everyone in this camp has read it and, I think, enjoyed it.

I certainly enjoyed the letter from Pauline Weaver to the boys in service. It touched my heart. Please pray for me. I need Christ in my life. Also pray that the Lord will heal me. I am in the hospital now with malaria fever. All you good Christian friends, please drop this lonely soldier a few lines.—Pvt. Allison P. Baker, 1st. Evacuation Hospital, A.P.O. 503, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Editor:

I wish to thank you for the two March issues of the Lighted Pathway and also the ones who made it possible to send them. I have been overseas for sometime and look forward to the coming of the Lighted Pathway and the Evangel. I put mine in the reading room when I am finished with them and I will see that the extra ones get to different camps, as reading material is scarce, especially Christian literature. My papers have to make up for my Church and friends. I enjoy the letters from the soldiers in the Lighted Pathway. It is the best paper I ever read and I hope they will keep coming.

Mail and packages seem to be the biggest moral boosters in the Army. I am a member of the Church of God at Wapato, Wash. I am glad to say that the Lord and mail from Christians are my moral boosters. Pray for my loved ones.—Your brother in Christ, Cpl. Darold Sherbann, A.S.N. 39172826, 72nd Station Hosp., A.P.O. 611, c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

GOD HONORS THOSE WHO HONOR HIM

(1 Sam. 2:30)

REV. GEORGE CLEMENT

"So you are not going with us tomorrow?" asked "Red" Evans, with a leer. "S'pose you're going to Sunday School instead, eh? You're a poor sport, that's what you are!"

These sneering remarks were addressed to Lloyd Elliot as he was weighing out some sugar for the shelves of the "grocceteria" of Reynold's, Ltd., Valley City's leading department store. He had been out of employment for quite a while until a month ago when he had commenced here. He was a Christian, and it was not long before his fellow workers knew it. Several days ago the supervisor of the "grocceteria" had offered him a cigarette during the lunch hour, and he refused it with the remark that he did not smoke. When he was asked why, and he had told them, that started it. Since then he had been persecuted by nearly all his department. To make matters worse, the manager or supervisor boasted of his atheism. The day before he had suggested that they all go to Dundas Bay on the coming Sunday and have a day of fishing and swimming. Lloyd courteously told them that he had other engagements that day. He said he taught a class in the Sunday School, and also that he would not like to miss the two church services. When they told him that surely he could forget these for one day he quietly and frankly explained that the Lord's Day was not his, and therefore he could not selfishly take it from Him, and use it for his own purposes. This aroused their bitter animosity, and consequently all day Saturday he was bitterly assailed. Nothing he did all day suited the manager. He thought that his job was going to be taken from him, and he dreaded the thought of being unemployed, especially as his folks needed his help so much. But he could not sacrifice what he knew to be right for an expediency. The Lord would surely stand by him, for He had promised that they that honor Him, He would honor.

A few weeks went by, and the persecution he was enduring day after day was becoming more acute. He was receiving the blame for mistakes that others made. Just at that time the Valley City Evangelical Sunday School Superintendents' and Teachers' Conference was held. At the Round Table discussion Lloyd's attention was drawn to the chairman's features. Where had he seen him before? It suddenly struck him that he was the general manager of Reynold's, Ltd. Sitting at his side was the superintendent of the Sunday School of which Lloyd was teacher. They seemed to know each other quite well, he noticed.

After the meeting, on their way home, Lloyd and Mr. Wright (his Sunday School superintendent) walked together, as they lived near each other on the same street. They often chatted about the Word, and Christian experiences. A few times Lloyd had told Mr. Wright of his problems in the store, and had asked

Shut-in Corner

LIFE'S WAY

When life's way is rough and rugged
And your heart is almost sick,
And your feet are well nigh slipping,
Though you've done your best to stick,
Don't despair, dear fellow-pilgrim;
If your eyes with tears are dim,
Just remember God is living,
Then put all your trust in Him.

He has never failed His people
Through the ages of the past,
Though they had to suffer, suffer,
And in prison some were cast;
Yet the furnace of affliction
Brought them out as purest gold,
Made like gems and jewels precious,
Polished for the Master's fold.

A PRAYER

Holy Father, who art never far away, with awed and reverent trust I seek Thee on behalf of Thy servants who are walking through the shadowed valley and need so much Thy befriending hand and heart. As they journey, may they hear beside them the footfalls of the Great Companion, Jesus Christ, and be warmed in heart by His unfailing tenderness and love. Grant that they may look up to the heights, where sun, moon, and stars

that he would remember him in prayer that he might always witness a good confession, and never bring reproach upon the cause of Jesus Christ.

"Say, Lloyd, I hope you'll not mind, but I told Mr. Howard (the general manager of Reynold's), whom I know quite well, of the dreadful way you are being treated. I hinted that I thought there was little possibility of any advancement in your department because of the prejudices which you are day after day surrounded with; in fact I told him that I feared that the manager would misrepresent you to such an extent that it would cause your dismissal."

"I hope Mr. Howard didn't think I was complaining, did he?" anxiously asked Lloyd.

"No, I was very careful in the way I presented your case; in fact, I think you are going to hear from him in a favorable way in a few days. Keep praying and believing, and see if I'm not right."

Sure enough; a few days after the Sunday School Conference, the general manager came down to Lloyd's department and asked him to come to his office at the noon hour.

"At last we have got rid of him," exclaimed "Red" Evans to one of the others working beside him. "I guess he will get his ticket now. I knew our manager would do something to get him 'fired.'"

The next day Lloyd didn't make his appearance in the "grocceteria." "I told you he would get his ticket,"

Do not think your life is harder,
And your road is rougher, too,
Than the saintly pilgrim fathers
Who have made the journey
through;
For the way that you are going
Is the way their feet have trod,
But it ends in heavenly glory,
In the presence of our God.

Oh, the struggle in the battle
May seem fearful to your soul,
As the forces of the devil
Strive to keep you from the goal;
But be faithful, calm and patient,
Watch and pray and don't despair;
Keep your heart and soul on Heaven
And you'll soon be over there!—Sel.

still shine as a symbol of Thy care. Above all, give to them Thy presence and fill them with Thy peace. In the silence of affliction may Thine everlasting arms enfold them. May their wounded hearts have foregleams of Thy heaven, and grant that its glory may rest like evening calm over their spirits. Come softly as the dew, O God, to refresh and reassure them. May Thy Holy Spirit breathe upon them like a mother on her child. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

chuckled Evans.

"Oh, is that so?" answered his fellow worker, glumly. "That's where you are badly mistaken. I was on the same elevator with Lloyd this morning and I overheard him say to a Sunday School friend of his, who works in the clothing department, that he has a position now in the general office as a clerk, and that it offers him splendid opportunities for advancement."

"Red" gasped and tried to speak but could not. A few days later the manager of the "grocceteria" called the fellows together. He looked perplexed. "Listen, fellows, I must warn you. The next time the employment office sends a chap to our department who has his convictions about things such as Lloyd has, don't 'get fresh' with him if you know what is good for you. I came near getting 'the ticket,' and I was asked to warn you; and so I have done it for your own sakes. I can't explain things for I'm puzzled myself, but remember what I've said."

Christian friend, "be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord," 1 Cor. 15:58. God honors them that honor Him.—*Gospel Herald*.

The minister who fails to study and apply himself will speak empty words from an empty mind to empty seats, instead of speaking words full of meaning from a mind full of understanding to a house full of people.



LED BY A CHILD

(Continued from page 5)

Thee out next time."

She responded, "We must; we must." Kneeling by that crib, all resentment left them. God forgave them, and grandpa blessed them, saying so kindly and impressively, "A little child shall lead them."

Jackie recovered in due time. The home was re-established, and the court gladly gave them back their little son. They have a real Christian home now, and all are happy in Him. —*Light and Life Evangel.*

WHERE HENRY'S NAME WAS WRITTEN

(Continued from page 4)

Henry did. He often heard it said that Uncle Henry was a great man to see everything that was going on.

So now, as Henry saw the people passing along the crowded street, he watched them closely so he would grow to be an observing man.

That was how he came to notice the bent old lady's bag. The bent old lady looked as if she were not much used to crowded city streets, and did not like them. She was carrying a suitcase, a bundle, and a little leather handbag. The handle of the bag was broken, but the lady did not seem to know it.

That big envelope is going to fall out," thought Henry. Just then it did fall out and dropped on the sidewalk. But the lady did not know it, and walked straight on.

Henry darted out, picked it up, and running a few steps, overtook the lady.

"You dropped this," he told her.

She glanced at her bag. She was dismayed when she saw the broken handle.

"I do not know," she said, "what I would have done if I had lost that paper. I will always be thankful to you. What is your name?"

"Henry Ward."

"Henry Ward," she repeated. "You can know, Henry, that your name will always be written on my humble heart."

Henry told his father about it as they rode away. "She said that my name would always be written on her humble heart."

"That is the best place you can write your name, son," said his father, "on grateful hearts. It is better than on granite, even on such a building as your Uncle Henry's."—*Publisher Unknown.*

LET US HAVE A VOCAL CAMPAIGN

(Continued from page 10)

"Whom do you belong to?"

"I belong to the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Are you glad or sorry?"

"I am glad, very glad!"

"Who in the car knows that man belongs to the devil?"

"Everybody knows that, for he has not kept it a secret."

"Who in the car knows you belong to the Lord Jesus?"

"Why, no one knows it, for you see, I am a stranger around here."

"Are you willing that they should

know to whom you belong?"

"Yes, I am willing."

"Very well; will you let them know it?"

I thought a moment, and then said, "By the help of my Master, I will."

Then straightening up and taking a good breath, I began singing in the voice that could be heard by all in the car, "There is a fountain filled with blood."

Before I had finished the first verse and chorus the passengers had crowded down and around me, and the blasphemer had turned around and looked at me with a face resembling a thunder cloud. As I finished the chorus he said, "What are you doing?"

"I am singing," I replied.

"Well," said he, "any fool can understand that."

"I am glad you understand it."

"What are you singing?"

"I am singing the religion of the Lord Jesus."

"Well, you quit."

"I guess not," I replied; "I don't belong to the quit family. For the last half hour you have been flying your master's colors pretty high; now for the next half hour I am going to fly my Master's colors."

"My master! Who is my master?"

"The devil is your master, while Christ is mine. I am as proud of my Master as you are of yours. Now I am going to have my turn; if the passengers don't object, I want to sing the rest of the song."

A chorus of voices cried out, "Sing on, stranger, we like that."

I sang on and as the next verse was finished the blasphemer turned his face away and I saw nothing of him after that but the back of his head, and he left the train soon after. Song after song followed, and I had other voices to help me. When the song service ended, an old man came to me, putting out his hand and said, "Sir, we owe you thanks."—*The Congregationalist.*

RACHEL

(Continued from page 3)

cannot mingle socially with Gentiles.

"Would the Christian schools extend a welcome to our Little Abie? No, they would not. Why not? Little Abie is a Jew. Christian mothers do not want their children to play with Jewish children. When he is ready for matriculation, would the Christian universities receive him as kindly as they do their Gentile students? No. Why not? He is a Jew. Jewish students carry off the honors from the Gentiles. Would the Christian clubs admit him to their membership? No, assuredly not. Why not? He is a Jew. Aristocratic Christian clubs exclude all Jews.

"When he graduates and seeks to enter politics perhaps, or the professions, will he have an easy time? No, he will not have an easy time. Why not? For the same reason. He still will be—a Jew. He'll get there—oh, yes, Jews always get there—to the very top—in everything. Business, the professions, science, finance, journalism, politics, music and the drama, literature and art—the Jews are fast becoming leaders in them all. But at awful cost. A Jew pays heavily in per-

secution and suffering—yes, suffering—for all he gets. And why? That's why. Because the Jew will always be—a Jew.

"Just one thing more! Suppose, Rachel, we did confess our faith in Christ. Suppose we did come out openly as Christians. All right, what then? Would the Christian Church take us in? Would the Christian ministers who preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, a Jew, show love to us who are His Jewish brethren? Would the Christian worshippers, bowing piously in prayer to Him, make welcome room for us within their pews? Would they? Tell me, would they? Sit down a bit and think it over. Go to a few Christian churches and find out. Find out for yourself how warm a welcome you would get from them. Find out how keen it is—the Church of Jesus Christ—to win the Jew.

"And Rachel, you and I are Jews. And Jews we'll stay. We'll stick to our own people. We'll stay where we have friends. Every one in this old world needs friends. And believe me, I know where to find them. Among the Jews. The Jews have love. The Christians talk a lot about love—about the love of Christ—but it takes the Jew to show it. You never yet saw a Jew refuse to give another Jew a helping hand when he was down. You never yet saw one Jew turn a hungry Jew away. You never saw a Jew that was sick or homeless or helpless very long. That's what I call love.

"And that's the kind of love I want. That's what I call the love of Christ. I tell you, Ray, I have seen more of the true love of Jesus Christ in the heart of an orthodox Jew than I have in thousands of Christians who claim to follow His example. Jesus Christ Himself is all right. I haven't one word to say against Him—not one single word. But believe me, those who call themselves by His name are not like Him. There are very few Christians, Ray, that I have any use for.

"So once for all I ask you, please, to cut out all this talk about you and me becoming Christians. I tell you I will never be a Christian. And you won't be a Christian either. We're Jews! And Jews we stay."

The last words were punctuated with a sharp slamming of the door as Max went out.

Rachel sank upon her knees distressed and torn. Her heart and brain alike were in raging tumult because of Max's stand and because of her ardent yearning for Max's soul. But above the confusion one fact alone stood out in clear and bold relief. Though every man might be a liar, though every one who named His name might yet prove false, Jesus Christ her Lord was true. And Him she was resolved that she would follow wheresoever He might lead. And to the very end. Him she would from this time forth faithfully confess at every opportunity, no matter what the cost. Steadfastly she set her face as a flint to go all the way forward with Him and for Him.

* * * * *

Another cloudburst came the following week. And this time the one who precipitated it was Jacob. Upon arising in the morning, Rachel had centered her devotions upon the first



chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. She had been without a Bible since hers had been burned by Mrs. Kalinsky at Seder—for she had had no money for a new one. But the Word of God was stored richly in her heart. And through the wonderful eighth verse the Spirit spoke directly to her: "Ye shall receive power . . . ye shall be witnesses."

"Power." Dynamite, the word meant literally. "Ye shall receive dynamite!" the Master promised. With thrilling joy Rachel consciously realized herself to be a chosen channel for the mighty operation of the Holy Spirit. "Ye shall be witnesses." She—Rachel Mendelssohn Kalinsky—a witness for her Lord Christ Jesus! Oh, the wondrous privilege, the honor of it!

"In Jerusalem." Right here among her own dear Jewish people! Was that God's plan for her? As she communed with Him in prayer, the vision deepened in Rachel's awe-struck soul of what He might do through her life, fully yielded up to Him, for Israel in New York City.

And to this heavenly vision she was not disobedient. That very afternoon Rachel Kalinsky began her missionary ministry as ambassador for Jesus Christ her King. And at once she was challenged by the enemy. The immediate result of her witness was the cloudburst of Jacob's wrath.

It was pouring heavily outdoors and the children consequently had to play inside. They got tired. Wouldn't Auntie Ray please tell them some nice stories? Auntie Ray did—one story after another—fairy stories, nature stories, Bible stories from the Old Testament.

And then she ventured boldly. They had just had the story of the little Samuel. Would they not like to hear a wonderful story now about Another Little Boy?

Yes, they would. Eagerly they listened as still more eagerly Rachel, with a lovely light in her dark eyes and a glow in her heart, told them the story of the dear Lord Jesus when He was twelve years old. Her back was turned toward the doorway so that she did not see Jacob peering through it stealthily. The three children lined up before her on the chesterfield did see him and gave a guilty giggle. Then Rachel turned quickly—and faced the cloudburst.

Jacob was choked with rage. His ugly face was purple. The veins stood out upon his neck and forehead like whiplashes. With a savage growl he suddenly rushed forward and struck the children brutally, ordering them off upstairs instantly. They fled from the room screaming. Then Jacob seized Rachel viciously by the shoulders and shook her until her teeth chattered.

"You Meshumed," he hissed. "You dare to! You dare to talk to my children ever again about that blasphemous Jesus Christ and I'll wring your head from your neck like a hen's!"

He drew away and confronted her menacingly. "Look here, my girl," he snarled, "I am telling you just one thing. There ain't no room in this house for Jesus Christ. And there ain't no room for Christians. I ain't got nothing more to say at all—just only that—Jesus Christ and all His

tribe gets out. Y'understand me, don't you? All right then, think it over!"

The children, of course, told their mother and Jacob told his mother; and from that hour henceforth the thunderbolts crashed from every quarter. Cloudburst followed cloudburst. Through them all Rachel was sustained in wondrous peace. That the die was cast—that her hour was come—she knew beyond a doubt, but she was kept calm and unafraid. Steadfastly she stood true to her Lord—not aggressively or with any suggestion of defiance, but in her own quiet, forceful way speaking His name with perfect naturalness at every possible opportunity. In consequence of which the storm increased in fury and momentum.

And at last the lightning struck.

It was on Yom Kippur—the great Day of Atonement—the day of humiliation and abasement. Throughout the Ghetto of New York, and throughout the world, Jews everywhere were gathered in their respective synagogues, from early morning until sunset, with weeping and fasting and penitential prayer—as they confessed their sins.

Yom Kippur fell this year on Sabbath—early in October. On Sabbath and Yom Kippur eve, before sundown, the Kalinskys had partaken copiously of their elaborate supper as fortification against the long day of fasting on the morrow. At the table Mrs. Kalinsky outlined the Yom Kippur program. The men and children would go to the synagogue at seven and, of course, would stay all day. Yes, certainly they had to, she insisted, in response to the children's loud outcry of protest. It was the great Yom Kippur. Didn't they want to get forgiveness for their sins? She and Sarah would go in the morning, then one of them would come home at twelve o'clock to take care of the baby and let Rachel go from then till sundown when Yom Kippur ended.

Rachel suddenly went cold! She knew—the hour was about to strike! A paralysis of nameless terror crept over her. Icy fingers seemed to grip her throat. She made no reply to Mrs. Kalinsky's plan. Escaping as quickly as possible to her room she flung herself upon her knees and pleaded with her Lord for strength.

Tenderly He drew near as He had done so many times before when the forces of darkness had almost overwhelmed. Over and over again He whispered to her heart, out of His own Word so richly hidden there, sweet promises of help and strength and peace:

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. . . . When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. . . . Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest. . . . He knoweth the way that I take. . . . he performeth the thing that is appointed for me. . . . The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. . . . Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee. Trust ye in

the Lord for ever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength. . . . For this God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death."

To Be Continued

A LETTER TO A BOY FROM HIS MOTHER

(Continued from page 14)

and proclaiming who he is and demanding respect, because everyone recognizes a gentleman at sight and makes a way for him.

Cultivate good manners. The whole world honors and respects a person who can be charming and at ease in the presence of other people.

Get the best education possible. Don't think of school as a place of torment, but as a place to fit yourself for life by training your mind. The more education you receive, the more power you will have, and the quicker you will get where you are going. As you grow older, decide what you are best talented for, and bend every effort to become just what you want to be. Don't ever think of yourself as a failure, but believe that you can accomplish anything that others have done.

Learn how to get along with people. Acquire the fine art of being a real friend to others, and you will make friends as you go along. All your life you will have to rub shoulders with your fellow man. Learn how to give a pat on the back instead of a dig in the ribs. Our friends are among our greatest assets.

Shun evil companions. People who would cause you to lower your ideals and standards are not worth your time and friendship. Cultivate the people who will lift you up on a higher plain.

Reverence all womankind. Treat them with the same respect that you would want other men to treat your mother and sisters. You will probably meet some as you go along who do not respect themselves. Disregard them. There are plenty of women in the world who are pure and good.

Be brave. Don't let anything in life down you. Learn to take whatever comes to you without howling or complaint. The people who always win out in the end are the stout-hearted who can endure. Have the courage to dare to go after what you want and fight for it until you get it. It is the cowards in life who are failures. They are defeated before they ever begin. Hold your head high and reach for the lofty things.

Don't wreck your life by making a too-early marriage. You will think you are in love many times while you are still in your adolescence. These heartthrobs are merely growing pains that will soon pass. Let your judgment have time to ripen and your emotions settle before you take on the responsibility of a family.

Pray and seek the will of God in your life at all times. He will direct your pathway towards heaven if you will be yielded to Him. My prayer is that this little counsel will be a help to you in some time of need, and that God will keep you and guide you always.

YOUR MOTHER.



GLINTS OF KNOWLEDGE

HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN GREAT

When Mussolini came to power Italy was prostrate. Her ships were lying at anchor in her harbors, their sails flapping idly in the wind and their crews begging food ashore. Her trains were stopped between stations in the country while trainmen foraged among the farmers. Her factories were idle, her streets were littered, her currency worthless, her government helpless. Mussolini's methods were severe, but nothing less than stern measures would have sufficed in such an extremity.

In the brief space of five years Italian industry was restored. The populace was at work and eating. The Italian government was treated with respect by every great power in the world, and the Italian people looked the nations of the earth straight in the eye.

Had he been content to serve Italy and upbuild his countrymen instead of his own vanity, Mussolini might have been great. His was the strong hand the Italian people needed. His was the strong purpose that could bring order out of chaos. His was the determination that was capable of restoring Italy to the councils of Europe. But he dreamed of an empire.

His dramatic demise is high tragedy because he is forced out of power at the depth of his tawdry career, having led a great people down the way of shame.

He drops into oblivion, his evil hands dripping with the blood of black Christians in Ethiopia, heroic Greeks, wild Arabs of North Africa and, most pathetic of all, deluded Italians trapped by his charlatanism into stabbing France in the back.

He had many qualities which might have made him a great personality—daring, decisive, enthusiasm, single-mindedness of purpose, leadership, and a degree of genius. He lacked the one essential of moral character.

He might have been great, but he passes out of the picture as nothing more than a conqueror who fell upon his own sword.

WASHINGTON CITY CHURCHES HAVE LONG PASTORATES

Last Sunday Dr. John Compton Ball observed his 40th anniversary as pastor of the Metropolitan Baptist Church here. During these years the church has become one of the largest in the city. Just a month ago Dr. John E. Briggs resigned as pastor of the Fifth Baptist Church, having completed 34 years there. Dr. James H. Taylor has served the Central Presbyterian Church for nearly 37 years and was the pastor of President Woodrow Wilson. This church recently celebrated its 75th anniversary. It has had only two pastors, the late Dr. Pitzer having served it for 38 years prior to Dr. Taylor's pastorate.—*Christian Century*.

There are now 67,327,719 church members in the United States, according to figures in the newly published *Yearbook of the Churches*, 1943, and this record constitutes the

best proportion to population in the history of our country. We can be glad for the gain, but the unpleasant fact remains that about forty-nine per cent of our people belong to no churches of any denomination, large and small.—*Sel.*

SERGEANT ALVIN YORK

"I used to drink liquor, drank it for ten years, drank it until I broke the hearts of those that loved me and prayed for me. And then one night in 1914 I knelt at the altar in a little mountain Methodist church in East Tennessee, and confessed and repented of my sins. I arose from that altar a new man in Christ Jesus, and I broke with liquor forever.

"Since my conversion there are three things I have never done: I have never taken a drink of liquor; I have never smoked a cigarette; I have never sworn an oath."

Sergeant York will be remembered as the soldier who disarmed and brought in 153 German prisoners in the first World War.—From "*Progress*," by Clinton Howard.

Twenty annual conferences of Methodism in seven months in simultaneous visitation evangelism have added 245,213 new members to 6,292 pastoral charges.

Details of the German clergy shortage, which have just seeped through, reveal that over fifty per cent of all Germany's Protestant ministers are in the armed forces. Approximately 4,000 are listed as war casualties. The percentage of Confessional pastors in the army—those openly opposing Nazism—is reported to be at least 85 per cent.—*Pathfinder*.

THE FOOD INVASION

Among the landing barges which carried American soldiers to the shores of Sicily were ships loaded with American food to be distributed among the poverty stricken Sicilians. It is doubtful if there is any section of Europe in which the people are more perennially poor than upon the island of Sicily, and the war that was waged with bread was as effective in its way as that other, and more spectacular, war waged with tanks and planes. We have here, in miniature, some hint of the problem the Allied nations will face throughout the world within thirty minutes after hostilities cease. Boundaries and border lines can wait upon the statesmen, but the hungry cannot wait, and people are never reasonable while they are hungry.—*Christian Advocate*.

A TRUTH ALL SHOULD KNOW

Kansas, a pioneering state in the cause of prohibition, is made the butt of many jokes because of its dry attitude. It is no joke, however, what Kansas has reaped as a result of its bone dry law. In Kansas there are: 54 counties without any insane; 54 counties without any feeble-minded;

96 counties without any poorhouses; 53 counties without any persons in jail; 56 counties without any representatives in the state penitentiary.—*The Christian Observer*. Selected by F. W. Poland, E. Liverpool, O.

BOMBING ROME

The bombing of Rome has stirred wide comment in the Roman Catholic press. This bombing business was begun by Hitler and Mussolini, two nominal members of the Roman Catholic Church. We have never been able to understand why the Roman Catholic Church did not exercise its ecclesiastical prerogative and excommunicate these pagan vandals. Time was when its censures were effective among rulers. Certainly these two sons of the Roman Church appear to be fit objects for discipline. They have loosed on the world more agony than any other rulers in a thousand years. Now the wickedness they have taught returns upon their own heads.—*The Presbyterian*.

Sicily was the main source of the Axis' sulphur supply. Well, there is another place famous for its supply of sulphur and brimstone—and the Allies are helping the Axis toward it.—*Pathfinder*.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN

When you are speaking to a British person you know your man, and you know him because he is at bottom your sort of man. The freedom for which he fought for many centuries is your sort of freedom. The things he assumes without speaking are the things you assume when you are getting ready to speak. Cromwell lived before Washington. And if Cromwell had not defied the tyranny of the Stuarts, Washington would scarcely have defied the tyranny of the Georges. Charles Kingsley lived before Walter Rauschenbusch and the American apostle of social passion never really knew how much he owed to Kingsley. New England was literally Puritan England brought across the sea. Evangelical piety in America spoke in the very accents of Wesley and Whitefield. John Knox became an American citizen in the American Presbyterian Churches. British song birds taught American poets how to sing. British political writers taught Americans the very speech of orderly liberty. The British Labour Movement set the pace for organized labor in America.

In a crisis you have a curious sense of being in the right place if a British friend is standing beside you.—*Dean Huff, Drew Theological Seminary*.

Fortunately for devastated Europe, the granaries of South America are full to the bursting point. Five million tons of wheat lie waiting for ships and markets. Ten million tons of maize today could be released immediately for what remains of Europe's livestock. (Maize is being used as fuel on Argentine railways.)—*World Today*.

TABLE I		TABLE II	
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October

EMMA A. LENTE



*After September's pensive charms
Royal October comes
With vestments flame and red and gold
And winds that stir like drums.*

*The grass is crisp beneath the feet,
The stream is still and slow;
The sumacs burn along the hedge;
And purple gentians blow.*

*There is a touch of frost at morn,
At noon a thrill of heat,
At eve a shortening twilight and
The cricket's rhythmic beat.*

*The nuts are dropping, and in glee
The wild-wood creatures go
The feast, and garner plenteous store
To last through all the snow.*

*The south-bound birds go winging past,
Elate, with summoning call;
The hunter's moon swings grandly up,
A glorious, golden ball.*

*The orchards yield their latest fruits,
The fields their wealth of corn;
October, brave unto the end,
Is of his treasures shorn.*

—Sunday School Banner.



Original



The Lighted Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR



Vol. 14

NOVEMBER, 1943

No. 11



"Thy
Word
is
a
Light
Unto
My
Path"



Thank God, that, "Prayer changes Things."



THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

Here it is Thanksgiving time again. I wonder what you have to be thankful for. I believe we'll just have an imaginary Thanksgiving service. I always did like a meeting



where everybody expressed his thanks for the good things God has done for him through the year. Well, now you may say, How can you do this when we are all so far apart? Well, our thanksgiving is to God, and as I give mine perhaps it will inspire you to lift your heart to God also, and God will hear. Yes, we can have a wonderful Thanksgiving service even though we are far apart.

The first thing I thank God for is the great plan of salvation. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should

not perish, but have everlasting life." I thank Him that I was born of Christian parents who led me to the house of God when I was small and taught me the way of salvation. As far back as I can remember I have hungered after God. At the age of fifteen I gave my life to Jesus and since that time I have tried to be true to Him. Then, I thank Him for all the way He has led me up to this time; for the wonderful infilling of the Holy Spirit which has kept me true to Him through the trying experiences of life, and that He is precious to me at this Thanksgiving time, 1943. I would like to go into detail and tell you everything that God did for me during these years of service for Him, but I do not find space for this, but I will send you my book, "Mountain Peaks of Experience, or The Story of My Life," if you will send 25c. I think you would understand why I am filled with Thanksgiving joy today.

Then I am thankful that fifteen years ago God spoke so definitely to me about the young people of our country and showed me their need, and today I am thankful for you to whom this little message is written—you who have stood so nobly by me through all these years. I am thankful for the wonderful letters of appreciation you have

written to me. This has encouraged my heart and kept me following on in obedience to God's call. I am thankful that there is a reward awaiting you at the end of the way for every good word you have spoken for the Lighted Pathway and for every one you have placed in the hands of those around you.

I do thank the Lord for the good state Y.P.E. superintendents this past year, for the untiring efforts they have put forth to put the paper over the top in their state. God will reward you for your good work. Then the good pastors, Gideons and individuals in the different churches who have labored so faithfully. That boy or girl, man or woman, whose name or works is known to just a few, those whose names have not been heralded to distant lands, remember your deeds have been recorded and some day you will reap the harvest from the good seed you have sown.

A few days ago a man came to my door giving out false literature and he told me that their publishing house had paid out \$180,000 this year just for postage to send their literature into all the world. How sad it is that a greater number of our people do not make a greater effort to send out the gospel message through the printed page. God, help us this year to do more.

While there was a large increase in circulation last year, we want a much larger next year. This year we reached 68,000. Let us set as our goal 100,000 for next year. If every reader of the Lighted Pathway would be responsible for one extra paper each month, would it not be wonderful? Some could do more. Let us set this as our goal. If you are a subscriber, send in one more subscription. If you buy

the paper from your church, then tell them you want two each time. Let us double our circulation this year. Remember this is our goal. I am depending on you. God is depending on you. Let us work to get the paper into the hands of our boys in service. Wonderful reports are coming from them telling of the blessing they have received from its pages.

We truly thank God for our boys in service, who are doing their best for our country, they who are standing between us and destruction. God, help us to keep on praying 'til victory comes and they are safe at home again. How we wish that every boy could be at home for Thanksgiving dinner, like the young man in the picture on this page. God

(Cont. on page 16)

THANKSGIVING AT HOME, SWEET HOME



—Grendeau

Thank God for Christian Homes

Kathryn Blackburn Peck

Thank God for Christian homes that stand secure
Amid life's shifting scenes, and tow'r above
The sordidness of greed and selfishness;
Homes firmly builded on the rock of love.

Thank God for homes where Christ is truly head;
Where children learn to pray at Mother's knee;
Where Father reads the precious Word of God,
And with true wisdom leads the family.

I think as long as there are Christian homes,
The world will know a measure of content;
For peace links hands with love and hope and faith—
A home may be the saving element.



Rachel

By Agnes Scott Kent

(Used by permission of the
Evangelical Publishers)

(Continued from last issue)

When Max, an hour later, entered the room, Rachel met him smiling. The victory was won. She was calm and strong.

Max looked glum. "Well," he said peevishly, "I suppose we've got to go through with it."

"Through with what, dear?"

"Yom Kippur. Having to stand up all day in a crowded, stuffy synagogue. It's too beastly not. Kids crying all around you—everybody reading prayers and whimpering—nothing to eat all day long—it's rotten!"

"Max!"

"I can't help it. I hate it. It's a bore."

"Well, dear, don't go then," answered Rachel quietly.

"What!" exclaimed Max, astounded, "Not go? To the synagogue? On the Day of Atonement? What are you talking about? Why, every Jew has got to go!"

"I am not going!" With perfect control Rachel spoke the fatal words. But Max did not grasp their import.

"Of course you're going, Ray. Mamma said she would arrange things so you could. We've got to go, both of us, to make confession of our sins and get atonement for another year."

"Ah, dear Max," urged Rachel, "we have received full atonement forever through our Lord Christ Jesus. We need no yearly sacrifice. He offered up sacrifice for all when He offered up Himself. By one offering He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified. Our sins and iniquities He remembers no more forever against us. Now where remission of these is, there is no more offering for sin."

"Rachel!" exclaimed Max in consternation, "I tell you if you keep on with all this Christian business you will wreck our lives! Mamma and Jacob and Sarah are already wild about it. Now do, dear, quit it! Believe what you like, but keep quiet in this house! And you must go, Rachel, to the synagogue tomorrow."

"I can't, dear."

"Why not?"

"You know why, Max. I am a Christian!"

"Well, what if you are? You can go to the synagogue on Yom Kippur just the same, can't you? You must go, Rachel, to keep peace."

"No, Max," answered Rachel with quiet firmness, "it would be compromise."

"Compromise!"

"Yes, compromise. I am a Christian. I am free from all the Jewish law: free from the ceremonial and the Talmud and the synagogue. If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all

things are become new. Never again, Max, shall I be entangled in the yoke of Jewish bondage. I am free in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made me free."

Max groaned aloud. "But, Rachel," he argued, "if you persist in being a Christian, at least you need not be a narrow one. I know Hebrew-Christians who keep up their Judaism just the same. Look at Otto Goldberg. He's been a Christian thirty years—but Otto will be at the synagogue all right tomorrow."

"Yes, I know he will. But I won't be. For all Otto claims to be a Christian—and I believe he is sincere—he is nevertheless entangled in the bondage of tradition. I have come farther out of Judaism in six months than he has in his entire thirty years."

"No, it's not that at all. Otto Goldberg has consideration for the feelings of his family. He knows the grief it would cause them if he were to separate himself from their orthodox observances. It is the offense of that, more than anything else, Rachel, that breaks up Jewish families when a Jew becomes a Christian."

"Ah no, dear Max! That is not the offense. The offense is the cross of Jesus Christ! And I have taken up that cross. If in consequence I, too, must meet offense—amen, dear Lord, so be it!" Deeply moved, she bowed her head in reverent prayer.

Wildly Max made one more attempt. "Rachel! Won't you stop it! Please! And if you don't go tomorrow it will mean—I warn you—just one thing. We can't stay one day longer in this house!"

"Oh, but Max," cried Rachel eagerly, "I do not want to stay. Oh, can't we leave, dear, please? I have been so terribly unhappy here. O Maxie darling, can't we go and have our own dear little home once more? Just you and I and Little Abie? And can't we make it, Max, a Christian home? You do believe in Christ—you've said so. O Max dear, won't you take Him—just right now—as your own Messiah—your Savior and your Lord and King! If only you would, darling, He will make our life together in our own Christian home more beautiful than we can dream of."

But Max promptly dashed cold water on Rachel's ardent hopes. "I've told you once for all, Rachel. I can never be a Christian. And you know why. I can't afford it. Religion is religion, but business is business. And with Little Abie coming on, we've got to get the business. And that's the reason, too, why we can't leave this house. We can't afford to. If we leave here because we're Christians, it means, of course, we leave the business too."

"Well, start a business of your own!"

"How can I when I haven't got the capital? Talk sense. You know that every cent I've got I get from Mamma. I tell you, Ray, we don't dare to get in wrong with her. So we can't think of being Christians. She would never stand for it."

"Oh, Max, Max," pleaded Rachel, "be a man! Be independent! Are you never going to stand on your own feet? Are you never going to have an opinion of your own? Must you be anchored to your mother always?"

O Max, I want my home! I want my husband and my child! I want my home! And I want a Christian home!"

She looked at him imploringly, broken-heartedly. But Max had had enough. It was too hot tonight for quarreling. He picked up his hat and fanned himself with it vigorously. Then he opened the door with an air of finality and went downstairs.

* * * *

The end came quickly. The next morning—the great Day of Atonement—Max and all the others had already gone to the synagogue before Rachel rose and dressed. After her devotions and her ministrations to the baby, she went downstairs and—while Jews world-wide were fasting in their synagogues—she got herself some breakfast. Purposely she left the dishes and the food on the kitchen table that the family, returning, might see and understand. Then she spent the morning alone with her God and with her child.

At noon Mrs. Kalinsky and Sarah both returned from the synagogue. Rachel could go now. They would both look after the baby. What! She wasn't going? Why not? And then they spied the dishes and the food and understood why not.

The lightning struck! With red-hot vitriolic fury it poured forth. Food on Yom Kippur! And breaking kosher too! Eating meat and milk together! And using the same knife to cut both meat and butter! Horrible! Horrible! And daring not to go to the synagogue! Refusing to confess her sins before her God! Well, He would surely damn her now! She was no longer a Kalinsky! Forever she would be Meshumed! Their wrath—Mrs. Kalinsky's and Sarah's—scorched and burned and blazed. Just wait till Max came home! And Rabbi Moses! He would know of this fearful thing! He himself would attend to it! Just go back upstairs and wait! The waiting wouldn't be long—not with a Meshumed in the house!

Upstairs again forthwith Rachel went—and waited. And while she waited the conflagration spread. Back to the synagogue they flew—these two righteous mothers in Israel—they whose sins that day were all forgiven for a year. And there they waited on the breeze the scandal: "Rachel Men-

(Continued on page 17)

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

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uplift of our young people
everywhere

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A HAPPY FAMILY

N. E. Schrock

I know a happy fam'ly—
They're happy as can be,
The reason for their happiness
Is very plain to see.

They love the dear Lord Jesus—
That's reason number one;
And they love one another, too,
And find the greatest fun

In helping each the other
In duties great and small;
In all they do, till work is through,
They murmur not at all.

When Wilma washes dishes,
Sweet Ellen makes them shine,
And Ellen's helped quite lovingly
By chatting Caroline.

Then Mildred takes the dustcloth
And dusts with face abeam;
While Mabel shines the kitchen stove
And makes it fairly gleam.

And mother, at her writing,
And figuring, and books,
Shows that she's pleased and happy by
Her fond, contented looks.

Now would it not be better
If more of us would be
The sort of boys and girls that make
A happy family?

Dear Happy Home Circle Children:

This is Thanksgiving issue, children, and I wonder if you are saying, "I'm thankful that I am helping to make a happy home."

You will notice the little girl on this page sitting looking into an empty bowl. Well, there are thousands of little children in the war-torn countries who have no food today, nor any homes. You get your father or mother to tell you about it. Then right around you are children who do not have enough to eat. If you have parents who provide a good home and good nourishing food, do you not think you should be thankful for such good friends who love you and care for you all the time?

Above is a little poem that tells you how to make a happy family by working and doing good deeds. I read about a little girl the other day and her name was Mary. She was out in the kitchen humming a tune, and while she sang she worked and worked and worked. Her sister was in the front room singing and playing, and the neighbors could hear her. They said, "How sweetly she plays and sings!" Mary was so glad that the sister had such talent, but she wished that she, too, could do the same. However, she

kept on working just as hard.

When her daddy came home that night she made known to him the innermost thoughts of her heart. She told him how she longed to be able to sing. But the father said, "Little Mary, I just love to hear you sing." "Why, daddy, I can't sing, and you know it." "Oh," he said, "when I came into the house I heard you say to Bobbie, 'Let me help you with your arithmetic,' and even though you were so busy with your own work at home and the home work from school, you were willing to help him."

"But, father, that isn't singing!" said Mary. "Well, daughter, it sounds very sweet to me. And when mother was so tired last night from house-cleaning, you said, 'I'll wash and wipe the dishes.' And almost every day I hear you saying some nice thing about someone else. So I call you my happy little songster."

And Mary went away from her father humming a tune. It was a very merry little tune. She was so happy that she had made other people happy. She was so proud that her father had noticed her work and was satisfied.



This picture represents thousands of little boys and girls in our big world who are without food. Perhaps you could help them. At least you can pray for them and be thankful for the good food you have and all other blessings.

Another thing we should be thankful for is our church and our Sunday School. So we are giving a story of this page of a boy who was so thankful for his Sunday School that he tried to get all the boys around him to come to his Sunday School. Read about how Johnny built up his Sunday School class.

Mr. Smith had tried real hard to enlarge his Sunday School class but with little success. The same boy came out faithfully, that was true, but it seemed that they could not contact any other boy who did not attend some Sunday School in the neighborhood. What troubled Mr. Smith was the fact that most of the churches in the district were obviously not evangelical, and he knew from inquiry he had made that their Sunday School was the same. Just what could he do about it he didn't know.

The annual season of moving was a few days off. That meant that many families in the district would be going elsewhere to reside, and many new families would be moving in. Johnny Judd thought about this and wondered how he could do something for his class. Could he contact even a new family that moved in and invite any boy in the home to join his class? He realized that the first invitation was the vital one. But how was he to tell in his large district which families were moving and which was not? He could not possibly keep tabs on the all. Even if he did, he might spend all of his time contacting homes without any children. However, although Johnny was only fourteen he had already learned that God could guide and direct him in every matter if he would bring it to the Lord in prayer. So he prayed about it, and he felt certain that God would show him what to do.

The next day at school an idea came to him which he recognized in answer to his prayers. He knew that all the children moving into the district registered their names at addresses with the school principal. As he was a Christian, Johnny was sure that he would cooperate with him. At recess he went to the principal's office and knocked on the door.

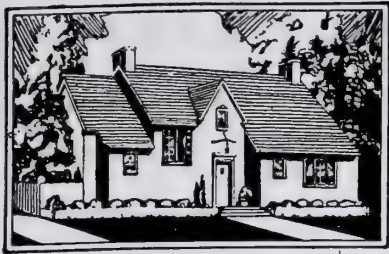
"Come in," rang out a pleasant voice. "Well, Johnny, what can I do for you?"

"Mr. Loney, I was wondering if I could copy from the school register the names and addresses of all the boys and girls that move into the district next Friday? I want to visit them and invite them out to our Sunday School."

(Continued on page 17)



FATHER'S and MOTHER'S PAGE



Home, Sweet Home

HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

Dear Parents:

I've been thinking much about our "Happy Home Circle" lately and have wondered what progress you are making. I just imagine after you have taken a definite stand for a happy home that Satan made a special attempt upon you, as he always does, and you have been tempted to give up. Well, that is a very good sign that you are making progress, for Satan would not be interested in you if you were already in his clutches. Keep looking up and trusting God to help you. I think it would be very nice if you would write to me about your progress: whether or not you are studying and what you are studying, what you enjoy most of the magazines, books, etc., that I have recommended. Do not expect an answer to your letters only through the Lighted Pathway. We find it impossible to keep up correspondence with the Home Circle members, until we have extra secretarial help. However, we will do the best we can to help you through this department.

This month we have had several new members, but not as many as we should. They should be rolling in every day. I am publishing some very earnest letters. I hope they will stir the hearts of others. I am sorry I cannot publish all but that would be impossible.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have been planning for a long time to write you and to join the "Happy Home Circle." I have been greatly interested in this kind of study and "Child Evangelism" even before I had a family, and now since I have two boys of my own I feel the responsibility and a greater need to study and read up on these subjects. While my babies are small and I am kept in with them much of the time, I plan to so arrange my time that I can have several hours' study each week so that I may prepare myself to be more useful to my church in this kind of work as well as prepare to rear and train my own children in the way they should be taught.

While I was in Cleveland I bought one of your books, "Child Training and Social Evangelism." I think that it is very good and just what so many of our Church of God homes need. I have read it and am subscribing for some of the magazines and sending for the books that you suggested we read. You may put Clifford and me on your Circle list as he is as

greatly interested in it as I am. I trust that you will realize even greater success in your work this year than ever before and I desire your prayers in our behalf.—Mrs. C. M. Jenkerson, 1065 Oliver Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

Note: Brother Jenkerson is state overseer of Indiana.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Just a few words to you in regard to the "Happy Home Circle." I do regret very much that I have not enrolled in your Circle before now, but I must confess my carelessness for not reading particulars and finding out my duty towards this work. I do think there should be thousands by this time, and since I have this evening read more deeply into it I hope to show this to other fathers and mothers. I think it is my opportunity of doing some personal work.

Remember to subscribe for "Mother's Golden Now," price 25c per year. Order from David C. Cook Publishing

EXPLANATION

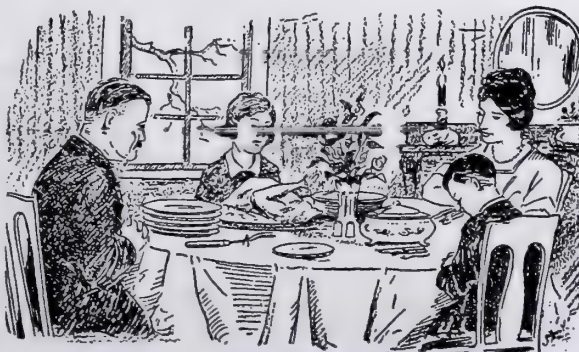
We are very sorry some few misunderstood our Father's and Mother's Page in the September issue. Some who just read hit and miss style read only the clipping from the newspaper and wrote in complaints about it. I was greatly surprised to know that anyone, who has known of my work with the young people and how I have taught separation from worldly amusements, could have believed that I would advocate this article. Well, this is like some folks read the Word of God, just hit and miss. That is why so many different ideas are floating around and so much division. Please get your September issue and read the whole page and then pass judgment. We are sure you will agree with us.—Editor.

House, Elgin, Ill.

"The Baby's Mother," price 50c per year. Order from the Standard Publishing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Do not send order to me. Please say when ordering, "I saw your paper advertised in the Lighted Pathway."

I think you would appreciate my lit-



tle book, Child Training and Social Evangelism. Price 35c. Order from the Church of God Publishing House. You will profit by reading the "Ought to Know Books" advertised in the September Lighted Pathway.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

At the close of a lecture on the results of cigarette smoking, given in Chicago at a union meeting of the churches, a bright boy about twelve years of age was greatly impressed and stepping forward, accompanied by his father and mother, he expressed a desire to sign the pledge against the use of cigarettes. Having no pledge with me, I hastily drew up one, and the boy signed it while the father and mother stood by. The father's heart evidently was touched, for he said: "Doctor, let me have that pledge. I want to add my name. To aid my boy, I must set an example worthy of imitation." That father was himself a smoker, but he was willing for the sake of his boy to give up the cigar. I have seen neither the father nor the boy since, but I feel certain that so long as the father will stick to that pledge there will not be much danger of that boy ever being led astray by the example of others, or through the influence of other men.

Boys and girls who smoke deserve our pity rather than our censure. They have simply followed the example of someone whom they respect and admire who should have placed before them a better example.

"A careful man I ought to be,
A little fellow follows me.
I do not dare to go astray,
For fear he will go the self-same way.

"I cannot once escape his eyes,
Whate'er he sees me do, he tries.
Like me, he says, he's going to be,
That little chap that follows me.

"He thinks that I am good and fine,
Believes in every word of mine.
The base in me he must not see,
That little chap that follows me.

"I must remember as I go,
Through summer sun and winter snow,
I'm building for the years to be,
That little chap that follows me."

There can be no doubt that what the children become in later life depends much on the habits of the mother and their training during the first ten or twelve years. During this period the child is chiefly under the personal supervision and care of the mother. When women, who to the

present have been condemning factors in race degeneracy in this respect, take up with this practice of smoke inhalation, little hope can be held out for the future of the race. Woman has always set the good example. She spends the first years of her child's life trying to make a decent human being out of him. If women did what the men did, instead of setting the good example and giving the children half a chance as they come into this world, our civilization would go backward at a speed that would disconcert you, and all the

(Continued on page 9)



HELPS FOR TEMPTED AND TRIED

COMFORTED TO COMFORT

REV. F. B. MEYER

"And the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our affliction, that we may be able to comfort them that are in any affliction, through the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God," 2 Cor. 1:3, 4, R.V.

Child of God, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which tries thee, as though some strange thing had happened. Rejoice, inasmuch as it is a sure sign that thou art on the right track. In an unknown country, a man tells me that I shall presently pass over a stony bit of road on my way to my abiding place, and when I come to it, each jolt tells me that I am right. So when a child of God passes through affliction, he is not surprised, but satisfied. He knows that he is right for the gate of pearl, for it is through much tribulation that we enter the Kingdom. *Thine afflictions cannot be few.*

LOOK UP

There is thy Father, pure and holy. Thou art to be like Him. But ere thou canst be, thou wilt need the file of the lapidary, the heat of the crucible, the bruising of the flail—not to win thy heaven, but to destroy thine unheavenliness. The spirits gathered there, clad in lustrous white, tell thee that the brilliance of their reward has been in the measure of the vehemence of their sorrows. Be sure, then, that thy Father will put within thy reach a brighter crown, by putting thee within the reach of severe affliction.

LOOK DOWN

Thinkest thou that the prince of hell was pleased when thou didst forsake him for thy new Master, Christ? Verily not! At the moment of thy conversion thy name was put on the prescribed list, and all the powers of darkness pledged themselves to obstruct thy way. What wonder if affliction comes to thee, as it came to Job, by the permission of heaven, from hell!

LOOK AROUND

Thou art still in the world that crucified thy Lord, and would do the same again, if He were again to live amidst it. It cannot love thee. It will call thee Beelzebub. It will cast thee out of its synagogue. It will think it a religious act to kill thee. In the world thou shalt have afflictions, though in the midst of them thou mayest be of good cheer.

STORE UP COMFORT

The world is full of comfortless hearts; orphan children crying in the night. Our God pities them, and would comfort them through thee. But ere thou art sufficient for the lofty min-

istry, thou must be trained. And that He may train thee perfectly, He puts thee through the very same afflictions which are wringing human hearts with aching sorrow. He makes thus for Himself an opportunity of comforting thee, and of so teaching thee the divine art of comfort. Watch narrowly how He does it. Keep a diary, if thou wilt, and note down all the procedure of His skill. Ponder in thine heart the length of each splint, the folds of each bandage, the ministration of each opiate or cordial or drug. This will bring a twofold bless-

ing. It will turn thy thoughts from thy miseries to thine outnumbering mercies; and it will take from thee that sense of useless and aimless existence which is often the sufferer's weariest cross.

Dost thou wonder why thou dost suffer some special form of sorrow? Wait till ten years are passed. I warrant thee that in that time thou wilt find some, perhaps ten, afflicted as thou art. When thou tellest them how thou hast suffered, and how thou hast been comforted; whilst thou unfoldest thy tale, and seekest to repeat on

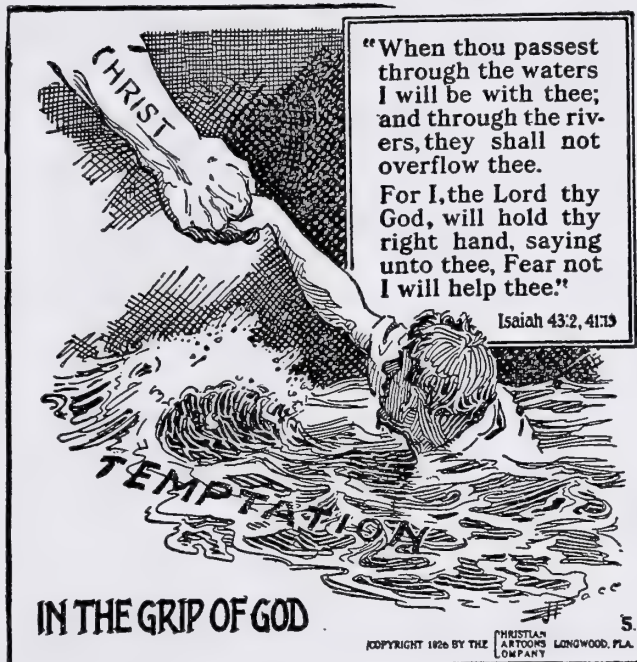
them the magic spells that have charmed away thy griefs; in their glistening eyes and comforted looks thou wilt learn why thou hast been afflicted, and thou wilt bless God that thou were able to comfort others with the comfort wherewith thou thyself hast been comforted of God. Once more, then, remember to store up an accurate remembrance of the way in which God comforts thee.

PASS ON THE COMFORT YOU RECEIVE

At a railway station a benevolent man found a schoolboy crying because he had not quite enough to pay his fare; and he remembered, suddenly, how, years before, he had been in the same plight, but had been helped by an unknown friend, and had been enjoined that some day he should pass that kindness on. Now he saw the long-expected moment had come. He took the weeping boy

aside, told him his experience, paid his fare and asked him, in his turn, to pass the kindness on. As the train moved from the station the lad cried cheerily, "I will pass it on, sir!" So the act of thoughtful love is being passed on through our world, nor will it stay till its ripples have belted the globe and met again.

"Go, and do thou likewise." Is thy heart comforted? Then be on the alert to comfort those who are in any trouble. Thou canst not miss them; they are not scarce. Thine own sad past will make thee quick to detect them where others might miss them. If thou findest them not, seek them; the wounded hart goes alone to die. Sorrow shuns society. Thou shouldst constantly seek, from the Man of sorrows Himself, directions as to where the sorrowing abide. He knows their haunts, from which they have cried to Him. And when thou comest where they are, do for them as the Good Samaritan did for thee, when He bound up thy wounds, pouring in oil and wine. Comfort them with the comfort wherewith thou thyself hast been comforted of God.—*The C. and M. A., 1898.*



THIS I KNOW

E. MARGARET CLARKSON

*I do not know what next may come
Across my pilgrim way,
I do not know tomorrow's road
Or see beyond today;
But this I know—my Savior knows
The path I cannot see,
And I can trust His wounded hand
To guide and care for me.*

*I do not know what may be mine
Of glowing skies or rain,
I do not know what may befall
Of pleasure or of pain;
But this I know—my Father sends
My sunshine and my shade,
And naught that comes from out His love
Can find my soul afraid.*

*I do not know what may await
Or what the morrow brings,
But with the glad salute of faith
I hail its op'ning wings;
For this I know—that in my Lord
Shall all my needs be met,
And I can trust the heart of Him
Who has not failed me yet.*

—*The Evangelical Christian.*



TREASURED GLEANINGS

Being Thankful

Thanksgiving is not a day; it is a habit. We cannot be thankful on Thanksgiving Day unless we have been learning how every other day in the year. Here are some simple rules: Walk on the sunny side of the street; live as much as possible in the best room in the house; think about your friends, not your enemies; talk about your good luck, not your bad. These are some of the ways of acquiring the spirit of cheerfulness, which is the only soil in which the flower "Thanksgiving" will grow. — *Rev. James M. Farr.*

At Your Own Door

A rescue missionary was lecturing where he was unaccustomed to speak. He said that every Christian, however poor or busy, could do personal work for Christ, if willing. After the lecture a woman said: "What can I do? I am a poor widow with five children to support. How can I find time to go to anyone about Christ?" "Does the milkman call at your house?" "Of course." "Does the baker?" "Yes." "Does the butcher?" "Yes," was the curt reply, and the woman turned away.

Two years after, the man of God spoke in the same place. After the service a woman said, "I am the person who was vexed with you when you asked whether the milkman and baker and butcher visited me. But I went home to pray. God showed me my duty. Through my humble efforts five persons have been led to the Savior, and they all are consistent working members of the church." — *Home Study Quarterly.*

What a Smile Did

In London, in 1872, one Sunday morning a minister said to me, "I want you to notice that family there in one of the front seats, and when we get home I want to tell you their story."

When we got home I asked him for the story, and he said:

"All that family was won by a smile."

"Well," said I, "how's that?"

"Well," he said, "as I was walking down a street one day, I saw a child at a window; it smiled and I smiled, and we bowed. It was not long before there was another child and I got in the habit of looking and bowing, and pretty soon the group grew, and at last as I went by, a lady was with them. I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to bow to her, but I knew the children expected it, and so I bowed to them all. The mother thought that I was a minister, and the children followed me the next Sunday, and found that I was a minister. And they thought I was the greatest preacher living and their parents must hear me. A minister who is kind to a child, and gives him a pat on the head, why the children think he is the greatest preacher in the world. Kindness goes a great way. And to make a long story short, the

father and mother and five children were converted."

Won to Christ by a smile. We must get the wrinkles out of our brows, and must have smiling faces. — *D. L. Moody.*

"Isn't It Sunday in the Back Yard, Too?"

A small boy had a little wagon that was a new possession and the delight of his heart, but when he brought it out to the front walk one morning he was told that he must play with it at the back of the house. "This is Sunday," added the father by way of explanation. The boy obeyed, but he questioned wonderingly as he trudged away, "Isn't it Sunday in the back yard, too?" It is to be feared that there is a good deal of Sunday observance that is only a front-door affair; it does not cover the back yard, nor even reach so far as the kitchen. — *Forward.*

Andrew's Beautiful Example

"What did you preach about on Sunday?" was the question asked a minister.

"I preached about Andrew," was the reply, "and, do you know, I found him a most interesting character."

"What was there about him that was remarkable?"

"Well, the significant thing about Andrew is that every time he is mentioned in Scripture he is introducing some one to Jesus."

This was certainly a beautiful occupation, and yet it does not call for any wonderful talents. It is work that any one of us can do. — *Westminster Teacher.*

Love as Brethren

One of the most familiar words in the early Church was "brethren." Critics sometimes complain that the Bible makes no direct attack on slavery or industrial oppression. But it does better: it calls all believers to be brothers, and that is the sure end of all such evils. It is easy for us to drop the first "r" out of "brother"; see what results? Is this the way I feel about other people? Are they brothers or "bothers" to me? When a servant was sent to meet Keith Falconer at the train and said he would not know him when he saw him, his mother said, "Just watch for a tall man, helping somebody." And that is what he found—Keith Falconer helping an old lady off the train with her bundles. — *Origin Unknown.*

Nothing To Deliver

There is a story of a man who was asked to take a sausage to a friend in a distant city. Early in the journey the man was tempted to taste the sausage, and afterwards he kept nibbling at it until he had no sausage to deliver.

The man who nibbled may be likened to the person who thinks that he has plenty of time in which to do something worth while with his life,

but who keeps using the minutes and hours in doing trivial things. Finally he finds that he has nothing. All the treasure of time has been exhausted.

Of course it is impossible to put time in a bag and keep it, like a sausage in a sack. But we can use it for noble ends; we can make time count for something worth while. If we use up our moments and days foolishly, we have nothing to show when we reach the distant goal.

How To Learn

"When I was a boy in school my French teacher gave me some advice which has been a great help to me in many ways," said a middle-aged man who had achieved some real success.

"The teacher said: 'If you wish to learn to read, read; if you wish to learn to write, write; if you wish to learn to speak, speak.'"

The only way to learn to do a thing is to do it; of course, that implies that you will find out the correct way before you begin your attempts. You are bound to make some mistakes and many a time you will come short of the goal. But if you persevere, in the end you will achieve a high degree of skill. Also, you will find a lasting joy in this sense of mastery by hard work and a determined will. — *Youth's World.*

Character is what we are when we think nobody is watching us.

"If my people which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land," 2 Chron. 7:14. Here God says that "IF" we do three things, He will do three things; "IF" we will humble ourselves; "IF" we will pray; "IF" we will turn from our wicked ways; then God says: "I will hear, forgive, and heal the land." If we fail to do the things God asks, He is under no obligation to do the things He promises.

Dr. Louis Albert Banks tells of once seeing a picture which told the story of an Alpine tragedy.

A guide, with two men roped to himself, was climbing around the edge of a precipice. The guide was ahead—a strong, splendid figure. They had reached a very dangerous point, when evidently the man farthest back had lost his footing, and that had jerked the next man off his feet, and the sudden jerk, and perhaps cutting across the ice ledge, had been too much for the rope, and it had snapped asunder just at the back of the guide.

The guide held on solid and strong and safe, but with a look of awful horror on his face, as the men he led fell into the gulf below.

Does not that illustrate David's condition? He had repented of his sins and God had forgiven him, and he held solidly and safely to the right; but the son who was influenced by the inconsistency of David's younger life, was lost. The cord of the old king's influence snapped behind his back, and his son whom he would have died to save, was lost.

Hymn Story

A SINGING REBUKE

Some of our beautiful and well-beloved hymns have connected with their history very interesting incidents; either as regards their origin or their use under certain circumstances.

In the year 1878, Mrs. Hattie E. Buell was attending a great Sunday School convention, at which Mr. P. P. Bliss, the hymn writer, spoke. His talk gave to Mrs. Buell the idea from which was formed the words of the beautiful hymn entitled, "I'm the Child of a King."

This hymn has proven very popular in many portions of the world. It has been translated into German, Spanish, Japanese and Chinese. It is used in mission schools in all parts of the Christian world.

In its beautiful words the Christian can find much to comfort and cheer in times of adversity. The wondrous wealth of our heavenly Father is commented upon in a very charming way. It lends comfort to hearts worried and troubled by poverty, real or fancied. It is one of our most loved hymns.

One beautiful spring morning a gentleman was driving slowly along an unfrequented country road. The trees and grass were green, birds sang on every hand, the sky was very blue, the air sweet and the scent of early spring flowers and cooling breeze lent to the delightfulness of the ideal day.

But, not withstanding the beauty of all nature, the gentleman's heart was not glad and joyous. He knew not the meaning of real joy, for he was not a Christian man. Indeed, he was a skeptic and refused to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, the heavenly Father, or even in any form of religion.

As he drove slowly along, he was suddenly startled by hearing the words of a hymn wafted on the breeze. It came from somewhere near at hand, yet the singer was not visible. A rich tenor voice sang the first verse of the hymn, "I'm the Child of a King":

*"My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in
His hands:
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and
gold,
His coffers are full—He has riches un-
told."*

The skeptic listened for a few moments, then a cynical smile spread across his face. He looked about endeavoring to see the singer. As he rounded a curve in the roadway, he saw a man, busily digging in a bank, just above the highway. He was a laborer, shabbily dressed. Near by was an old, torn tent, evidently his home; a bit farther up the hill an old, hungry-looking horse was tethered; and just over one side stood a rickety old wagon.

As the skeptic gazed upon the scene, the singer broke into the chorus:

*"I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King!
With Jesus my Savior,
I'm the child of a King."*

"Isn't it strange how foolish religion will make a man?" thought the skeptic. "Now isn't he a pretty looking 'child of a King'?"

Then aloud he said, "So you are a child of the King, eh? Then you're a bit out of your environment, seems to me. How is it, pray, that you—a prince—should be out here, going about poor as a beggar, if your Father is so wonderfully wealthy?"

The Christian man did not reply, but continued his singing, while the skeptic, strangely charmed with it all, allowed his horse to remain standing there, while he listened.

*"My Father's own Son, the Savior of
men,
Once wandered on earth as the poorest
of them;
But now He is reigning for ever on
high
And will give me a home in heaven
by and by."*

The skeptic was a bit taken aback at this evident rebuke, but he never let go by a chance to make a thrust at any form of religious worship. So he continued.

"And this"—pointing to the horse—"is the royal charger, no doubt, and this the chariot in which the prince takes his daily ride while here, and this"—indicating the ragged tent—"is doubtless the palatial residence of the prince! Good joke, sure enough!" And he laughed heartily at his own efforts at sarcasm and wit. But the singer continued his song.

*"A tent or a cottage, why should I
care?
They're building a palace for me over
there!
Though exiled from home, yet still I
may sing,
All glory to God, I'm a child of a
King."*

The skeptic had to acknowledge he had been outwitted in his own game, and, as he drove slowly away, the words of the chorus, loud and clear, followed him,

*"I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King!
With Jesus my Savior,
I'm the child of a King."
—The Gospel for Youth.*

WHY I LIKE THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Dear Sister Harrison:

I wish to take this splendid opportunity to express my sincere and deepest appreciation to you and the Lighted Pathway. I have been thinking about writing to you for a good while now, but I must not put it off any longer.

I can truly say, it would be very hard for me to try to tell you which part of this grand magazine that I like

the best. It's just all good and food for my soul. The Editor's Message each month is always so inspiring to young people. It seems that you always know just the very things we need and when we need them. Then there is the continued story—I always like it. It keeps you waiting from one month to the next wanting to know what is going to happen next and eagerly looking forward to the next issue. And, being a great lover of poetry, I always look for the poems and do get such a great blessing from them. I think the Father's and Mother's Page, as well as the Children's Page, is very inspirational and interesting. The stories that are published in this publication are of the very best and just full of encouragement when everything about looks dreary as it sometimes will.

Now, really, since I've started this, it is harder than I thought it would be. There are so many interesting features and thoughts in the Lighted Pathway that I just could not begin to tell which is the best. But, Sister Harrison, I would like to add right here that is the best piece of Christian literature that I have ever read next to the Bible. I wish that this little book could be placed in every home all over the whole world. Many have been blessed by it, you can be sure. I remember my first issue of the Lighted Pathway. It was a Father's Day issue in June, 1939. I thought it was almost priceless. Since that date I have never failed to read a single issue of this great magazine.

I have always been a firm believer in "give the roses while they live," so, dear Sister Harrison, I would like for you to know that I think you are doing one of the most wonderful things that can be done on this earth for the up-building of His mighty kingdom. I'm sure God will bountifully reward you one of these days for your faithful efforts here on earth, and you will reign forever with Him.

I know that many precious boys in the service of our country have been richly blessed through your many faithful and untiring efforts to get this wonderful booklet to them.

May God bless you, and ever help you to do His holy will and supply your every need, is surely my humble prayer. — Sincerely in Christ Jesus, Wanda Barwick.

Are you acquainted with the Lighted Pathway? It's a magazine dedicated to the Young People's Endeavor. It's good, clean literature and the young and old can understand it.

There are stories for the children and continued stories that make us want the next issue; poems for the poetry lovers, and something for every one.

It is real nice of Sister Harrison and those who furnish the money, to send the Lighted Pathway to the training camps. I would like to know of every boy in service reading it because it will be an encouragement for them.

May God bless the editor and give her strength to carry on such a wonderful paper as the Lighted Pathway. —Audine Vowell, and Helen Gentry, Shaw, Miss.



Bible Training School

THIRD TERM IN B. T. S.

This is my third year in Bible School. As I stepped off the bus in front of the wide gates on the campus, I was ready for another enjoyable year of school. To me this is the same as home. I feel that the students are my brothers and sisters and that we are all one big family.

I arrived on Saturday before school was to start Monday. To my amazement the students were so anxious to get here that a great number had already come. In fact, they even started registration on that day. The following day, Sunday, we had two good services. This is the first time I have known of enough students arriving ahead of time to have service.

Three of my roommates had arrived before I did and another one came the next day. Yes, this did seem a little crowded but I noticed the other rooms had three and four in them also. Was there a lot of grumbling and complaining? No, not at all! The students who are here for their own good and the good of the school don't complain much.

This acute crowded condition has been remedied a great deal though. A beautiful home in which to house around fifty girls has been bought and many of the married couples secured rooms in town. Unused portions of the dormitories have been converted into excellent rooms. Everyone seems to be getting established in his new home and all are settling down for a good year of school.

I might mention the character of the student body. Usually when a group of four hundred people get together there will always be a large percentage whose character is questionable. But that is not so here. Being a third-year student I have trained myself to watch other students. I knew the second and third-year students were a good quality so I watched the beginners. I was pleasantly surprised to see how nice, intelligent, and superior they seemed to be. Practically all seemed to have a definite purpose and aim in coming here; that of Christian environment or preparation for service in God's vineyard.

I am also pleased with the way the services have been. Everyone seems to be interested. In one of the first chapel services God came into our midst and satisfied a few souls. Last Sunday night God so blessed in the song service that the speaker was not permitted to speak. Instead the altar filled up. When the results were asked for, it was found that twelve were saved and nine baptized with the Holy Ghost in just that one service. Praise God, is that not wonderful? After one of our good chapel services one of my roommates said, "This is just what I've been looking for."

When a student becomes ill here, instead of calling for a doctor he just calls for a few of his friends who go immediately and pray for him. Last

week a blind brother here became ill and called for a few friends to pray for him. Result, he was healed, of course. Even as I write this, I can hear the brother rooming above me making a petition to God.

Some people say that you go to Bible School to "dry up," but I have found that many dried up people come here to get more consecrated to God.

Another pleasant feature is our ever-increasing faculty. This year four new teachers have been obtained. This is a glowing sign of the magnificent growth of the school. A competent faculty means more competent students. (I might add here that I am pleased, and rightly so, for the recognition our students are receiving in higher schools. I lay this to the students' zeal and our faculty's thoroughness.)

The school is growing by leaps and bounds, not only in recognition but in attendance and achievements. I am happy to say I am one of "them." There is no place like home and to me "home" is Bible School.—Claude Phillips.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them

(Continued from page 5)

good bishops and clergymen on earth could not stop it. The next time you preach on smoking, say to the women: "Be better than the men, as you have always been. Set a good example, as you have always done. Think of the children, and the generation to come, for which you are responsible and of which you are the creator."

The time has fully arrived when the ministers of the gospel, teachers and educators, doctors, fathers and mothers, should by precept and by example cast their influence against this habit which is threatening the future of our boys and girls, and of civilization itself.

"'Twas a sheep, not a lamb, that strayed away,

In the parable Jesus told,

A grown-up sheep that had gone astray,

From ninety-and-nine in the fold.

"Out in the meadows, out in the cold,
'Twas a sheep, the Good Shepherd sought.

Back in the flock, safe into the fold

'Twas a sheep the Good Shepherd brought.

"And why for the sheep should we earnestly long,

And so earnestly hope and pray?

Because there is danger, if they go wrong,

They will lead the young lambs stray,

"For the lambs will follow the sheep, you know,

Wherever the sheep may stray;

If the sheep go wrong, it will not be long,

Till the lambs are as wrong as they.

"So with the sheep we earnestly plead,
For the sake of the lambs today;
If the lambs are lost, what a terrible cost

Some sheep may have to pay."

—The Light Magazine.

LIGHTED PATHWAY RATING

	Sold for Sept.	Sold for Oct.	Total
Alabama	2,561	1,814	4,375
Arizona	115	131	246
Arkansas	505	421	926
California	598	520	1,118
Canada	204	165	369
Connecticut	8	8	16
Colorado	23	23	46
Delaware	170	166	336
Florida	3,146	2,572	5,718
Foreign	343	337	680
Georgia	5,262	4,830	10,092
Idaho	69	46	115
Illinois	2,457	1,643	4,100
Indiana	430	265	695
Iowa	140	70	210
Kansas	229	229	458
Kentucky	1,732	1,435	3,167
Louisiana	595	430	1,025
Massachusetts	43	43	86
Maine	133	133	266
Maryland	1,200	1,253	2,453
Michigan	1,041	941	1,982
Minnesota	50	50	100
Mississippi	811	928	1,739
Missouri	1,605	1,038	2,643
Montana	234	166	400
Nebraska	23	23	46
New Jersey	183	196	379
New Hampshire	3	3	6
New Mexico	152	121	273
New York	116	117	233
North Carolina	6,429	5,041	11,470
North Dakota	240	208	448
Ohio	1,534	1,534	3,068
Oklahoma	608	310	918
Oregon	230	185	415
Pennsylvania	914	903	1,817
Rhode Island	3	3	6
South Carolina	9,931	7,846	17,777
South Dakota	165	105	270
Tennessee	2,969	2,899	5,868
Texas	1,702	1,396	3,098
Utah	10	10	20
Virginia	2,254	1,583	3,837
Washington	440	370	810
Washington, D. C.	106	8	114
West Virginia	1,926	1,865	3,791
Wisconsin	19	19	38
Wyoming	40	167	207
	53,701	44,569	98,270

September Prize Winner

V. B. Ellis, Greenville, S. C., is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

September Honor Roll

Edwin M. Mortenson, Columbia, S. C.

J. L. Barfield, S. Greenwood, S. C.

M. M. Mortenson, Decatur, Ala.

Mae Couch, Fort Mill, S. C.

Marie Calvert, Tucapau, S. C.

Frances Hobbs, Thomaston, Ga.

Irma Richards, Riverside, Ga.

The last two on the list tied. They each sold 280 papers and paid for them on time.



The Founders of Thanksgiving - - -

As modern Americans, surrounded by the bounty of nature and the gifts of science, gaze back across an interval of three hundred and ten years to the first day set apart for a united American Thanksgiving, it appears that the Pilgrims had little cause to be thankful.

Those Massachusetts colonists were not only far from home, but more than half their number had died during the bitter winter of 1620 and 1621. At one time famine and disease had prostrated all save six of the brave one hundred men and women who set forth boldly from Leyden in 1620. In Holland they had first sought the religious freedom denied them in the land of their birth.

Early in the spring of 1621, the settlers managed to plant twenty acres of corn and six acres of peas and barley. After the seed was sown, it was watched most anxiously, for well did the pioneers realize that upon the harvest depended not alone the prosperity of the struggling little colony, but life itself.

To the great joy of all, the harvest gathered in the autumn was plentiful. When the crops had been carefully stored, Governor Bradford ordered a three days' festival, after the idea of the English harvest ceremonies. Ninety friendly Indians were invited, including Chief Massasoit.

This was a busy season in Plymouth Colony. The men scoured the forest wilderness for game of all kinds. There were wild turkeys, geese, ducks, waterfowl, and fish; clams also were dug from the seashore. Wild grapes were to be had for the gathering, as well as nuts from forest trees. The Indians brought five deer as an offering and several baskets of delicious oysters for which Wareham is justly famous to this day. Meanwhile, the busy women labored faithfully with their primitive cooking utensils to prepare all the delicacies possible under the circumstances. Special mention is made of the fine barley loaves, corn bread, vegetables, and even of the lightness of their dumplings.

Fortunately for the brave pioneers, they were unable to foresee the severe hardships still before them, nor did they realize that the year 1622 was to be filled with misfortune for the colony. A gloomy winter passed, and then the spring of 1622 came. The settlers finished their planting in April, but a severe drought set in during May and the growing crop was withered and nearly destroyed. July came, and still the drought persisted.

For relief in their need, a day was appointed for special fasting and prayer. We can easily imagine the great joy of the Pilgrims when at last they saw clouds spread over the sky, from which descended, the next morning, a gentle rain that served to revive the corn and brought renewed

By Earle W. Gage

hope. A new faith in God's ability and willingness to answer prayer were instilled in the hearts of the trusting Pilgrims.

A few days later, Captain Myles Standish, returning from a voyage undertaken in quest of securing provisions, was able to bring not only food but the glad news that a ship had been sighted bearing in the direction of Plymouth. In acknowledgment of all these blessings, a public service of prayer and thanksgiving was held.

Two centuries later, in 1820, Plymouth held the bicentennial celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims. A state dinner was given upon the occasion and, as each guest took his place, he was amazed to find beside his plate five grains of parched corn—no more, no less. This was an appropriate and touching reminder of those heroic men and women who dared famine and slaughter for their principles, who first won plenty from an unwilling and uncultivated wilderness soil.

The parched corn recalled the time when the first harvest planted in the new world was still far from ripe, and when the leader had awakened one day to the grim fact that there remained but one pint of corn in all the settlement. From the seven log cabins nestled near the shore, those first settlers had been summoned together and the slender stock of provisions was impartially divided among them—five kernels of corn being the share for each man, woman, and child in the colony.

Four months passed before the Pilgrims again tasted either corn or bread, and meanwhile they were forced to live on shellfish, berries, groundnuts, acorns, and other edibles that the wilds provided.

William Stoughton, grim old Puritan, in 1688, sententiously stated, "God sifted a whole nation that he might send choice grain into the wilderness."

The founders of the nation were not restless soldiers of fortune, attracted by promises of plunder in a new world. They were not traders attracted by the prospect of inordinate profits. Nor were they poor people seeking to improve their economic condition. They were drawn from the very best elements of the nation from which they came—landed proprietors, yeomen, merchants, religious leaders, a large portion of them university graduates, the progressives of their day, who had the courage of their convictions and were ready, if necessary, to die for them.

To establish Plymouth Colony, founded on their ideals of religious and civic freedom, they braved the peril of an uncharted, stormy Atlantic in the cockleshell, one-hundred-eighty-ton Mayflower. They faced unfriendly Indians, the privations and sufferings of pioneer life in a land whose soil is "not sterile unto death, nor fruitful unto luxury." Nevertheless this land appealed to them as a new Canaan. The very name "Pilgrim" summons a vision of stern men and women battling against nature's relentless rigors in daily peril from savage denizens of the wilderness—industrious, God-fearing, and aggressive.

Today their figures stalk across the pages of history in song and story like giants and saints—Bradford, Winthrop, Roger Williams, Priscilla Mullins, the brilliant Anne Hutchinson, the stout soldier, Standish.

These are the brave spirits of the past, facing famine in a strange and menacing country, who had faith to look into the face of God and establish the first American Thanksgiving Day.



FOR POETRY LOVERS

NOVEMBER

By Florentine Budwig

There's a wild song in the pine trees
Bids farewell to birds that flee
To the sunny, flower-decked south-
land;

And the sad hymns of the sea
Sound a death knell for the summer
Now departed with its cheer,
While the falling snowflakes whisper,
"Once again November's here."

When we come to life's November,
Days need not be colorless,
For we'll see a glorious sunset,
If we've learned to love and bless.
Having sought and found the Savior,
We find comfort in His Word.
There is joy and glad thanksgiving
In November with the Lord.

HE LEADETH ME

Margarette Dobbs Yeargin

I wonder, Lord, where I'd be now
Had I not heard Thy call,
And answered it with trembling lips,
And gave you, Lord, my all.

I've followed Thee for many miles
O'er steep and rugged hill,
And, Lord, Thy voice which bade me
come—

I hear it beckon still.

Thy love that reached my thorny heart
Still deeper grows each day,
And keeps a song within my heart
Though rough may be the way.

I wonder, Lord, where I'd be now
Had I not heeded Thee,
For many miles my feet have trod
Since light Thou gavest me.

Oh, would I in some cottage dwell,
Or lie in graveclothes white?
It matters not, because I know—
My God leads me aright.

THANKFUL

Katie V. Hall

Thankful? Yes, our hearts are thank-
ful

While we lift our songs of praise
To our gracious heavenly Father
Who has guarded all our ways.

Gathered fruits from field and garden,
Tokens of our Father's care,
How they speak His lovingkindness
And His blessings everywhere.

Waving grain and corn in plenty
Have been stored—a rich supply
For the long, cold days of winter
That are swiftly drawing nigh.

Apples red, and green, and golden,
Grapes so rich in clusters rare,
Peaches, plums and pears so luscious
All are bounties we may share.

Thankful hearts will share their
blessings,

Sending portions here and there,
Bringing cheer and hope and sun-
shine

Where are sadness and despair.

Casting bread upon the waters
Always brings a rich return;
Though it may mean days of waiting,
Christ will not our efforts spurn.

"Be ye thankful"—He commands it,
Thankful for each mercy given,
Most of all for Christ our Savior—
Joy of earth, and hope of heaven.
—*The Olive Branch.*

THANKSGIVING GARDEN

Carmen Malone

Start a garden of thanks today
On soil that is rich and pure;
Watch your garden of thanks work out
A pessimism cure.

Let each grateful thought become
A seedling of the soil;
Let each thankful whisper be
A shoot for loving toil.

Let each murmur and each song
Form plants full-grown and well;
Let each humble heartfelt prayer
A blossom sweet foretell.

Start your garden of thanks and smile
On woes and griefs and cares;
Harvest time will bring reward
For He will have heard your prayers.
—*Selected.*

THANKS

Rev. Herbert J. Byrce

I am grateful and rejoice today
For things that never came my way,
As well as for the brimming cup
Of bounties that I can't sum up.
A myriad hearts with grief were sore—
But sorrow passed my humble door;
Though hunger stalked the world
around—

With viands rich my board was
crowned;
Many afar were forced to roam—
My lot the warmth and cheer of home,
With dear ones 'round about to share
Joys of the hearth beyond compare.

If you'd have joy well up within,
Then ponder o'er what might have
been;

Just line things up in serried ranks,
And then for each give meedful
thanks;

Compare your lot with that of those
Who never know a night's repose—
The ones who lie on beds of pain,
Nor hope to live in health again;
Think of the lame, the mute, the blind,
The weak of heart and sick of mind,
Then ask yourself—as here I do—
Why Providence exempted you.

INTROSPECTION

By Letha Jane Dunham

If you think the world's all dreary,
If you think it's gone to rack,
And if you, yourself, feel gloomy
And off your beaten track,
You'll find a world of sunshine,
And of joy there'll be no lack,
If you'll burst the shell within you
And peek out through the crack.

BE GLAD

"Be glad when the flowers have faded?
Be glad when the trees are bare?
When the fog lies thick on the field
and moor,
And the frost is in the air?
When all around is a desert,
And the clouds obscure the light?"

"Ah, yes, for the truest gladness
Is not in ease or mirth;
It has its home in the heart of God,
Not in the loves of earth.
God's love is the same forever,
If skies are blue or dim,
And the joy of the morning lasts all
day
When the heart is glad in Him."

THANKFUL

Isabel Gray

"Thankful! Thankful for what?"
For wealth of life and love;
For friends and home and kindred
dear,
For blessings from above.

Thankful for youthful hearts,
Hearts that can laugh at naught;
Hearts that can overflow with love
That wealth nor age have bought.

Thankful, indeed, for all
The gifts and graces giv'n,
The peace of God in human hearts
Sent from His own heaven!

WHEN I CROSS THE HARBOR

Charles Newman Hodge

When behind the far horizon the sun
of life has set,
I must leave this vale of sorrow—may
no one have regret;
Across the golden harbor my soul will
take its flight,
To another land, where angels play in
sweet and heavenly light.

O Pilot, guide me safely at last to
that peaceful shore;
And will you bid me welcome when I
reach heaven's door?
When I cross the shining harbor unto
eternal rest,
I will see the light on the sacred face
of One who stood the test.

LITTLE THINGS

Mrs. Audre Pitts

I'm glad for all the little things
That make life seem worth while—
Starlight, and a rose in bloom,
A song, a baby's smile.

Sun shining through a windowpane,
Clean clothes upon a line,
Hollyhocks, a picket fence,
A little house that's mine.

Lamplight when dusky shadows fall,
Smoke spirals 'gainst the sky,
These make the world a pleasant

For us to occupy.

Let us thank God, too, for all the
trials that have come to us as bless-
ings in disguise. "Beloved, think it
not strange concerning the fiery
trial which is to try you as though
some strange thing happened to you,
but rejoice . . ."



BIBLE LESSONS

Program Outline

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on someone to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but interperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make his opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR THE LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The subtopics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topics. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program, it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a Y.P.E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Jesus.

TAKE

Thoughts for the Leader

This may seem like a peculiar subject, but there are many peculiarities about the Bible and God and God's children. So often in studying our Bible we miss some of its greatest teachings by overlooking some of the smallest words. Then again we are eager to grasp those promises which are more easily appropriated, but evade those which involve personal responsibility and leave them for the preachers to claim, thereby robbing ourselves of the blessings of the deeper revelations from God. Today we are studying one of these small words, "take." In our study, let's remember that it was Jesus who said, "Take."

TAKE MY YOKE

Matt. 11:29, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls." In taking the yoke of Christ we must realize that we are yoked together with Him, working with Him, pulling the load with Him. He bears one side of the yoke (always the heaviest side, too) and not only so, but gives us strength to bear the other side of the yoke. Then if we read the following verse we find that He says His yoke is easy and His burden is light, so why would we hesitate to take the yoke of Christ? If you have ever lived in the country and seen oxen pull together in the yoke, it will be easier to get the picture of being yoked together with Christ. It is a lowly position to which He invites us, but not more lowly than He; and in this blessed tie, for when we are yoked with Him we are bound unto Him, we can always feel His presence, we

can hear His sweet voice, we learn to keep step with Him, we learn the lesson of trusting Him to select the yoke, to select the way we travel and last but not least, of depending on Him continually.

TAKE THE WATER OF LIFE

Rev. 22:17, "... And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Jesus tells us in John 4:14 that the water He gives not only satisfies our individual thirst, but that it becomes a well of water within us, springing up into everlasting life. This invitation is universal, "whosoever will." And how blessed to know that even I, as everyone, am included in that whosoever. But here we find that it is left to our own wills. If we will, we may take it, but there must be first an inward desire. But praise the Lord, when we do thirst, we may drink freely, to our fill, for there is no limit to the quantity, but as much as we will; no danger of taking too much, but if any danger, it would be in drinking not enough. It is through the Spirit we take this drink and as long as we frequent this fountain we will be fruitful branches for our Lord. Take freely and take it often, thereby glorifying our Savior.

TAKE FAITH

Eph. 6:16-17, "Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked, and take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."

In bearing the yoke with Jesus, we become laborers together with Him; in taking the water of life, we grow in Him; and in taking the shield of faith and the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, we become warriors with Him, fighting the foe of our souls each day and if we use these implements of spiritual warfare faithfully we will become victors through Christ also. He has abundantly provided for our spiritual welfare and commanded, invited, and entreated us to take these in order that we may be victorious rather than be defeated by the enemy of our souls. When we trust Him fully, nothing will be impossible, but impossibilities (so-called) will vanish before our very eyes and we will behold the mighty power of God as He works miracles for us. So, Christian young people, take these arms at command of our Savior who is our Commander-in-Chief and He will supply the needed strength in the most crucial moments.

Song: "Take the Name of Jesus With You."

TAKE THE NAME OF JESUS

John 14:13, 14, "And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." The name of Jesus carries with it power. We find here that without the name of Jesus in our lives when we pray, we will fail to receive, but if we take the name in faith it will unlock the storehouse of heaven and our petitions will be abundantly answered. We read in the third chapter of Acts where Peter and John went up to the temple to pray and

how the poor, lame man asked them for help. These men didn't have any money to give him, but they had something far more important and far mightier, and that was the name of Jesus. Peter said, "In the name of Jesus rise up and walk, and immediately he arose and entered with them into the temple, walking and leaping and praising God." These men carried the name of Jesus everywhere and found a great power in that name. But not only is the name of Jesus needful in prayer and healing, but many times we can put to silence those engaged in unbecoming conversation by merely mentioning the fact that such words are not pleasing to the ears of Jesus and suggest that the topic of conversation be changed. Of course, there are those who will sneer, but they only fulfill prophecy, for Jesus said there would be mockers and persecutors after He went back to heaven and that inasmuch as they had persecuted Him, they would also persecute His children. Yet, we find that the disciples counted it joy to be found worthy of Jesus to bear persecution for Him as recorded in Acts 4:29-33. Sometimes I wonder if we take the name of Jesus with us daily and if so, would there be as much complaining and murmuring among Christians as we hear! Do you take His name each day?

Close with a consecration service impressing the need of observing all the commandments of Jesus.

SUFFICIENT

By GRACE CHURCHMAN

Thoughts for the Leader

In this day we hear a great deal about sufficiency. To live a healthy life one must have a sufficient amount of nourishing foods, work, and relaxation. When we fail to have a sufficient amount of any of these things our health becomes endangered.

We have also learned that a country sufficiently prepared can quickly enslave one that is not.

So we have come to realize that the word "sufficient" is indeed a big word. Let us see what the definition is. "Sufficient," equal to any end or purpose, adequate, competent.

God is sufficient; in other words He is equal—no, He is more than equal to any end and purpose. And He does not leave anyone in an inadequate place. For every obstacle that may confront us, the Lord is sufficient.

SUFFICIENT SALVATION

John 3:16

God's plan of redemption is not for a few rich or a few socially prominent people. Neither is it for a few poor people, but it is for everyone who believeth. To believe not from a historical standpoint but from a personal experience of being born again. God gave the Jewel of heaven to die that we might be made free from sin, that we might be heirs of heaven and it is left up to each individual to accept Jesus, but one thing we know, there is sufficient salvation for each person in the world if only he believes.

SUFFICIENT GRACE

2 Cor. 12:9

We find the definition of "grace" is the unmerited favor and love of God



toward man in Christ.

We find in the verses preceding the ninth verse that Paul says that lest he should be exalted he was given a thorn in the flesh and that he besought the Lord thrice to remove it. "And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

Bible scholars cannot agree on what the thorn in the flesh was, but this one thing they do agree on, God did not take the thorn away; but His grace was sufficient for Paul to overcome it. Today, I think that God sometimes permits us to have thorns in the flesh and fail to deliver so we might stay humble at His feet. For His grace (His love and favor) is sufficient to help us over.

SUFFICIENT STRENGTH

"Oh, ask not thou, how shall I bear the burden of tomorrow? Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." No matter what our burden may be the Lord will give us sufficient strength. It is we mortals, who are like Peter when he was walking on the water, Matt. 14:22-33. We forget to keep our eyes on the Lord and look at the waves and would sink in despair if He did not reach out and save us.

Our load may seem heavy, more so than we can bear, but remember the words of Paul in Phil. 4:13, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." Yes, God has sufficient strength.

A THANKSGIVING LESSON

God's Gifts and Our Obligations

Scripture: 1 Tim. 6:17-19

EDITOR'S NOTE: At this meeting ask every endeavor to bring fresh or canned fruits, vegetables and jellies, which may be placed on a table in the room. Appoint a committee in advance to investigate some needy families and after the service present them with this evidence of God's goodness to us.

Leader's Thought

The receiving of gifts entails obligations. Life itself is God's gift. He has given us the privilege of using our lives as we will, but He has shown us the right way and we should, because of His great goodness to us, use His gift in His service.

Each and every one of us is endowed with some gift which we can use in serving God. If He had not bestowed these natural talents upon us, we should be nothing. Some have the gift of drawing many people to them and of making many friends easily. This ability is indeed a precious one, for it can win many people to Christ. Many have the gift of music which they can use in their service.

THE CHURCH

We should thank God for the gift of the Church—the body of Christ—the divine institution to which has been entrusted the world's salvation. The Church of God is the one thing above all others which needs our help and support. We should be so thankful for this wonderful gift that we should count no sacrifice too great in its service. If we would only put the Church in the forefront of our national and personal life, we could

avoid many difficulties.

OUR PARENTS

We can not be too grateful for the gift of good parents. To have had parents with the fear of God in their hearts to rear and train us in His way is a priceless gift. The many blessings of good parents and a happy home can not be estimated, but we rarely pause long enough to thank God for them.

PRAYER

Prayer is not real unless thanksgiving is its inspiration. A prayer that only asks God for something that can be had in no other way is not worthy of the name. Every prayer, no matter how earnest it may be for the thing most needed, should begin with thanksgiving to God for His blessings. God likes to hear His children thank Him, and the reaction on our own hearts when we praise His name and thank Him for what He has done for us increases our faith and our strength for our daily tasks.

FRIENDS

We should thank God for the gift of good friends. Life would be bare indeed without those who are close to us merely by ties of friendship. To be a friend and to have friends is a gift which we all have to a certain degree, and we should cultivate it.

If we are not thankful, it is because we do not seek reasons for thankfulness. There is no one who can not find many things for which to be grateful, though sometimes he may have to look beneath the surface to find the real blessing. We may really be thankful for failures, for the lack of things which we feel we need, and for any number of negative conditions that arise, if we will only strive to see beneath the surface, and find the blessings which our Father intended for us.

We can not be thankful to God without reason. While the past year has brought disappointment, and even hardship, to many, there is still much for which we may praise God. The harvest season has brought an abundance of vegetables, fruits and grain. In many parts of our country such an abundance has never been known. We should be willing to thank God every day for His goodness to us and gladly share with those who are worthy, but less fortunate than ourselves.

We should praise God for the privilege of serving Him—and we do. There are so many avenues whereby we can devote our talents to the service of our heavenly Father that no one need be idle. All good, useful work is God's work, and Christian people can not engage in any other sort. If we love our work—and we should not get out of it—we can not help but be happy because we are conscious of serving God.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

Gratitude is a grace that struggles for expression. It does not shut itself up in the heart. It wants to speak and act.—Anon.

Give thanks to God. Yes, but we have reason to thank others as well for our blessings. Think what parents and friends have done for us.—Bull.

God's blessings come so regularly that we take them as a matter of course. Their regularity should itself

be a cause for thanksgiving.—Fall.

Everything in nature has a definite purpose. God's gifts are ours to work with, to use for the building of character in others. Our duty is to use them well.—Martel.

QUESTIONS

1. What have we to be grateful for this year?
2. What blessings have come to you without effort on your part?
3. How can we have Thanksgiving all the year round?
4. Why is it impossible to separate "thanksgiving" and "thanksgiving"?
5. Why should God be thanked for good things?
6. Are the "truly rich" always rich in this world's goods?

MOVING MOUNTAINS

By PAULINE WEAVER

Scripture: Have faith in God—"For verily I say unto you, That whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith," Mark 11:23.

Thoughts for the Leader

And so it is in our Christian experience; if we have faith, we are continually moving mountains by Him. Perhaps there isn't a real, tall, rocky mountain in front of your house that you want moved, but still in our life there are mountains just as real, just as troublesome, as that mountain in front of your house would be. But they can be moved if only we can have faith in God. If we only believe that "He is and that he is a rewarder of those that diligently seek him." If we only know that "all things are possible to him that believeth."

THE MOUNTAIN OF DISCOURAGEMENT

Did you ever wake up in the morning and have this great mountain to cross over? I'm sure you have. Perhaps it was Monday morning and the mountain was compiled of thoughts about like this:

"Your Y.P.E. service was terrible last night. There won't be anybody there next week." "If I were you, I'd never teach that class again. See how many were absent yesterday." "I wonder why in the world you made such a mess of that song last night. Seems to me you'd better not sing any more."

Haven't you heard those things in your ears some Monday morning? And what did you do about it? Did you remember to tell the devil that you were working for the Lord, and He realized when you did the best you could? Did you remind him that the old proverb, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," had proven to be a good one? If you did, and if you ask God to help, I'm sure you saw that mountain being removed. You could almost watch it disappear, dissolving away, couldn't you? So it is, if we have faith to believe God will help us!

THE MOUNTAIN OF TRIALS

Do you see that awful rocky mountain looming up in your pathway,

(Continued on page 16)



Our Church Page



GRATITUDE

By William M. Runyan

If, from a lofty summit, vision ran
To meet horizons of our vast domain—
Its East, South, West, and rugged
North—to scan
Its mountains, valleys, fields of
ripened grain,
Think you the largess of God's hand
would find
In human hearts rich sheaves of
gratitude,
A harvest of thanksgiving? Or, a mind
Bent on complaint amidst our common good?
How shall our Nation larger blessing
seek,
How hope for richer store of creature good,
If it forget the One who giveth
rain
To fall upon the haughty and the meek?
Oh, for the Pilgrim Fathers' gratitude,
E'en though their Day of Thanks
doth yet remain!

I BELIEVE IN EVANGELISM

Rev. James A. Deweerd

The end and aim of the gospel is to win souls. No church should admit either as a singer or a preacher one who is not thoroughly convinced of the value of evangelism. Every means should be used in the furtherance of this great cause. Our business is not to Christianize the world but to evangelize the world, and to preach the gospel as a witness until every person and every nation shall have an opportunity to hear the good news.

I believe in mass evangelism. There are those who would tell us that the old-fashioned revival "has sung its swan song." But today the world as never before needs to be swept clean by the singing winds of a spiritual awakening. The efforts to reach the most people by public services is undoubtedly worth while. The greatest workers and saints have come from the evangelistic emphasis of the church. In spite of all objections raised, such as expenses, and the number finding Christ who do not stay true, the revival is still the vital breath of the church.

I believe in child evangelism. Childhood is one of the best times for the appeal of Christ to be made. Psychologists report five to seven years of age as being the earliest possible time for a conversion to take place. It is reported that Jonathan Edwards, who was one of the most brilliant intel-

lectuals the American pulpit ever produced, was saved at the age of seven. At nine, Isaac Watts, the famous writer of hymns, was born again. Joseph Grigg, when ten years old, wrote the songs, "Jesus and Shall It Ever Be," and "Behold, a Stranger at the Door." Matthew Henry, the commentator who has inspired more interest in the Bible than perhaps any other scholar, was converted when eleven years of age. It is a mistake as long as eternity to say boys and girls of tender years cannot know what they are doing. The Spirit of God must convict even a child, and as soon as he is susceptible he should and can be reached. If I had my choice between a man of forty and a boy of fourteen coming to the penitent form, I would choose the boy. His impulses have not been running in the wrong direction so long, and his life ahead of him can be saved for the service of the Master.

I believe in radio evangelism. This wonderful instrument that can harness the sound waves and kidnap the human voice and bring it into the home has been given to us in the good providence of God. We need to seize the opportunity and capture this invention from the devil and use it for getting the gospel to the largest numbers of people. Whitefield could be heard by ten thousand people as they stood in the open air, it was estimated. Now the millions can hear the winged words of life over broadcasting stations. As holiness people, we should not yield to false teachers and worldlings, but spread scriptural doctrines. This type of program should not be used as a substitute for public worship, but as an aid and stimulant.

I believe in industrial evangelism. Big movements, such as the Salvation Army and Methodism, began by an appeal to the laboring classes. Wesley started his first work in the factory

sections of London. The masses of people who "sweat, swear, and die" for a living need salvation. If they do not come to us, we must go to them. Today it is not shorter hours with more pay they need. Conditions for them are better now than ever before, yet there never was so much dissatisfaction. What they need is Christ. He alone will ever bring peace and meet the demands for a lasting solution to their economic problems.

I believe in educational evangelism. The schools have admitted the failure of training without character and morals. More widespread knowledge has never existed in all history than now. Illiteracy is at its lowest ebb. Many know science, languages, commercial, vocational, and mechanical learning but they do not know Him whom to know aright is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Over thirty-six million children in the United States alone receive no religious instruction whatsoever. It is from this element that ninety per cent of our criminals come. Every time we can testify, let it not be an effort to keep up with the research of advanced scientists, or compromise our faith to their doubts, but let us make our spiritual contribution by speaking as those having authority and declare Christ and Him crucified as our only Savior.

I believe in personal evangelism. By this I do not mean just to go to someone during a special campaign to whom you have not spoken at any other time, nor do I mean to adjusting church membership or seeking numerical growth as a matter of bookkeeping, nor do I suggest just visitation with friendly calls from house to house or carrying literature and invitations. I mean every converted person a soul winner, willing to speak personally to all and ask, "Are you a Christian?" "Do you know Christ as your personal Savior?" When every Spirit-filled individual feels his calling to "do the works of an evangelist" then will the local churches experience a Pentecostal increase, then will Christianity which outlived, outthought, and outexperienced the pagan religions also triumph over the strange philosophies and forms of government of the present.

Let us determine now, as the world is in a social crisis and knows not whom to believe or where to look for guidance, to use our energies in this the main objective of our faith! Then will we be on the verge of a worldwide revival which shall hasten the coming of our Lord, or if He tarries, build His kingdom of peace and good will upon the earth.—Wesleyan Methodist.

A Prayer

We thank Thee, O ever-present Christ, that Thou art the secret of strength. We are strong only as we dwell in Thee and Thou in us. Thou art the abundant life, the fulfillment of our hope, the crowning glory of our faith, and the inspiring culmination of our love. Help us to venture forth with the courage and daring of pioneers. There is work to do; grant that we may be fit to do it. There are unrewarding loads to lift; help us to get under them for others' sake. The boundaries of Thy kingdom need to be extended; may we be in the vanguard of Thy redeeming purposes. We ask it in Thy holy name. Amen.

LE
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LETTERS FROM OUR TRAINING CAMPS

Dear Mrs. Cobb:

No doubt this will surprise you, but I have come to you for a favor.

Mrs. Kernel sent me some magazines and included in them were a few copies of the Lighted Pathway. I read all the magazines first and then decided to look through the Lighted Pathway. It seemed as though I found more rest and peace in those few pages than anything I have ever read. I read every word in them and I wish I had three or four more.

No, I haven't yet accepted Jesus Christ, but I have found out that the only haven for a soldier is the chapel and his Bible. I read my Bible every night and I have never missed a Sunday of church. This may not sound like the Bob who used to be there in Ferndale.

Could you, in some way, subscribe for the Lighted Pathway for me? I am willing to pay any price for it. Things of that sort mean quite a lot to a guy who gets lonesome sometimes. It took me some time to find it out, but I know it now. Some of the other fellows know it too, but they just won't admit it.

Give my sincere regards to the church and may it stand out always as a beacon in the darkness for guys like me.—Pfc. Robert Massey, A.S.N. 35656877, 34th T.S.S., Bks. 726, Scott Field, Ill.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have just been reading "Echoes from B. T. S." I attended school last year. I really learned more of God and I am prepared more fully to tell the world about Jesus. My heart yearns to go back to school, but unless God undertakes I can't. In reading the reports of the work of my brothers and sisters it made my heart rejoice to know that everyone is having such good success.

There is not a Church of God here and I just have to pray and ask God to help me to keep pressing on. I have a deeper determination at this very moment to go on and work for God more than ever. I try to live the life before the boys here. They really need God.

I would deeply appreciate any letters from any of the B.T.S. students of 1942-43.

If there are any Church of God boys in Camp Barkeley, please get in touch with me.—Pvt. Morris Riggs, A.S.N. 34787493, U. S. Army, Co. O, 59th Med. Tng. Bn., Camp Barkeley, Tex.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a soldier twenty years of age and am trying to serve the Lord. People say that it is impossible for one to live a Christian life in the army, but I have found that this is not true. If we continue to pray the Lord will take care of us here just like He will those back home.

I attended Bible Training School in Sevierville, Tennessee, for twelve weeks and was called in the army February 11, 1943. I could hardly stand the thought of leaving such a wonderful place. I was taking a Chris-

tian Workers' Course and I have found it a great help in the army. In talking to the boys about their souls I use a lot of scripture that I learned in Bible School. I am hoping if it is the Lord's will that I can go back and finish my course.

Sister Harrison, I have been reading the Lighted Pathway for about four years. I think it is the best paper I have ever read. May the Lord bless you as the editor of such a wonderful paper. Pray for me to be a soul-winner.—Pvt. Hopkins.

Dear Sister Harrison:

If only you knew just what you mean to all us boys here in the service. You may not know but I will try to explain in some way. We look and long for the Lighted Pathway to come so we can read your message, for you are our guide. I hope that all the good Christian people will not forget us as we labor here. We need your prayers and we believe you and all the Church of God people are behind us. We pray that the day of victory will soon come.—Sgt. John T. Cooper, Jr., 536 Bomb. Sqdn., A.A.B., Pocatello, Idaho.

MOTHER DEAR, GOOD-BYE

Pvt. General L. Dalton

Sit down by the side of your son,
mother dear,

I have only a moment to stay;
I will stay until you give me your
parting advice,
For I'll soon be going away.

I must leave you to serve our country,
mother dear,

By the world I have yet to be tried,
But in all the temptation and struggle I meet,
May my heart in the Savior confide.

I will carry in my pocket a New
Testament,

'Tis the book of all others, the best,
It has taught me to live, it has taught
me to repent

And will lead me to the gates of the
blest!

You gave me to God in my cradle,
mother dear,

You have taught me the best that
you knew,

And as long as His mercy permits me
to live,

I will never stop praying for you.

I want to hear every word, mother
dear,

It has come from the depths of your
love,

And, mother, if I never behold you on
earth,

I will meet you in heaven above.

I'll hold fast to the right, for our free-
dom I'll fight,

Wherever my footsteps may roam,
I'll forsake not the way of salvation,
mother dear,

That you taught me to live in our
sweet home.

—Btry. K., 246th C.A.,
Fort Story, Va.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I was very much surprised and pleased, too, when I received the Lighted Pathway from you the other day. I wish to thank you to the fullest extent. It's the first religious literature I have received since leaving the States and I assure you it has been well read. I have passed it on to the rest of the boys. I know they will enjoy it. Of course, it brought along pleasant memories of the Publishing House. I'll never forget the swell times and the work I enjoyed there. If I could only be back there for awhile I would know how to enjoy it better. Coming over here has taught me much. It's a lesson I'll never forget.

I get pretty lonesome sometimes, but I usually forget it since I'm quite busy and I have plenty to look forward to. I know I have friends and my parents praying for my safety and happiness, so I can't afford to remain unhappy.

May God continue to bless you and please continue to pray for all of us service men.—Luther Carroll, Jr.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Our chaplain here is a Baptist and a wonderful man, only preaching the Word of God. He has chosen me as leader in which to bring as many out to service as possible.

I have many Christian friends right here around me and almost every night when not on duty, we gather out in the desert, away from camp or disturbance, sing hymns, read our Bibles and pour out our heart with prayers and thanksgiving. It is quite hard for us who are Christians as the iniquity seems to have us surrounded. We need your prayers throughout the States.—Cpl. Paul E. Boyce, Desert Training Center, Med. Det. 305th., Fa. Bn., A.P.O. 77, c/o Postmaster, Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have just received the roll of Lighted Pathways and thank you very much for them. I am doing all I can to get the boys interested in reading the papers. They accepted this issue gladly.

Do pray for us that we will get closer to the Lord and others may be won for Him. My address has been changed since I last wrote you.—Pvt. Clifton L. Selvage, A. S. N. 34707193, 245th Port Co., A.P.O. 4759, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Thank you very much for your nice letter. I was so happy to hear from you.

I enjoy receiving the Lighted Pathway. It is food to my soul. Trust I may continue receiving it.

I don't ever get to attend church now as there is no church near enough. Please pray that I will hold on to God and keep the victory.—Sgt. Herbert Anderson, 6th Gen. Hosp., A.P.O. 759, c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

(Continued on page 18)



MOVING MOUNTAINS

(Continued from page 13)

making you so sorely tired until you feel you never can climb over it, and get into the sunny, pleasant valley again? Do you feel so distressed, so weary of the heavy load upon you? Remember again the scripture that by faith we could remove mountains. I'm sure this included the mountain of trials too. Jesus said His yoke was easy and His burdens light, and He also said He would carry our burdens. He tells us to cast all our cares upon Him and yet do you find it hard to do? Do you find yourself with that awful mountain in front of you with no consolation at all? Forget the trials, the unhappiness of the day. Get down your Bible, begin reading of how Jesus loved us so much until He suffered death that we might become an heir of eternal life, and that He said no trial would come upon us but what He would make a way for our escape. The first thing you know, without even realizing it, you will be praising God for the things He has done for you, and the things He means to you, and there will not even be a mountain of trials when you finish.

MOUNTAIN OF DISAPPOINTMENT

Of all the mountains so hard sometimes to remove, it is the one of disappointment. We'd dreamed so long for this to happen, we'd waited so patiently for the day to arrive, we'd prayed so hard it would be thus, and yet, when the day finally dawns that we have been so eagerly looking forward to, there looms in front of our door that dark, tall, seemingly unsurmountable mountain of discouragement! You feel dead, as if you can never be happy again. You wonder if Jesus does love you after all. You feel as if now nothing will ever be nice again, that you will be disappointed forever and always. But wait, have faith in God! Do you, can you remember that He said, "All things work together for good to them that love God"? Well, He did, and it does! Regardless of what you might think is best, God knows what He is doing! Think back, remember that time you wanted something so terribly and couldn't get it? Do you remember later that it proved out that God had something much better for you? Do you remember that time when life was all twisted, and nothing was going good, and you had nothing, when all at once He gave you one of your most precious possessions? And on and on. Has He ever failed to give you what was best for you? Can you now trust Him? Can you not see, as you believe He will work things out, the mountain of disappointment disappear? Lift up your head! It is gone and you, through faith, see a brighter, more glorious dream.

Leader: There are so many mountains that we, as individuals have to call on our faith to have them removed. Suppose we now think for a few minutes, and then relate to the congregation other mountains which we, through faith in God, have seen removed. The mountain of sickness. The mountain of persecution or poverty.

(Have anyone who will tell some

experience of his. This will be very interesting and helpful and give everyone a part on the program.)

Amount Sent from Each State to the Fund for Sending Lighted Pathways to Men in Service

Missouri	\$37.50
North Carolina	25.55
Tennessee	15.00
Georgia	11.40
Florida	11.00
Texas	10.10
California	8.60
Illinois	3.50
Alabama	3.50
South Carolina	2.00
Michigan	2.00
Mississippi	2.00
Virginia	1.00
Maryland	1.00
Massachusetts	1.00
Montana	1.00
New Mexico	1.00
New York	1.00
Delaware	1.00
Pennsylvania	1.00
Total	\$140.15

NOTE: The above is the amount contributed to send Lighted Pathways to our boys in service since the Assembly. Remember that our boys' letters have proven that they have received great blessings from them. This month we are about \$60 short of completing our mailing list. Please pray about it and see what God would have you do. Some of our boys will go out into eternity some of these days. We will feel better if we have helped them. May the Lord abundantly bless all who had a little part in this work last year.—Editor.

A REQUEST

Dear Friends:

About the third year of my work as Editor of the Lighted Pathway, I found myself in need of a secretary. I prayed very definitely for God to help me in finding someone suitable. I requested application through the Lighted Pathway and in two weeks God's choice and mine was in my home. She came from Louisiana. I had never met her nor heard of her before. She was with me for three years until a young man took her away. I have never doubted God's approval on her coming. Then He gave me another splendid secretary who has been a great blessing to the work and to me.

Now I am looking for a housekeeper, and I am depending on God to help me in locating one. The help problem is a hard one but surely there is someone somewhere who will be just what I need. If you are interested, write me. Send reference, giving full particulars, age, etc. Address Alda B. Harrison, 2905 Parker Street, Cleveland, Tenn.

THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 2)

bless you, boys, and keep you safe until you come home. We thank you for your good letters of appreciation. We are trying to get them all in the paper but space will not permit. Keep watching for yours.

We thank the Lord for the financial success of the paper last year. I think, since you have worked so hard on the field, you should know just what you have done. At the closing of the Assembly year, July 31, we had \$12,940.48 after all printing and salaries were paid. And we want you to know that the Lighted Pathway balance always goes to our Bible Training School and College. So when you are working hard for the Lighted Pathway you are working for your school as well. Don't forget this.

Now, I am trying hard to be a "Polly Anna." Perhaps you have read the book. You remember how Polly Anna always found something in everything to be thankful for, and I am thankful for the twenty pages of paper that's left me. It was indeed hard when my paper was cut sixteen pages. I didn't know what to do, but God is still blessing what I have left. You pray, please, that I may have it back soon. Surely it would not be wrong to ask God to give us some of the paper that is going out carrying whiskey and cigarette advertisements, nude women and men, and a thousand other things to be the downfall of the boys and girls in our beloved country. Please take this on your heart.

Let us not be weary in well doing as we go forth in this new church year. Two months have passed away since the Assembly. The days come and go and soon a month has past and soon a year and soon a lifetime; let us not waste our time. Of course, the load we are carrying gets heavy sometimes, but let us be like the little boy in the following story:

Dr. Cortland Myers tells us there was a boy traveling through the West and it was a long journey he had over the prairies. It was a day when the dust was filling the car and everybody noticed that the boy in his loneliness was happier and more contented than all the rest. He looked out over the sand and seemed to see what no one else saw. Finally a lady walked across the aisle and, leaning down to him, said, "My boy, I have been thinking about you today. Do you not get very tired taking this long journey?"

"Well," he said, "I do not think I am very tired. It is hot and it is dusty. It is more than I thought it was going to be, but I am happy. I am happy because father is going to meet me at the end of the journey."

What a gracious thought that boy had to ponder as he journeyed on over the burning desert sands. We wonder how many Christians are in the same mood as they journey on through life, over the hot, burning desert sands, it may be. Are you looking ahead to the time when Father will meet you, there at the end of the way? We trust you are. If this is the case, then all that comes by the way will be only so much more of an encouragement to look ahead to the time when Father will make His appearance to greet you. Let us not become weary by the



way.

Yes, Father will meet us at the end of the way and Jesus will be there to smile so tenderly upon us as we enter the beautiful city. Those whom we have helped along the way will greet us and it will be a happy time. Let us not be weary in well doing for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

A blind man sat weaving, but as he wove he tangled his thread slightly at first.

"John," his kind wife said, "you are tangling your thread. Let me straighten it for you before it goes so badly wrong."

The blind man worked on, and the wife again said, "You are getting it worse and worse. If you will let me have it only a little while, I will straighten it for you."

But the blind man worked on without even answering her. She waited a while, watching the tangle get worse and worse.

Knowing full well that he could never undo it and that her hands would have to undo every knot, she ventured again, "John, it will take much work to straighten your thread again; will you not let me fix it before it becomes any worse?"

Yet the blind man never turned nor answered.

Finally, he could go no further, for the work was hopelessly tangled. Then turning to his patient wife, he said, "Here, you may fix this, for I have found a tangle."

She then spent much of her precious time making right what could have been remedied in a few minutes if he had but heeded her kind admonition.

Some who have good eyes are blindly weaving the web of life, and tangles are being made. Because they fail to heed the first little admonition, they go on tangling the thread, heeding not the kindly words that come from those who are interested in their souls. But when the tangles are so great and they can no longer hide them, then they seek our help.

There are many souls along the way who are like this blind man. Will you go on patiently and joyfully helping to straighten out the tangled threads of those around you? I trust that as you read this message of Thanksgiving you will be able to lift your voice in thanksgiving to God for all His goodness.

*Count your many blessings
Name them one by one,
And it will surprise you
What the Lord hath done.*

We are going to ask you to continue this thanksgiving testimony meeting at your Y.P.E. Thanksgiving service. Don't forget to plan for greater things this year. I wish I could be with you in your services. There is One who can and will be there. God bless you.

August Prize Winner

V. B. Ellis, Greenville, S. C., is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

August Honor Roll

Edwin M. Mortenson, Columbia, S. C.
Mattie Roberson, Valdese, N. C.

J. L. Barfield, S. Greenwood, S. C.
M. M. Mortenson, Decatur, Ala.
Evelyn Moore, E. Alton, Ill.
Marie Calvert, Tucapau, S. C.
Mae Couch, Fort Mill, S. C.
Marie Calvert and Mae Couch tied.

Explanation

In the September issue of the Lighted Pathway on page nine we listed Lighted Pathways sold for 1941-42 and 1942-43 Assembly years, also the increase this year over the previous year and the decrease. This was continued on page sixteen and the totals given, including the total decrease. Some of the states increased in circulation and some decreased, but there was a much greater increase than decrease. We trust that our friends have understood the figures and can readily see the good increase we had in sales this year, which was 134,374. The first total in the last column should be 150,054 instead of 150,004.

A HAPPY FAMILY

(Continued from page 4)

Mr. Loney looked at him kindly. "Say! you are a go-getter, are you not? I surely will give you these addresses, gladly. Only you had better not tell any of the boys from other Sunday Schools around here, or you will have too much competition," he said, laughing. "Anyway, if these new scholars are going to go to any Sunday School I would like them to go to one where they will have the Gospel taught them, so I hope you have great success." Johnny thanked Mr. Loney, and went out of his office beaming. The day came to copy the addresses, and Johnny gave the names and addresses of younger boys and girls to the other classes in the Sunday School.

He was slightly timid at first canvassing these new families, but when he saw the appreciative way they greeted him, and when he heard the promises of many new scholars for Mr. Smith's class, he could not get around to the homes quickly enough.

Great was his joy, and the joy of his Sunday School teacher when they saw the class trebled in a few weeks. What was true of their class was also true of the other classes where they had canvassed these newcomers to the neighborhood. The Sunday School as a whole was given an impetus that encouraged the hearts of all.

Boys and girls, are you a worker in your Sunday School? Remember there is something that each one can do week after week to boost the Sunday School attendance. Don't be a shirker, but be a real "go-getter."

RACHEL

(Continued from page 3)

delssohn is Meshumed."

Meanwhile the gentle Rachel made her preparations. Her heart was torn, but underneath the pain was God's deep peace. Not one ray of light pierced the darkness of the future pathway. Everything beyond that day was absolutely black. But the Light Himself would be her Guide. Having Him she dared go forward undismayed.

Quietly she set everything in perfect order—her lavish wardrobe, her

trunks, her cherished books, her heirlooms, her wedding gifts and all her sweet, girlish treasures. She would leave them all. She would take nothing with her but the clothes that she and the baby wore. Nothing save such of the baby's little garments and her own toilet articles as she could pack into a small hand-satchel. Into the top of it she slipped her father's and her mother's and Max's pictures—and her empty purse.

She bathed and dressed the baby carefully. His little white coat and bonnet were folded ready, with her own dark-blue hat and coat and the hand-satchel beside them.

Then for the remainder of the afternoon she gave herself to prayer. She must be fully fortified. She knelt beside Little Abie's crib. One last terrible fear convulsed her. Suppose—suppose! But she dared not think of such a thing as that. Her owe ewe lamb! "O God of love, have mercy! O my Father, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt." She rose from her knees comforted and strong. And then she waited.

She waited long. Once again she slipped downstairs and took some food. She must have it. She must have strength for the journey—whither? This time she cleared away the dishes and the food.

Still she waited. At last, after sunset, they came—all the family and many friends besides—and at their head walked Deborah Kalinsky and Rabbi Mordecai Moses. Rachel could hear them entering the house and going to the kitchen. And for full three hours she could hear their angry outcry. Wave after wave of roaring mounted upward, with one word always on their crest—"Meshumed."

And still she waited . . . But no one came. Ten o'clock . . . eleven o'clock . . . midnight. The crowd dispersed . . . The house became quiet . . . Still she was left alone. She lay down beside her little child, and soon her sleep was as peaceful and as sweet as his.

The morning broke with blistering heat. By nine o'clock Rachel herself was dressed—in purest white. The baby, too, was dressed and everything was ready. Still no one came. Through the window Rachel could see one after the other arriving—the entire Kalinsky family, Yetta Cash, Sophy Yasnik and other friends and neighbors, and finally Rabbi Mordecai Moses. And soon again she could hear the angry waves roaring.

They were waiting for her to come down!—the thought suddenly dawned upon her. All right, she would go down. Five minutes more in prayer for strength; then taking the baby on one arm and their coats on the other, with the satchel in her hand, she started. She paused in the doorway for a last farewell to the hideous room. Suddenly it became invested with strange glory. Here she had met her Lord; here she had confessed Him before men; here she had suffered for His dear sake; here her child had been born. She thanked the Father for it all—rejoicing that He had counted her worthy.

Then with firm tread and head held high, and with God's own peace garbisoning heart and mind, she went



downstairs—toward the kitchen—and into the den of lions.

Yes, they were waiting for her, the whole fierce pack. As she entered the doorway they hissed and screamed with one accord: "Meshumed!"

They were all there—Jacob, Sarah, Goldie, Otto—all the rest. And they all looked at her with cold eyes. Even the children. And alas! with anguish of heart Rachel saw her—her precious Esther—her dearest girl friend. And Max! Her own beloved husband—the father of her child! He stood with his mother, a trifle apart from the others. He alone would not meet Rachel's eyes. With a skulking air, he hung his head. Swiftly the court was officially convened by Rabbi Moses. The lamb was thrown to the lions. A semicircle was formed about her. Together with the Rabbi she stood within the circle. Mercifully the agony was not prolonged. Swift and decisive was the judgment.

"Rachel Mendelssohn Kalinsky"—Rabbi Moses made indictment in a voice of thunder, "you have forsaken your God. You have gone over to the blasphemous apostates. You have confessed the name of Jesus Christ within this house. You have transgressed our most holy Law. You have broken fast on *Yom Kippur*. You have broken kosher. You have defied the worship and commandments of the synagogue. You have embraced an alien faith. You have proven traitor to all the holy traditions of your people. You have proven false to your husband, to his family, to your friends. You have renounced the one true God. In His Holy name I pronounce you now Meshumed—accursed of God and man."

As a lamb before his shearers is dumb, so the Messiah opened not His mouth. Like Him, His little lamb stood silent, without a quiver, through the terrible ordeal.

"Max Kalinsky, stand forth!" the Rabbi thundered his command; and Max, still avoiding Rachel's gaze, took his place beside her. His head was bowed with shame. Hers was held proud and high.

"What shall this righteous Israelite do with this apostate woman?" the Rabbi appealed the question to the court.

A chorus of frenzied cries responded instantly.

"Dee-wor-her! Dee-wor-her! She is Meshumed! Dee-wor-her, Max, dee-wor-her!"

Even the children screamed in shrill crescendo echo: "Dee-wor-her, Uncle Max, dee-wor-her!"

To Rachel's anguished heart the scene recalled another court—another angry crowd—another infuriated cry: "Crucify Him! Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"

"Dee-wor-her! Dee-wor-her! Dee-wor-her!"

"Crucify Him! Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"

She experienced a thrill of holy joy above the anguish. She was being crucified with Him. She was one with Him in the mysterious fellowship of suffering.

And then came the most crucial moment of all. The baby was lifted from her arms and held aloft.

"What shall be done with this apos-

tate's child?" the judge continued. Rachel's heart stopped beating while the lions sniffed for further blood.

A roar of divided opinion ensued. The baby was a true Kalinsky. He must be saved from such a mother. But no, he had drunk his mother's milk. He was Meshumed also. For a terrible instant Little Abie's fate swayed in the balance of a hair. And then the question was decided by himself. Mrs. Kalinsky took him from the Rabbi, whereupon he screamed. Violently—a ngrily—convulsively. The once doting grandmother pushed him into Rachel's anguished arms with disgust.

"You take it away quick. We will not have it here a baby which it is such a brat! He is Meshumed also!"

In a convulsion of joy and thankfulness, Rachel pressed her darling to her heart. Swiftly sentence on them both was then pronounced.

"Rachel Mendelssohn, you are accursed! Your child is accursed! You are divorced forever from this family. You are cut off from Israel. You are cut off from God. Go—both of you—to your damnation!" Fiercely Rabbi Moses pointed to the open door.

Rachel drew herself up proudly and held her baby close. Calmly she looked around at every face within the circle and as calmly said "Good-bye." She walked toward Max and stood before him. She compelled his gaze.

"Max," she pleaded softly, "will you not come with us too? Come, dear, come!"

The good angels and the evil angels fought desperately for Max Kalinsky's soul. For him it was an awful moment. On the one side were orthodox traditions, family ties, fear of consequences. On the other side his wife, his child, his Lord.

He looked at the sweet-faced girl he truly loved. He looked at his first-born son. He looked at the gentle Nazarene who entreated him with pleading eyes. For an instant the good angels and the evil angels hovered over him with bated breath.

"Come, Max—my own dear husband—come! Come, Max, with your own Messiah, the dear Lord Jesus! Come, darling, come! Come with your wife and with your child!"

Almost he yielded. And then he caught his mother's terrible eye. He quailed before it. The good angels wept, the evil angels shrieked in glee, as miserably he whimpered:

"You are not my wife! That is not my child! You are both Meshumed!"

It was the last cruel blow—the final bitter anguish. Rachel uttered a low, heart-broken moan. For an instant she reeled dizzily. She would have fallen, but swiftly and strongly she felt herself upborne by a mighty force. She realized that underneath her were the everlasting arms. Round about her, safely holding, was the Savior's love.

Tenderly He drew her to His breast. Strongly He held her, pressed close against His riven side. She was there—safely hidden in the cleft of the Rock. She was sounding now the depths of anguish—the depths of joy—in her fellowship with her Savior's sufferings. She was crucified with Him. She looked up into His dear face. She heard His voice whispering com-

fort to her heart. Instantly she was made strong.

Once more her gaze swept over the circle of cold, angry eyes. Once more it fastened upon her husband who cringed before her, broken and sobbing, his face buried in his hands. Once more she said "Good-bye" to all.

Then she turned toward the doorway. Holding her baby and the coats within her arms and picking up her satchel, with a firm proud step and without a backward look—penniless, hungry, weak and friendless—victoriously she passed forever from Deborah Kalinsky's home.

Thus did the loving little Rachel, confessor of Jesus Christ, go forth unto Him without the camp, bearing His reproach.

(To be continued)

Letters From Our Training Camps

(Continued from page 15)

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a member of the Baptist church, but always attended church at least twice a week at the Church of God. I always helped with the singing, which I enjoyed so much. Our trio sang there often, which was made up of my brother, a friend and I. I am longing for the day when I can go back and enjoy it all again, as much as I did at one time.

I wish to express my sincere thanks to the little paper, the Lighted Pathway. I have every copy I have received since I have been a subscriber. Someone from the church at Hayesville sends it to me.

I would like to ask the Church of God to pray for me and all the other boys. Prayer is needed now if it was ever needed. I will be looking forward to the time my next copy of the Lighted Pathway will arrive. Let me ask you again to pray for me.—Sgt. Early Swanson, 12th Fighter Sqn., A.A.F., A.P.O. 709, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

— U. S. S. Algorab
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Calif.
August 19, 1943

Dear Sister Harrison:

We shipmates of the U.S.S. Algorab would like to tell you how much we appreciate the Lighted Pathway. Out here where reading material is scarce, we look forward to receiving this precious paper.

We shipmates get to attend church very little. We have our various meeting places about the ship where we get together. We sing some of those good old songs, have prayer, and talk about the Bible. We find the articles about Father, Mother, and Home, Help for the Tempted and Tried, all very encouraging. We pass this paper on from one to another.

We are glad that we can live a Christian life in the navy. Some say it is impossible, but we find that His grace is sufficient.

Some of us look forward to attending the Bible School after the war. We do want our friends to pray for us.—Your friends, Rufus Lee Platt, C.M. 3/C, Palmetto, Fla.; John J. Walker, Whiteville, N. C.; Wallace James Cooper, S. 1/C, Capels, W. Va.; Peter M. Mattingly, G.M. 3/C, Cox's Creek, Ky.



GLINTS OF KNOWLEDGE

Powerful in War and Peace

Today, the average citizen of the world hears the roar of an airplane motor with terror if he is near a war-zone and with a shudder, at least, if he is out of range of enemy bombs. The airplane in this World War 2 has come to be a symbol of all that's horrible and fiendish in a world of barbaric slaughter of human beings. Sometimes, one finds himself wondering how much better the world would be if the airplane had never been invented.

Such, of course, is the wrong attitude to take toward man's most wonderful invention of the centuries, or should it be phrased man's most remarkable discovery of a wonderful principle placed here by God, the Creator, for his use?

The chief weapon of war today will become tomorrow the world's greatest agency of uniting the nations into one great community of peace and brotherhood. The possibilities of the airplane for cementing friendships among the peoples of the world by bringing every man within 48 hours of his most remote neighbor are unlimited. The miracle invention which is powerful in war can become more powerful in peace.

The world, all of us hope sincerely, is approaching an era when the scriptural prophecy of beating the swords into plowshares will be fulfilled, and the airplane, which has been the predominant agency of the sword, can become the most valuable ally of the plowshare.

Today the 25th anniversary of regular air mail service is being observed. The air power of the United States at present is making a vital contribution to victory, speeding essential supplies and personnel to all of our fighting fronts throughout the world.

When the thousands of pilots now being trained for the armed forces come back to civilian life after the peace is won, there is certain to be a tremendous development in airplane transportation, domestic and international, passenger and freight.

Watch your reading table as you would your dining table, if you would have your children grow up healthily-minded.—*Church Editorial*.

Forty-one states have legalized the release of children from school for religious education.

Chicago—The Northern Baptists have budgeted \$600,000 for the work of their postwar planning commission during the next year, and have demanded that the commission try to lead the churches into more vigorous and specific action for a just postwar order. This was probably the most important action taken at the meeting of commissions and committees of the Northern Baptist Church which has adjourned after a week's session here. The Chicago meeting was a substitute for the usual national convention, which had been scheduled to

be held this year in Denver.

Race Problems

The din had not died down in the streets of Detroit until the charge was being made that the race riots in the motor city were caused by an influx of Southerners with their different standards of race relations. To ascertain the truth of this statement, the Times-Dispatch of Richmond, Va., one of the great liberal newspapers of America and a consistent defender of Negro rights, made a careful investigation.

It was found that the Detroit police force is composed largely of Poles; that "many of the worst rioters" were Italians; that of the nearly 500 persons arrested after the outbreak of trouble, every one had been a resident of Detroit for more than five years.

Well-informed persons who were familiar with the Detroit industrial situation have been saying for more than a year past that there was trouble brewing. Similar warnings are coming from industrial sections of almost every major city in America. It is not too much to say that the race problem, in spite of the hush-hush policy with which it has been treated, is one of the most serious of our undercover problems.—*Christian Advocate*.

A Dark Mission Field

One of the neediest centers which the American Bible Institute reaches is the metropolitan area of Greater New York. Here is the largest Jewish community in the world. Here are nearly half a million Negroes and a racial problem that demands their speedy evangelization. Here are over two million foreign born. Here are America's largest institutions of higher learning and a college student population over 150,000. Here are 11,000,000 people who do not belong to any Protestant church. More than half of these have no religious affiliation whatever. Paganism is rife in America's greatest city. Here indeed is a mission field whose darkness menaces the rest of the country, a field which implores the help of every Christian in America.—*The Gospel Minister*.

Odd Bibles

The largest Bible is said to be in the Royal Library of Stockholm. The covers are made of solid plank four inches thick, and the pages, which are made of parchment, are a yard in length and number 309. The famous thumb Bible in the theological seminary at Washington is the smallest complete Bible ever printed. A New York man's son, a cripple, is reported to have spent several hours a day for two years transcribing a Bible. We are told that it does not contain an error in transcription and that the verses and headings are beautifully engrossed in red ink. A shorthand Bible is exhibited in London, the work of an apprentice of the days of James II, when even to possess a Bible was held to be an offense. An American woman owns a Bible which an ancestor of

hers baked in a loaf of bread when a house-to-house search was being made for copies of the Scripture.—*The Way*.

A Bible in Every Room

It is reported that Henry Ford has a Bible in every room in his home at Dearborn, Michigan, and reads a chapter every day in keeping with a pledge he and Woodrow Wilson made during the first World War.—*The Gospel Minister*.

Slept Under His Own Sermon

The Protestant Voice repeats a story from the Carolinas to the effect that a certain pastor, desirous of learning how his sermons sounded, had one run on a record. The pastor must have been satisfied with the sermon, for the story says he fell asleep before the record was half run off.

Russia at Quebec

The First World War ended with twenty months of undeclared war between Great Britain, France, the United States and Japan on one side and Russia on the other. Is World War II to end the same way? Are the differences which have made it impossible for Stalin or his representatives to meet with his Anglo-American allies in Quebec, Casablanca or Washington so fundamental that an open break is unavoidable when the Axis is beaten? Last spring Vice-President Wallace declared that "unless the western democracies and Russia come to a satisfactory understanding before the war ends, I very much fear that World War III will be inevitable. Without a close understanding between Russia and the United States, there is grave probability after this war is over of Russia and Germany sooner or later making common cause. We shall decide sometime in 1943 or 1944 whether to plant the seeds for World War III."—*Christian Century*.

Value of Family Worship

"When I was a chaplain in an Arkansas penitentiary," says Mr. Hogg, "out of 1,700 convicts I found only one who had been brought up in a home where they had an old-fashioned family altar. I heard since that he was pardoned, as he was found innocent of the crime with which he was charged. There is an atmosphere in the Christian home which makes it impossible for skepticism or atheism to live there. May God give us back the old-fashioned family altar, and the old-fashioned Bible, and old-fashioned parents."—*Covenanter Witness*.

Some Confusion

Bystander: "Look at that youngster—the one with cropped hair, the cigarette and trousers. Is it a boy or a girl?"

Warworker: "It's a girl, she's my daughter."

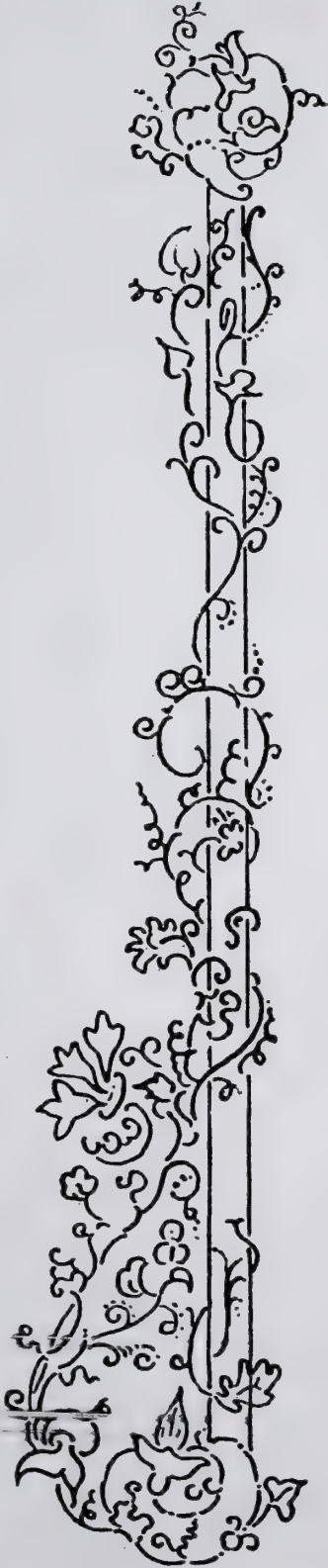
Bystander: "My dear sir, do forgive me, I never would have been so outspoken if I'd known you were her father."

Warworker: "I'm not—I'm her mother."—*Ansgar Lutheran*.



Praise Him Always

Elizabeth S. Fernald



Let us praise the Lord at dawning
When the sun begins to climb;
Let us praise Him all the morning,
While the day is in its prime;
But you say, "I can't be praising—
Everything is going wrong!"
That's the time to start the raising
Of your voice in sweetest song.


Let us praise the Lord at noonday
When the sun is high and hot;
When the stones are in the pathway,
And there's nothing in the pot!
But you say, "I can't be thankful;
There are trials on every side!"
That's the time to be most grateful,
And in Jesus to abide.

Let us praise the Lord at even,
When the sun's about to set;
For the cool that now is given,
For the hours that have been met.
But you say, "I can't be grateful—
Life is hard and mean and drear."
Praise Him, then, that night is restful
And in God there is no fear.

Praise Him in the midnight watches
When it's dark without, within;
When the falling teardrop scorches—
Restful sleep you cannot win.
But you say, "I cannot praise Him;
There is nought for which to praise."
Yes, you are of Him begotten,
There's a reason for His ways.

God commands us, "Be ye thankful"
And, "In every thing give thanks."
Though the days be dark or cheerful,
If alone, or in the ranks:
Though the purse be full or empty,
Though the times be good or bad,
There is fullness in God's mercy,
Plenteous grace can yet be had!

Be it morning, noon or evening,
Be it this, or ~~other time~~,
There is peace in just believing,
There is joy and hope sublime;
There is plenty ~~with the rain~~,
There is rest and faith and love,
There is grace and lasting favor
All for trust in Him above.



The Lighted Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR



Vol. 14

DECEMBER, 1943

No. 12



Going over to Widow Brown's



"Thy
Word
is
a
Light
Unto
My
Path"

THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

A few years ago we sent out our Christmas issue and in a few weeks we received some criticism from one of God's little ones because it contained no picture of Christ. On



our cover page this month we are not giving you a picture of Christ as the artist has painted Him, but much better than that, a picture of what His Spirit will cause us to do if we are yielded to Him. So let us yield our whole being to Him at this Christmas time. Let us remember that there are more sad hearts in the world today than perhaps has ever been before in the history of the world. Mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, wives and sweethearts are groaning under their sorrows. Some have had the sad news that the one they love so much is missing or has been killed

in action in the service of our country. Christmas will be sad for them. Then those whose loved ones are still on the battlefield or in training will not be permitted to spend Christmas at home with loved ones. The world is seething

days and how much it needs the spirit of Christ manifested through His children. He is depending on you and me to take His place since He went away. This little poem that I have used so many times in my writing comes to me now. *Christ has no hands but our hands*

*To do His work today;
He has no feet but our feet
To lead men in the way.*

It is the little kind acts that we do for others, the sacrificial spirit we may show toward other sad hearts at this Christmas time that will help them to see the picture of Christ.

With the Christmas message I always like to link John 3:16, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" with Rom. 12:1, "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

If God gave, then we are to give also. If God gave His Son and if Christ gave His life, then we are to give our best and most needed gift to Him in return. If we do this, our hands, our feet, our tongue, our mind, in fact our whole being will be thinking, What can I do to bring joy to the world at this Christmas season?

In thinking of the great whitened harvest field that is waiting for yielded workers, it always carries me back to my childhood days when I lived on the farm. I would often go with my brothers to burn the dead sedge grass so that the ground could be cultivated. I remember how they would light a torch and start a little fire here and then light another and another until the whole field would be ablaze and soon the grass was all out of the way. What a picture of the little torches that God has scattered throughout the world today. What results would it bring to this darkened world if, "You in your small corner and I in mine would each do our part." If this had been done

world, which was made by the hand of our loving Father would today be engaged in a terrible conflict that is bringing so much sorrow into the hearts of men and women? believe most of us would see how, as a nation, we have failed and perhaps each individual realizes that we could have done better and have made greater sacrifices down through the years. We are each of us getting a vision of our past failures and seeing visions of a brighter future if we will consecrate all we have and are to His service to be used of Him in lighting our little corner of the world.

With the Judean shepherds on the first Christmas morning, it was a critical moment when the angels' son had died away in the solemn silence and left them alone in their fields. Would they follow the vision and transmute it into spirit and service? Or would they let it pass into oblivion and themselves relapse into the same old uninspired routine of their lives? Ah, they translated song into service, vision into victory; and presently they were climbing the rocky slopes up to Bethlehem, where they saw the Child and whence they returned, praising and glorifying God. Life never could be the same to them again.

We hear divine messages. We see heavenly visions. But too often we let them merge into the light of the common day and fade into forgetfulness. Yet the grandest vision that ever swept through a brain or illuminated a person's sky leaves no vestige of verity and worth unless it is transmuted into conduct and character.

A PRAYER FOR CHRISTMAS

By P. H. Lunn

Our loving Father, we thank Thee for the "unspeakable gift" of Thy Son whose birth we commemorate at this season. As we contemplate the riches of Thy grace and the depth of Thy love, give us a new sense of wonder and a strong desire to worship Thee aright.

Oh, forbid that our lives should be as crowded inns with no room for the Christ. Keep our souls aglow with the radiance of Thy presence. We would be free from all resentment and ill will and hatred toward any of our fellowmen.

Remove from our hearts all doubts, all fears, all self-centeredness. Give us power to believe strongly, to live righteously, to serve intensely, to choose courageously. Open our hearts to the real spirit of Christmas.

Bless the nations of the world and our own beloved country. Give to our leaders wisdom and godly fear and a desire for divine guidance. Be with the poor, the sick, the homeless, the outcasts of earth. Spirit of God, brood over the men in arms, encourage those who fear Thy name, whisper with wooing love to those who are strangers to Thy grace.

May the blessed Holy Spirit anoint us afresh that we might have the mind of Christ who came not to be ministered unto but to minister. May our affections be centered on Him who forgave His enemies and prayed for His tormentors. May our wills be yielded to His control who seeks our highest good.

And after meditating upon Thy goodness and holiness, may we like the shepherds return to our humble tasks with joy to spread the glad tidings of peace and good will to all men. Amen.

ones at home praying for you? Can you not see the little teardrops coursing down their cheeks as they pray? How much you would like to have thousands of dollars lavished upon them to make them happy, but all this impossible. You do not have it, but you can do one thing that will make them rejoice and sing from the very depth of their hearts the song the angels sang, "Gloria to God in the highest." Do you ask, "What can I do to bring them this joy?" Give your heart and life to Jesus and send them a Christmas telegram—mother, daddy, sister and brother, or perhaps wife or sweetheart: "I am saved, I'll meet you in heaven some day." Yes, tears are now filling my eyes and my heart with joy at the very thought. It's up to you, boys, whether or not you'll make them happy.

May God bless you all and give you the best Christmas of your life because of that wonderful joy the angels sang about.

Rachel

By Agnes Scott Kent

(Used by permission of the
Evangelical Publishers)

(Continued from last issue)
False Shepherds of Israel

"Woe be to the shepherds of Israel that do feed themselves! should not the shepherds feed the flocks? . . . ye feed not the flock."—Ezekiel 34:2, 3.

It was high noon. The sun poured down upon the New York streets with burning heat. The temperature of the unprecedented Summer still continued unbroken into Indian Summer. It felt more like August than October. The glare from the high brick walls was dazzling. The pavements fairly smoked.

As Rachel and Little Abie passed through Mrs. Kalinsky's kitchen doorway the heat seemed to leap upon them like tongues of fire. But Rachel's head was cool. And her heart, though torn with anguish, was brave and strong.

With Little Abie heavy in her arms, she turned aimlessly eastward. Before she had gone a quarter of a block all the Kalinsky children were at her heels snrilly screaming "Meshumed." Other children joined in the excitement and took up the cry, and soon a lengthy, noisy procession was following her. Some of the boys were throwing sticks.

Where could she go? What could she do? The sense of exalted triumph with which she had forever left the Kalinsky family circle went down before a sudden wave of depression and terror. The vast city lay before her like a burning octopus. Traffic rushed and roared around her. She felt dizzy and confused and weak—a mere chip in a rushing, swirling Niagara.

Northward up Second Avenue she turned, her feet now heavier than lead. And heavier and heavier grew her heart as the awful pain kept stabbing—stabbing.

She tried to concentrate upon some plan, but her thinking became chaotic. Her throat was parched. It felt as if someone were choking her. She was faint, too, with hunger. She had eaten no food since three o'clock the day before. And the baby kept getting heavier . . . and the sun blazed fiercely. Here—she would just sit on this doorstep for a moment. She must rest . . . she would faint.

And then the children were at her heels and swarmed around her, still screaming "Meshumed" as she sat down. So she remained only a moment and then trudged on—past Twelfth Street and Thirteenth.

Oh, but she was so thirsty! And the baby—she must get water for him somewhere. This heat was awful for Little Abie . . . he would die!

Oh, how good! Here was Mrs. Ein-

stein's house. She and Mrs. Einstein were old friends. Mrs. Einstein would gladly give her water for the baby . . . and perhaps she would ask them in and give them food. Rachel rang the bell hopefully.

But an ill report has wings. Already it had blazed its way up and down Second Avenue: "Rachel Kalinsky has turned Meshumed!" And not Mrs. Einstein's door alone, but several other Jewish doors as well were closed indignantly upon the renegade and her child, by women—Jewish women—Jewish mothers—whom she had counted friends.

Near the corner of Sixteenth Street stood Mrs. Kotzen's little kosher shop. The window was filled with delectable Jewish bread and herrings and cabages. The sight of them made Rachel almost faint with longing. She must get food—she had to have it. She would buy something here on credit. Mrs. Kotzen would let her have



it, she knew. Rachel had often bought on credit here for Mrs. Kalinsky. She would ask for just a little bread—she wouldn't need much—and a bottle of milk, and she would pay Mrs. Kotzen next week. She would be able to buy then surely—somehow.

Rachel went in. Half a dozen other Jewish customers stood waiting. Some of them Rachel knew, but they turned their backs upon her. Mrs. Kotzen stared at her across the counter.

"Vell?" she demanded with cold eyes.

Trembling Rachel made her request. Some bread, if she could manage—just the smallest loaf would do—and a pint of milk and she would pay for it next week. Would that be all right, please?

Mrs. Kotzen broke into a shrill outcry.

"Vot! Brodt? Mein brodt you vant? Vot for you think I should be selling it mein brodt to a Meshumed?"

"Meshumed!" shrieked the other

women in chorus. "Iss she Meshumed?" They hugged their head-shawls close in horror.

"Certainly it iss so that she iss Meshumed," Mrs. Silverman assured them. "Yesterday by the synagogue from Yom Kipper Yetta Cash she tellt me—and it iss so," she added triumphantly. "Rakkel Kalinsky she is Meshumed!"

"Oi, oi, oi," screamed the women. "Meshumed! Meshumed! Meshumed!"

Mrs. Kotzen's husband opened the door wide and pushed Rachel outside. Solly Kotzen threw a rotten orange after her. The shrill cries of the women and a remnant of the children followed her up the street: "Meshumed! Meshumed! Meshumed!" A little dog snapped at her heels.

On she went—Seventeenth Street, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth. Following Twentieth westward Rachel and her Little Abie reached at last the grateful, cooling shade of Gramercy Park. Just a few more exhausted steps and Rachel's hand was plunged eagerly into the sparkling fountain. She dripped the water from her fingers into the baby's parched mouth, and bathed his face, and then drank deeply herself.

Greatly refreshed, farther into the Park she went to a secluded place, and with a deep sigh of relief she sank exhausted upon a bench beneath a spreading shade tree. She ministered to her baby, then rocked him in her tired arms until he fell asleep. Then she spread her coat upon the grass and laid him on it, covering him carefully with his own coat. And then she lay beside him and almost instantly was fast asleep also. She slept for perhaps an hour and then woke suddenly with a thrill of fear. But Little Abie was quite all right—still sleeping peacefully. Rachel trembled violently for a moment with the terror of what might have been.

The big clock in the Metropolitan tower chimed three. The baby woke and cried. For a few moments Rachel soothed him, and then gathered him and the coats in her arms and lifting the heavy satchel, again she started onward in her weary, goalless march.

The sun beat down cruelly. In the streets the City firemen were playing their great hoses on prostrated horses
(Continued on page 17)

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Devoted to the general welfare and spiritual
uplift of our young people
everywhere

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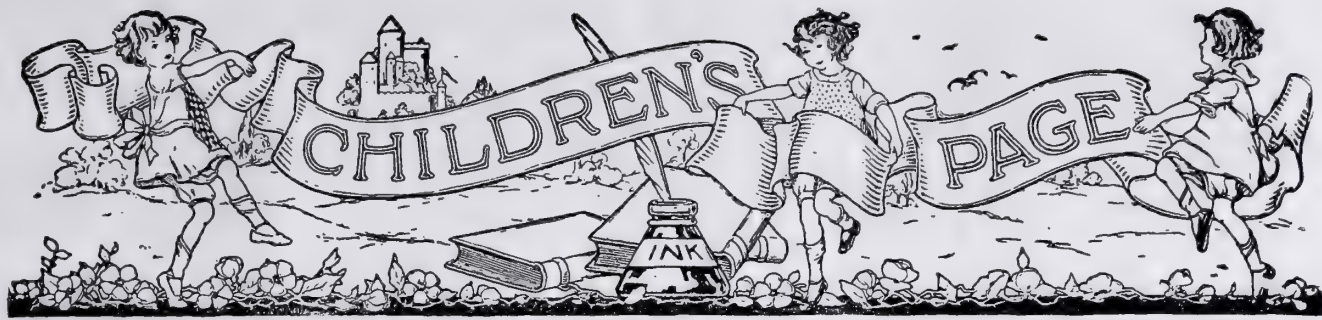
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Dear Happy Home Circle Children:

"Merry Christmas" to you. Now that is just what we want you to have and we are giving you a story that we want you to study closely. Would you rather be like Bess and make someone happy at Christmas time, or would you like to be haughty and proud and scorn those who are less fortunate than you? When I was a little girl everybody tried to wake first and say "Christmas Gift" to the other members of the family and to their friends. Well, I'd like to peep into your room Christmas morning and say "Christmas Gift," Mary, Johnnie, or whatever your name might be, but since I can't, I'll be thinking of you.

BLESSSED ARE THE POOR

Pearl Rinearson

A group of daintily-dressed children are playing in a beautiful yard, when suddenly one of their number arises, and pointing her finger at a little girl who is slowly drawing near, says scornfully, "You go home; you can't play with us. Your dresses are all faded and patched."

The little one stands for a moment, hesitating, great blue eyes fixed upon

the lovely group.

"Mommy said—Mommy said," the sweet voice broke.

"We don't care what your Mommy said," sang out the scornful voice again. "You can't play with us; you are too poor."

The sunlight made a halo round the little head, with its bright golden curls. A moment the blue eyes pleaded. Then, turning with a heartbroken sob, she slowly walked away.

But, listen! A young tornado has arisen in the midst of the little group. Brown eyes flashing, the young soldier was their leader; they all loved her. But angrily she gathered up her little hat and doll.

"Jesus said, 'Love one another,'" she said, and was gone.

Running swiftly, she gains Ruth's side, and putting her arm around her, says gently, "Don't mind what they say, Ruth. We'll play together and have lots of fun, just you and I."

Little Ruth smiles through her tears. "Mommy said for the girls to come and play under our big apple tree, and she would make doughnuts for us. But they"—a sob choked the sweet voice—"but they wouldn't listen."

Bess knew how the girls would have loved that, but it served them right for being so mean.

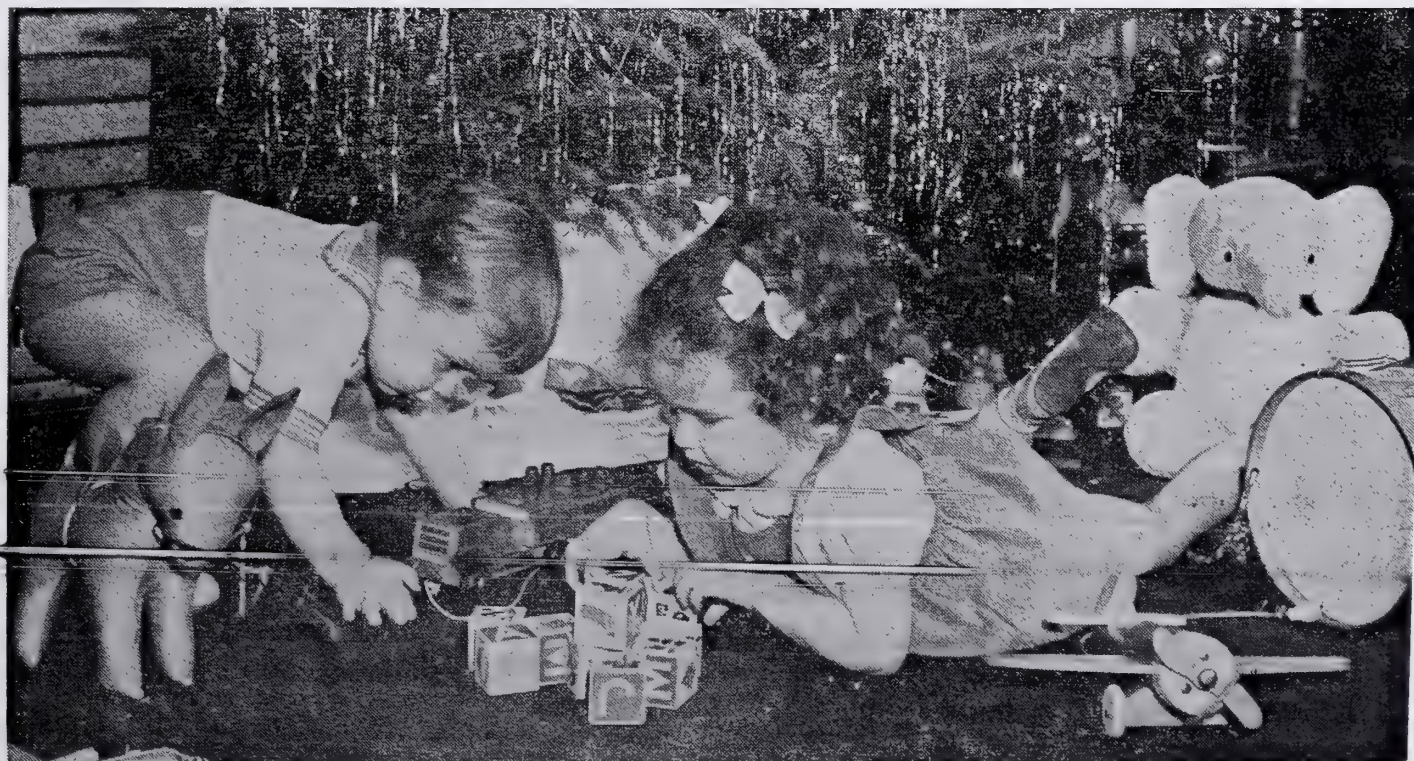
What a lovely afternoon they spent, playing house under the big tree, watching the squirrels frisking about in its branches. And, oh, the lovely doughnuts and apples. In a little pen were four baby rabbits, white as snow, with big, soft, pink eyes. Then there was Biddy with her brood of fluffy yellow chicks. Oh, they had a wonderful time, and little Ruth's eyes sparkled with joy as Bess said, "I'll stop for you on my way to Sunday School."

The girls were very rude that Sunday to the little girl in the worn white dress, but staunch little Bess stood valiantly by.

In the classroom Miss Browne, their teacher, told about Jesus and the little children. Ruth listened to every word and at the close of the lesson shyly asked, "Miss Browne, do you think Jesus loved little girls who wore faded and patched dresses?"

"Why, of course, dear," answered Miss Browne, "I think perhaps He loved them best, because He said 'Blessed are the poor,' you know."

(Continued on page 16)



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ASTEN LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

Author	Title	Date
W. D. Howells	The Two Admirals	1880
H. W. Longfellow	The Song of Hugh	1841

Author	Title	Date
J. M. W. Turner	Rain, Steam, and Great Smokes	1845

FATHER'S and MOTHER'S PAGE



Home, Sweet Home

WE WANT TO GO HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

*We want to go home for Christmas,
We want to go back once more
To see Dad and Mother, sister and
brother
And friends of the days of yore.*

*We want to sit 'round the old fireplace
And talk of the yesterday
With boys and girls with wrinkled face
And hair long since turned gray.*

*We want to forget the business world,
How much or how little we're worth;
While at our Mother's knees we're
curled
Cracking black walnuts on the
hearth.*

*We want to hear Dad tell the Bible
story
Of the little Babe that was born—
Yes, we want to forget earth's pomp
and glory,
And be at home on Christmas morn.
—The Plumber-Poet, Easley, S. C.*

A MOTHERS' CIRCLE DISCUSSES CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

Christmas! There was no end to the conflicting emotions and thoughts the single word aroused in the mothers' discussion group assembled in the Sunday School rooms the first Tuesday in December. Dark-circled eyes of store and postoffice employees . . . Santa Clauses in every toy department . . . too much of everything — toys, turkey, plum pudding, candy, parties, excitement . . . colored lights and Christmas trees . . . carol singers beneath the window and the glad ringing of bells . . . a last mad rush for presents for forgotten friends . . . after-Christmas bills that it took three months to pay . . . jostling elbows and crowded streets . . . and, at the very last, someone mentioned the Christ child!

Then the mothers saw the incongruity of it all. It is his birthday we celebrate, but he has been crowded out of his rightful place by Santa Claus and Christmas presents. The real meaning of the day is forgotten in the excitement and confusion that last anywhere from a month to six weeks in the majority of homes.

We faced the problem frankly. What can we do to make our Christmas festivities more Christian? "My children will be miserable if they don't have a bigger tree and get more presents than their playmates," one mother wailed. Such was the first reaction of a few of the assembled mothers.

The majority, however, were sure that the practice of gift-giving was carried entirely too far by their friends and themselves. It imposed too heavy a burden on the family pocketbook, and it was illogical to give presents to acquaintances who already had too many things. They also agreed that the emphasis needs to be placed on giving rather than getting.

Someone suggested that we relegate the exchange of presents to the place of minor importance which it deserves in the celebration of Christmas. Another hastened to remark that it has its values as well as its shortcomings, while another suggested that we take advantage of the gift season to remember those who serve us—the postman, the milkman, and the delivery boys. We discovered that most of the mothers were cooperating with the Sunday School in the children's Christmas party to which gifts were taken for children less fortunate. All the mothers agreed that gifts should be simple and useful, and that Christmas was a good time to encourage the children to show love and appreciation for others by little acts of kindness as well as by gifts.

"Is it all right to have a Christmas tree for the children?" one mother inquired. By all means have a Christmas tree. Let the children help to choose the tree, select the trimmings, and aid in the decoration. Even the smallest child gets a thrill out of selecting the bright-colored trinkets and climbing the stepladder to hang them on the highest branches. Make trimming the tree an occasion for fellowship in the home. When it is finished, gather around and read Luke's ac-

Dear Happy Home Circle:

Here it is Christmas and we hope that you are going to have the best Christmas you have ever had, because of the prayers that have been going up for happy homes. We are giving you one story about a group of women who were organized into a circle for study of home problems. This is what should be in every community. It would bring about great results for good.

Sometime ago a young woman wrote to me, "I hope to organize a circle sometime but I want to wait 'til my own home problems are corrected." Well, if you wait till your home is a perfect home you may never attempt to help others. Your attitude should be, "Come on, mothers, let us meet together and study to know that best way to solve our many problems." You do not have to wait till you can say like the Pharisee, "I thank God I have a perfect home and want to show you how." We are all anxious to go on to perfection, but let us invite others to go with us.

This new year we are going to ask for a number of volunteers to organize these circles. It will mean much to the mothers over our country. Who will be the first to organize a group? January, the beginning of the new year, will be a wonderful time to start.

The writer of the second letter on Father's and Mother's page in the November issue was for some reason omitted. This good letter was from Mrs. J. A. Steele of Boons Mill, Virginia.

count of the baby Jesus, or with mother at the piano, sing some of the well-loved Christmas hymns such as "Away in a Manger," "Silent Night," or "Christ Was Once a Little Baby."

A number of the mothers expressed a desire to build a creche this year. It was agreed that things the children see make a stronger impression than things they hear. One of the group described a set of the figures for the manger scene that came from the American colony at Jerusalem. Many were surprised to learn that reproductions of the little figures may be bought at our local five-and-ten. The store also carries a cutout book in which the figures are accurately drawn.

The representation of the Nativity scene will give the tone to the entire Christmas celebration, and the creche should be set up where the children can have ready access to it. As a setting for the scene a low table will be found much more satisfactory than a mantel or bookcase. The children love to arrange and rearrange the camels and the kings riding over the desert toward Bethlehem, and they will stop frequently before the creche to handle the figures and ask questions. It seems natural, as one mother said, to join them there to say a prayer, tell a story, read a poem, or sing a carol.—*Mary Cross.*

Books and Magazines for Parents

Remember, we are advocating for study "Mother's Golden Now," by David C. Cook, Elgin, Ill. Price 25c. "The Baby's Mother," by Standard Publishing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio. Price 50c per year.

The book, "Child Training and Social Evangelism," price 35c, I think would be a blessing to you. Order from Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn.

Parents Magazine can be bought at your bookstand anywhere. It will prove a blessing to your circle.

Do not order these books and magazines from me, but direct from the company. We would appreciate your mentioning the Lighted Pathway. When you send your subscription say, "I saw your ad in the Lighted Pathway."

Any of these papers will make a splendid Christmas present to that young father and mother in whom you are interested. Don't forget the Lighted Pathway will also make a good Christmas present. Send in your subscription and we will send a Christmas card to the subscriber with your name signed.

A COMMANDMENT

"And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up," Deut. 6:7.



HELPS FOR TEMPTED AND TRIED

THE BURDEN OF SORROW

Rev. S. T. Grabill

Sorrow came into this world as a result of sin and disobedience. As soon as our first parents sinned, sorrow came into their hearts and into their home. What grief must have come to their hearts when they heard that Cain was a murderer and Abel a martyr. Since the fall of man, sorrow has become universal. Man is born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward! No matter where you go, you find men and women laden and burdened with sorrow and grief. There are degrees of grief. Dr. Talmadge, who lived in Brooklyn, was riding one day on the train. His heart was filled with grief because of the death of his son. He felt that no one had ever suffered as he was. In a seat near him sat a man who, he thought, possessed one of the most radiant faces he had ever seen. He said to himself, "How happy that man is compared to me! I will get into conversation with him. Perhaps he may console me, or cheer me up a little." The conversation ran upon general subjects for a while, then Dr. Talmadge mentioned his great loss and said to him, "I cannot help envying you. You seem, from your appearances, as if you had not a trouble in the world." The other gentleman looked very grave and his cheerfulness gave way to a spasm of grief. Talmadge said, "I never saw a sadder face, for the moment." "My dear sir," inquired the man, "will you tell me where you are going?" Talmadge replied, "Why, home to Brooklyn, N. Y. I get there this evening, if all goes well." "I suppose to a wife—perhaps a mother—a live son—a daughter or two?" "Oh yes! I have all those awaiting me." "Now I will tell you where I am going. All my family are dead but one, and that is my wife; and I am making my regular weekly visit to her at an asylum. She is hopelessly insane. But God has left me my life, my honor, and my faculties; and I am trying to keep patient and cheerful, with the hope of meeting them all again in a better world, by and by." Talmadge took the stranger by both hands and said, "I surrender; my sorrow is as nothing compared to yours. I have learned a lesson, and I hope God will aid me to profit by it." Each heart knows its own grief.

Everybody must drink from

the bitter cup of sorrow, sooner or later. This cup can become a great blessing to us and others if we will look to Jesus. He came out of the ivory palace into a world of woe to help us in our sorrows. He is called the "Man of Sorrows." Sorrow marked His sojourn from the cradle to the cross. He was despised, misunderstood, misrepresented, misjudged and mistrusted. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." He was hated by those He came to help and bless. He wept bitter tears for those who turned

away from Him. He was "wounded in the house of His friends." He "looked for some to take pity, but there was none." "In all their affliction He was afflicted." He bore "our griefs and carried our sorrows." He "was in all points tempted like as we are," therefore He is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and "is able to succor them that are tempted." He can sanctify your sorrow to your own heart, and cause you to help others who are passing through deep waters. Paul says, "Who comforteth us in all

our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God" (2 Cor. 1:4). When the *Titanic* struck the iceberg hundreds of people were suddenly hurled into eternity among them Captain Smith the commander. When the news reached Mrs. Smith her heart was torn with grief at the loss of her gallant husband. She also thought of the many who were grieving for their loved ones, and she caused the following message to be posted above her signature outside the White Star offices in London:

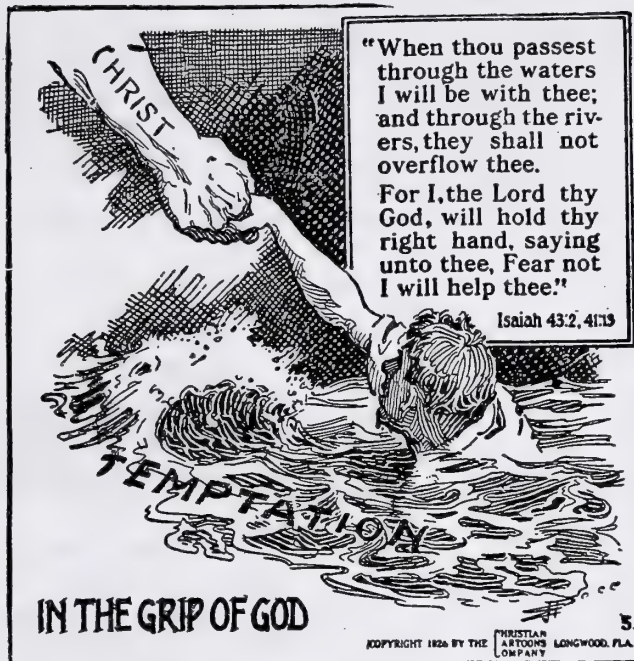
"To my poor fellow sufferers: My heart overflow with grief for you all and laden with sorrow that you are weighed down with this terrible burden that has been thrust upon us. May God be with us and comfort us." No doubt these words

sympathy helped to console those who were suffering with her in their deep sorrow.

Someone has said, "When sorrow comes under the power of divine grace, it works out a manifold ministry in our lives." Sorrow leads us into the valley of humiliation, breaks our stubborn will, melts our hard hearts, makes us sympathetic toward others. Sorrow is like a plowshare turning up the subsoil so that there may be an abundant harvest. Dr. Watts says, "It is sorrow that brings the soul into the Calvary of Jesus, and introduces it to the priestly life of Christ that of compassion and sympathy and prayer for others. As the mordant fixes the colors in a dye, so sorrow gives fixedness, perseverance, to the spirit of obedience."

Some day sorrow will pass away. "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy." "Sorrow is sighing shall flee away." "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor cry."

(Continued on page 1)



WHEN THOU PASSEST THROUGH THE WATERS

Is there any heart discouraged, as it passes on its way?
Does there seem to be more darkness than there is of sunny day?
It is hard to learn the lesson, as we pass beneath the rod,
That the sunshine and the shadow serve, alike, the will of God:
But there comes a word of promise, like the promise in the bow,
That, however deep the waters, they shall never overflow.

When the flesh is worn and weary, and the spirit is depressed,
And temptations sweep upon it, like a storm on ocean's breast,
There is a haven, ever open, for the tempest-driven bird;
There is a shelter for the tempted in the promise of the Word:
For the standard of the Spirit shall be raised against the foe,
And, however deep the waters, they shall never overflow.

When a sorrow comes upon you that no other soul can share,
And the burden seems too heavy for the human heart to bear,
There is One whose grace can comfort, if you'll give Him an abode:

There is a Burden-Bearer ready, if you'll trust Him with your load;

For the precious promise reaches to the depths of human woe,
That, however deep the waters, they shall never overflow.

When the sands of life are ebbing, and I near the Jordan's shore,
When I see its billows rising, and I hear its water roar,
I will reach my hand to Jesus—in His bosom I shall hide,
And 'twill only be a moment 'til I reach the other side;
It is then the fullest meaning of the promise I shall know:
"When thou passest through the waters, they shall never overflow."

—Author Unknown.



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Christmas Activities



MRS. W. H. GRAY

It was Christmas Eve and I was alone. There came to my door four visitors, each one with a story to tell. Christmas music already filled the air. Voices rang out with carols gay; radios and victrolas were sending out every conceivable kind of Christmas music. The night was calm, stars shone brightly, and there was promise of a fair day on the morrow. What had awakened this friendly rivalry among my guests and why had they come to me? In rather exciting tones they explained how the conversation had begun. Friend Artist had made the statement that but for the paintings of the masters, *The Nativity*, *The Adoration of the Shepherds*, and *The Visit of the Wise Men*, these scenes would never have lingered in the minds of men. Friend Musician had challenged the statement, saying that the pictures had not been half so impressive as beautiful music. The Poet protested against both ideas and called upon me to agree at once that the stanzas of poetry depicting Christmas scenes had kept alive the Christmas spirit. But the Story-teller could not endure such an opinion. He said that he knew that one such story as he might relate would do more to impress the season upon our minds than all the pictures, music and poetry in the world.

It was rather difficult to answer such an argument to the satisfaction of the four, so we agreed to go together to visit the art gallery, the music hall, the stage where poetry is read, and the Story-teller's forum. Each was to act as guide through the place dearest to his ideas. Friend Artist led the way. Down the long aisles between rows of marvelous paintings we slowly passed. Our eyes gazed with wonder as we beheld the whole scene of the nativity upon canvas. Could anything be more convincing? But our judgment must be reserved.

Next we went into Music Hall. The soft tones of the pipe-organ pealed forth with "Silent Night, Holy Night." From a hidden gallery came a chorus of voices singing, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing." A child's voice was heard in the immortal hymn of Bishop Brooks, "O Little Town of Bethlehem." The program has ended. We remain with heads bowed, hearts uplifted to God in praise. It must be that music alone has preserved the Christmas spirit.

Just then the poet touched my arm and beckoned to me to go with him. We led the way, Friend Artist, Friend Musician, and the Story-teller falling in behind. It was quite a walk to the house of

the poet and as we were passing through the street my mind was busy. It would have been pleasant to let the echoes of music linger in my memory, but it was necessary for me to be weighing the canvas against the organ. I could not tell what I should say. Soon these my friends would press me for a decision. Each was sincere. How could I hurt three of them by pleasing one?

The door opened in front of me. A stream of light shone across our way. We had reached the place where poets speak. One was already reading the lines of Longfellow's "Christmas Bells." There was a small room at the side, where child verse was given to attract and instruct every age boy and girl. A great company had gathered, for this was the night when our poet was to read for the first time his masterpiece, "Tis Christmas." The stage had been arranged by Friend Artist; the Friend Musician had agreed to accompany the reading. I had not dreamed that poetry and music could blend so acceptably. My heart was uplifted, for the appeal of the words had reached my inmost soul. The harmonies had set joy bells ringing. I was no longer critic. I was a fortunate listener like the rest. Through one of the wonders of electric lighting a star shone upon the stage. It came just in front of the painting, specially hung for the occasion. Here poetry, music and painting had combined. I wondered if I might not give the laurels to the three, artist, musician and poet, to be shared equally. But the story-teller was by my side. He, too, had been moved. He had patiently waited for the last visit, and I must not neglect him. We arose and went without a word to his favorite haunt. Here had been arranged a forum where story-tellers out of every nation came together once a week to give for each other the result of their labors. Charles Dickens had just gone away, I was told. He had left "A Christmas Carol," which was given by his admiring protegee. Kate Douglas Wiggin was there with "The Birds' Christmas Carol." That the vein might be religious at the close, Henry Van Dyke was asked to be the last one, and "The Story of the Other Wise Man" closed the evening. With a becoming deference, each to the other, my friends waited. Each was looking at me. Each one was confident. They knew that their arguments had been strengthened by their demonstrations. Each one felt in his very soul that my decision would be in his favor. What should I say? It was not in vain

(Cont. on page 17)



THE GUIDING STAR

Margarette Dobbs

*One night when everything was still,
And 'round about was steeped in night,
There shone a star o'er an Eastern hill,
That bathed the land in supernal light.*

*A sign of hope, of peace, of joy
To still the troubled waves of Time,
For unto us was born a boy,
A King to rule and reign sublime.*

*There was no room in the village inn,
No home for the Father's child;
There was no room in the hearts of men,
Cast out, no kings on Him smiled.*

*A lowly manger housed our King,
The low of cattle lulled His sleep,
For Him the seraphims did sing;
And the Master of all, His Son did keep.*

*The star that shone that tranquil night
Gave Hope of Life and Coming Day,
Reached shepherds watching flocks by night,
And wise men miles and miles away.*

*To worship Him they journeyed long,
Their costly presents to Him brought;
~~They did not think that ever wrong~~
Should trouble Him, the One they sought.*

*They had no room for the Savior then;
No time do they have for Him now;
They go their own way, the way of all men,
With no thought for that thorn-pierced brow.*

*But soon they will come to the end of the day;
There will be no star then to guide,
No outstretching hand to show them the way,
No help to cross death's chilly tide.*

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TREASURED GLEANINGS

The Smoke of a Thousand Villages

Robert Moffat, a missionary on furlough in England, was telling about the dark land of Africa. Among those who listened to his stories of the wonders and needs of that continent was a sturdy young Scot named David Livingstone. He was studying to be a doctor and had decided to give his life to the service of God. But just where and how he could make himself of most use he was not sure. He had planned to go to China as a missionary, but was prevented on account of the opium war.

As he listened to Doctor Moffat's stories he heard him say, "There is a vast plain to the north, where I have sometimes seen, in the morning sun, the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary has ever been."

"The smoke of a thousand villages!" Livingstone never forgot those words. Here was something worth while for him to do—something hard and heroic. He longed to go where no missionary had ever been, to give himself in service no one else would attempt. Filled with the new vision, he went to Doctor Moffat and asked, "Would I do for Africa?"

It was David Livingstone's life decision.—*The Message of Light.*

The Art of Managing Men

When Charles Schwab was made the manager of the Carnegie steel works Andrew Carnegie gave him the following advice: "Don't go around nagging your men. You are going to find a lot of things which will not please you, but so long as they are inconsequential do not notice them. Continual faultfinding disheartens men." This lesson the young manager took to heart and now after a long service in the art of managing men, he says, "That was a lesson I never forgot. I never criticize any one. I give men full liberty and sway. I am anxious to praise and loath to find fault. Praise spurs men to greater effort; criticism never helps them. If I like anything I am hearty in my commendation. My silence hurts; my commendation makes men think and work harder."

This is a lesson which requires to be learned in many places besides the steel mills. The parent needs to get it by heart. The teacher needs to know its truth; the minister of the gospel will find it helps him to come closer to the men whom he wishes to help. There is no factory or foundry, no store great or small, which does not need to have this lesson taught most thoroughly. Men are to be managed much more easily by approval of their good deeds than by reproof of their mistakes. And there are all too few who seem to have mastered this truth even amongst those whose business in life is to teach men the better way.—*Onward.*

In November, 1660, the authorities

preaching the gospel. In the twelve years he remained there he convinced his jailer so fully of his saintly character that that official extended to him unusual liberties, sometimes allowing him to go as far as to London.

When reports of this leniency finally filtered through to the ears of the "higher-ups" an inspector was dispatched to Bedford jail with instructions to reach there in the night and take the jailer by surprise. If Bunyan were not safely in jail it would go hard with his keeper.

At home in bed that night Bunyan felt impressed to return to the jail. He arose hurriedly against the protest of his wife, ran to the jail, and aroused the jailer in the middle of the night with a request to take him in.

That official murmured against the annoyance of having to admit a prisoner at such an hour, but he had scarcely fallen asleep again, when, thump, thump, a loud knock on the door awakened him. There stood the inspector with a demand to see John Bunyan, the prisoner.

When John Bunyan showed up sleepy and uninterested it was the inspector's turn to be surprised. After that the jailer told John: "You just go and come as you please. You know better than I when it is safe."

Does God lead people today as He did in Bible times and in the days of John Bunyan? In spite of all the fanaticism and failures in the practice of following His blessed way of life, I am firmly convinced that the answer is "yes," if they will let Him.—*The Gospel Herald.*

Early Preparation

A young girl said to her mother just after a white-haired visitor left their home: "If I could be such an old lady as that—so beautiful, serene, sweet, and lovable—I should not mind growing old."

The discerning and keen-witted mother replied: "Well, if you want to be that kind of an old lady, you'd better begin making her right now. She does not impress me as a piece of work that was done in a hurry. It has taken a long time to make her what she is. If you are going to paint that sort of portrait of yourself to leave the world, you had better be mixing your colors now."—*Upward.*

Service With Sympathy

Abraham Lincoln paid a visit one day to one of the military hospitals. He brought cheer to all the wards. Coming to the bedside of a Vermont lad, but sixteen years of age, yet mortally wounded, the President took the dying boy's thin, white hands in his own and said tenderly, "Well, my poor boy, what can I do for you?" Looking into his kindly face, the boy asked, "Won't you write to my mother for me?" "That I will," answered Mr. Lincoln. It was a very long letter, but

the President betrayed no signs of his weariness. When it was finished, he arose, saying: "I will post this as soon as I get to my office. Now is there anything else I can do for you?" Looking appealingly into that kindly face, the lad said: "Won't you stay with me? I do want to hold onto your hand." The appeal was too strong to resist. For two hours, until the end came, the great President sat there patiently as though he were the boy's father. Loving, sacrificing service is a mark of greatness.—*New Century Leader.*

The river is not exhausted by turning the wheels of one mill or a thousand. It has endless power to spare as it flows calmly along. So God's love to the Christian is not exhausted by answering one prayer or a thousand. It is forever flowing through life in power.—*Selected.*

The Christmas Guest

Once upon a time a mother was sitting with her children at the table. It was Christmas Day, and the home was poor and the meal frugal, with hardly enough for each and nothing over for the stranger. While the mother was dividing their portions to the children, sad at heart because there was so little to give, a child came to the door, cold and hungry, and begged for food and shelter. The child's face won his appeal and every one at the table gave a little to the guest. And then the family closed their eyes and bowed their heads to thank God for His mercy, when a voice, tender and beautiful beyond all words, blessed the mother and her children. They opened their eyes and looked, and behold! the stranger had departed. Then they knew that the Christ Child had come to them, as He cometh at Christmas-tide to every one who is of a simple and kindly heart.—*Selected.*

Don't Mar the Reflection!

One afternoon in late September as I was hiking high up on the eastern slope of Mt. Whitney, I suddenly reached a vantage point from which I overlooked a beautiful lake. The lake was so nearly surrounded by mountainous slopes as to be protected from even the slightest breeze. Thus it served as a perfect mirror reflecting every detail of the overhanging trees and the deep blue sky.

The scene was so beautiful that I walked down to the shore of the lake, set up the camera, and took a picture. But imagine my surprise, when finally the picture was developed, to find that the reflection had been marred by a fish which had come to the surface of the water just at the instant I had snapped the camera.

So it is with a Christian character. It should give a perfect reflection of the heavenly attributes. There is danger, however, that at an unguarded moment some deep-lying human frailty may come to the surface and mar the image of the Divine. Let each ask himself, Is there anything in my life that spoils His reflection?—Harold Shyrock, in *The Ministry.*



Mission Page

MY TRIP TO THE TAMIL FIELD

George R. Cook

On July 14, I left Mount Zion in order to make a tour of our Tamil field. This field is one of great opportunities, but since the going is rather rough as regards the climate, food, etc., there are comparatively only very few people who have volunteered for service in this particular section. Hindus form the majority of the population in these parts so the prospects are very good as far as the gospel is concerned. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few."

My first objective was Trichinopoly, two hundred and fifty miles from headquarters. Here a convention had been arranged from July 15-18. From the very beginning of the trip, the devil tried to do all in his power to hinder me. The front wheels of the car got out of alignment, and since there was no service station along the way, I had to drive one hundred and sixty miles to Madura with the wheels like this. I had planned on stopping for my mid-day meal at Rajapalayam, where our Brother Thomas and family live, and had sent them a card to this effect four days previous. However, my card never reached its destination and as the result, there was no food for me, and the brother and sister were away visiting in one of the villages which has newly been opened up to the gospel. I was already tired from driving and was at the same time very hungry indeed. The roads in the Tamil district are bad enough with the wheels of a car in perfect alignment even, because there are deep ruts made by ox carts. These cause cars to sway this way and that.

Anyway, I praised the Lord, and having bought a few Indian sweetmeats, etc., I continued on my way to Madura. Here, too, the devil was rampant! Our usual interpreter was unable to come with me to Trichinopoly as he was not well. I stayed the night at Madura, and the following morning I set out for Trichinopoly and reached my destination without mishap. On arrival there, I found our Brother Stephen, of Villupuram, had already come, so it seemed there would be no difficulty as regards to interpretation. However, the believers here were very discouraged because Brother Benjamin (our usual translator and preacher) and Brother Daniel, of Madras, had not arrived for the convention. One brother said to me, "What is this? No speakers have come and the convention is just going to be a failure." Of course, on hearing this I was naturally very discouraged after having come two hundred and fifty miles, especially for these meetings. Anyway, I just said to the brother, "If you are going to put your trust in man, you will be put to shame. Put your trust in God. 'Cursed is the man that trusteth in man, and

maketh flesh his arm. . . Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is,' Jer. 17:5, 7."

Seeing I was a little discouraged, Brother Stephen tried to comfort me by saying, "Never mind, brother, this is your first visit to this place and the devil is just trying to trouble you. You humble yourself down and God will work everything out for His glory." That night the devil and all his angels seemed to be camped around the meeting place. There was a thick, black cloud before me and I found it so hard to collect my thoughts and speak. To make matters worse, Brother Stephen, who usually translated very well, seemed to be awful that night. If I said ten words, he would say about thirty in Tamil. Since I knew enough of the language to know what he was saying, this annoyed me very much and naturally I would lose my thought. While I was speaking I felt like just sitting down and giving in completely, but the dear Lord helped me to finish.

When I got home that night, the devil surely did trouble me. He said, "See, I told you that you couldn't preach! What's the sense of your having come to this place like this?" Oh, what a struggle it was, but, thank God, He gave the victory. I got down on my knees before God and said, "O Lord, you have got to do something. I'm just an empty vessel expecting to be filled and used by you. Speak through me." Having prayed thus, it seemed a kind of peace swept over my soul, and I slept well that night.

The next morning everything seemed different. The storm had passed and the sun had come out. Praise His name! It was so easy to speak and Brother Stephen translated just perfectly. Oh, how wonderful are His ways. "None of self, but all of Thee." Brother Daniel turned up on Friday, but just at this time it seemed as if the people didn't care much for his messages, although the previous time they had applauded him. God just wanted to show His people what He could do, I believe. Just as He fed five thousand hungry people with only five loaves and two fishes, so He is able to do the impossible for those who really put their trust in Him. The Lord blessed wonderfully in the remaining meetings, glory to His name, and on the last day, Sunday, six confessed their faith by taking water baptism. Of these, one was a Hindu, four Roman Catholics and one Lutheran.

Since Brother Stephen had a bad sore on his leg and also had some other urgent business in regard to church matters in one of our new stations amongst the criminal tribes, he regretted the fact that he could not accompany me any more on my tour after Trichinopoly. He had even thought of not coming to Trichinopoly,

ly, but the Lord fixed all that up according to His divine will. Anyway, I was not discouraged and knew God was able to supply an interpreter, if necessary.

From Trichinopoly I came back to Madura and stayed there three days in order to look into some urgent business. Owing to the heavy wind at Trichinopoly, which filled my eyes, nose, ears and mouth with fine dust, I caught a bad cold with which I landed in Madura on Monday, the 19th of July. That night I felt just miserable; my nose was so blocked up that I found it extremely hard to breathe. I rolled this way and that on my bed, and to crown it all, some drunks in a neighboring sweepers' village were making a terrific noise. By midnight I could stand it no longer, so I just claimed the victory right then and there, and I got it. Hallelujah! Within five minutes I felt perfectly well, and lay down on my pillow to sleep, only waking up at 8:30. He is still the same wonder-working Jesus, and is the same yesterday, today and forever.

At Madura our Brother Samuel translated for me, but expressed his regret at not being able to assist me any further on my trip as his wife was sick. Here the devil thought he had me good and proper! He said, "Now, what are you going to do? How are you going to visit all those villages in the Ramnad district? Better pack up and go straight back home where you can put your time to better use." I said, "Devil, you're not going to get me that easy. I'm going to speak in Malayalam, the language of Travancore, and the Lord will provide somebody to translate it into Tamil." Oh, how the devil laughed then. "Say, what about that service at Mount Zion when there was no interpreter, and you tried to speak in Malayalam? Remember what a hard time you had, and how you wished all the time that you could revert to English?" How cunning old Satan was, but I just pleaded the victory and said, "Old fellow, I'm going in the wisdom of the Lord. His grace is sufficient for me." After that he had nothing to say at all!

Well, my next stopping place was Watrap, where our Brother Joseph and wife are stationed. I knew the way to this town, but didn't know where our people lived exactly. I passed right through the town, but there was no sign of either Brother Joseph or Brother Thomas, whom I thought would be waiting somewhere on the road in order to show us the way. When I got near the outskirts of the town, the Lord suddenly told me to stop, so I did. I asked a man who was passing by if he knew where Brother Joseph lived, and he said, "Yes," at the same time pointing to a house just opposite where the car stood! My friend, do you believe in the guidance and leading of God? If not, here is a living example of the same. Oh, how wonderful is our God!

Having contacted Brother Joseph, we (my servant and I) were taken to the Travellers' Bungalow. My, what a shack that was! A little room ten feet square was my bedroom, dining room,

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HYMN STORIES

LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

By Ralph H. Jennings

"Can it be that we are actually on our way to Bethlehem?" is the thought every traveller must have as he passes down the hill by Jaffa Gate from Jerusalem. That little village of Bethlehem fills every Christian heart with emotion. The words of the song come immediately into mind:

*"O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight."*

Bethlehem is less than a half-hour journey from Jerusalem going over the British-constructed, paved road. A car moves swiftly down through the



looking tree, which was supposed to have been the tree on which Judas hanged himself, may be seen. All its branches extend horizontally to the east. Several attractive dwelling houses, which are the new homes of native Arabs returned from America after making their fortune, are noticed by the traveler. The Greek colony may be seen to the right—the traditional site for the house of Simeon. Farther on to the left, a cistern is pointed out as the traditional well of the Magi where it is said that they saw the guiding star again.

The smoothly paved road has been going along a cultivated plain, but now ascends a hill where another view of Jerusalem shows the Judean range of hills behind. To the east lies the valley of the Jordan with the blue mountain range of Moab behind and Bethlehem to the south.

Another interesting site along the way is the tomb of Rachel, which is

about four miles from Jerusalem.

Here the road divides; the way to Bethlehem on the left and the other to Hebron. In a few minutes from the top of a hill Bethlehem is seen picturesquely situated on the opposite hill with its white buildings shining against the blue sky. To the left of Bethlehem, nestled in olive trees centuries old, may be seen the traditional field where the angels appeared to the shepherds on that first Christmas morning to tell them of the tidings of great joy for all people. The ground on every hillside is carefully cultivated and, as a result of the industry of the inhabitants, is one of the richest and most fruitful spots of Palestine. The literal Hebrew meaning of the word Bethlehem, "house of bread," is significant of plenty and comfort. "Its associations, even apart from the song of the angels, are sweet and gracious."

The Church of the Nativity was erected over the traditional birthplace of Christ. Entering the church by a very small door, the visitor is struck by the grand simplicity of the structure. The building consists of a nave and double aisles with each aisle separated by two beautiful rows of eleven monolithic columns of reddish limestone, veined with white. The traveler is given candles to descend the stairs into the small Chapel of the Nativity. This is lighted by thirty-two lamps. It is thirteen and one-half yards long, four yards wide, and ten feet high. Opposite this chapel and three steps down is a tiny Chapel of the Manger where the Christ-child was once laid. A wax doll is there to represent the infant. This cave has naturally changed through the ages but one can easily believe that this was the place where the long-looked-for Jesus first saw the light.

Outside of the church is a large open market place where the Arabs from the near side of the Dead Sea come to sell their produce. Natives call out from their near-by shops. Nearly every Palestinian village has its own peculiar article of manufacture and the industry of Bethlehem has a certain fitness—it is mother-of-pearl. Beautiful beads and ornaments of all kinds may be bought for a few piasters.

There are a few things in Bethlehem which may offend Western eyes, but these are details which are soon forgotten as one observes the attractiveness of the inhabitants. Bright-eyed, intelligent, and jovial-looking boys and girls may be seen on the streets. The costumes of the Bethlehem women are perhaps the prettiest in Palestine. The men are lively and industrious. One could not help but feel that the light and joy which came with the birth of Jesus is still manifest in the little village dear to the heart of Christendom. The traveler makes his way back to Jerusalem, with the closing words of the Christmas carol running through his mind:

*"O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out your sin, and enter in;*

*Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel."*

"STAND FAST FOR CHRIST THY SAVIOR"

By Calvin W. Laufer

"Stand Fast for Christ Thy Savior" is a hymn that appeals to the heroism of young and old. It is a trumpet call to the soul and inspires loyalty. It is a consecration hymn, virile and regal in content and movement. Unlike many hymns which are used in the dedication of life and that are inclined to be morbid and introspective, the lines of this hymn have in them the ring of the bugle that marshals mighty troops to campaigns of valor and conquest. A young man said recently after it had been sung, "When you sing a hymn like that you want to do something hard for Christ."

Stand fast for Christ thy Savior!

Stand fast whate'er betide!

Keep thou the faith, unstained, un-

shamed,

By keeping at His side;

Be faithful, ever faithful,

Where'er thy lot be cast,

Stand fast for Christ thy Savior!

Stand faithful to the last.

This first stanza makes you think of an army standing at attention, listening to its commander as he challenges its loyalty. The lines of formation are perfect, the faces of the men are tense and look straight ahead, the battle standards float in the breeze. It is a stirring picture and no doubt was suggested by the author's experience as an army chaplain with the Scottish forces in Egypt.

The imagery of the second stanza reflects the author's early seafaring life, recalls the experience of a man who, after a long and perilous voyage, sees in the darkness the friendly beacon of a lighthouse leading him from danger to safety.

Strong founded like a lighthouse,

That stands the storm and shock,

So be thy soul as if it shared

The granite of the rock;

Then far beyond the breakers

Let thy calm light be cast,

Stand fast for Christ thy Savior!

Stand faithful to the last.

The soldier on the field of honor is the picture presented in the third stanza. It is as arresting as the story of the sentinel who held his place in Pompeii when the lava of Vesuvius destroyed the city that he guarded.

Stout-hearted like a soldier,

Who never leaves the fight,

But meets the foeman face to face

And meets him with his might;

So bear thee in thy battles

Until the war be past.

Stand fast for Christ thy Savior!

Stand faithful to the last.

The last stanza is truly climactic in that it makes the concluding picture center in Christ, the Paragon of continuing devotion and self-sacrifice. No consecration hymn could have a more effective close than has this hymn.

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Changed On Christmas Eve

A young English woman married a man in the government service. Her husband was a light-hearted young man, who smoked, drank, and gambled, like other young men of his set. As the years went on, he was promoted in service, had large responsibilities, but he became a hardened



gambler and drinker—the leader of a circle who boasted that they could individually drink a bottle of whiskey and be nothing the worse for it.

As the husband went deeper into sin, his wife, through anxiety on his account, became deeply anxious about her soul, and as a lost, guilty sinner, Rom. 3:9-19, cast herself and all her burdens on the Savior, and became a new creature in Christ, with one burdened desire,

to bring her husband to Christ. For thirteen years she prayed with never-failing faith that the Lord would convert her husband. Every Sunday she would ask him to accompany her to church and he as often refused. He would sometimes say, "If you will go with me once to the theatre, the circus, the ball, or some other worldly place, I will go forty times to church with you." Her invariable reply was, "Much as I long to have you with me, I could not bring reproach on my Savior by going once with you where He could not be."

On the Sunday before Christmas she repeated her invitation, when he laughingly said, "You have not converted me yet, old woman." She immediately threw her arms around his neck, and said, "No, and I never can; but the Lord Jesus Christ can convert you, George," whilst she felt more and more cast upon the Lord, risen from the dead, and "able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him." Heb. 7:25. From that time he became very uneasy, but more determined to resist his wife's entreaties.

On Christmas Eve he went with some of his companions to a dinner. After the dinner, he went home to take his usual Christmas presents to his wife and children. When he was distributing the gifts he found that for the first time since he was married he had forgotten a present for his wife. He was utterly at a loss to account for this, and said to her, "I never forgot you before; now you may ask what you like, and I will give it to you." She quietly and earnestly said, "Come with me to the meeting tonight—that will be my present." "Oh no," he said, "I cannot do that; ask for some present." But she was firm, and reminded him of his promise. He left the family board, and when the time came for his wife to go to the meeting, she waited for him. The children said, "Do you think father will go with us?" "Yes," she said, "your father never broke a promise to me."

He had returned, and overbearing this remark, it made him feel very uneasy. When they started he went with them, to the great joy of his wife. At the church door he turned and left them, intending to go back to his companions and cards, but something impelled him to return to his home.

There were pictures hanging on the walls, pictures he had often reversed; but now, before he could do so, his eyes fell on a representation of Christ on the Cross. It at-

tracted him; it smote him to the heart. The words which his devoted wife had so often read in his hearing came fresh to his memory, "He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our faces from him** But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed," Isa. 53:3, 5. The past, with a wasted life; the future, with an awful eternity, rolled in like billows on his soul. Here in this One who was despised, rejected, wounded, bruised, appeared the only hope of true peace now, and true joy hereafter.

He looked and looked, until it seemed to him as if it were Christ Himself hanging on the cross, and He said to him, "I died for thee."

"For me, Lord?" the wondering man replied, and then and there, in soul agony, he called on the Savior to save him, to put away from him forever the taste of liquor and the desire for all sin. Like "the chief of sinners" he "fell to the earth," Acts 9:4, and upon his knees in his own house, with no one near but God, he acknowledged his "manifold transgressions and mighty sins," Amos 5:12, accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his own and only Savior. He believed on Him "who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification," Rom. 4:25, and rose from his knees, a free man, with Christ as his Savior and his almighty deliverer.

That very night he wrote checks paying off all his gambling debts, and ceased playing cards. He never tasted liquor again, and he who had smoked twenty cigars a day never smoked another. His deliverance was complete. The gospel demonstrated itself in his case, as in the case of myriads more, to be "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," Rom. 1:16, from sin, lusts, passions, and Satan.

On that memorable Christmas Eve, the occasion of his new birth, he went to his old companions and told them what the Lord Jesus had done for him. They thought he was joking, and laughed at him. They tempted him to their utmost to drink with them, and when he was firm they emptied their glasses over him, and he walked out wet with the liquor, and they followed him home with ribald songs and jeers.

Surely if God can save a drinking, swearing, smoking, gambling sinner of the deepest dye, and make him a "new creature" in Christ, He can save anyone, even you. Burdened, weary, sin-sick soul, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," John 1:29. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and obtain eternal life. God is able to save the biggest sinner, and He is both able and willing to save you.—*The Christian Graphic.*

THE ALL-INCLUSIVE GIFT

"Every good gift and every perfect gift, . . . cometh down from the Father of lights," but only one of the heavenly Father's gifts meets the designation "unspeakable." Receiving that Gift we are assured of all other divine gifts. "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered him up for us all,

how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" Rom. 8:32.

We marvel at the word picture drawn by Paul of Christ in the Epistle to the Colossian Church, where we read: "In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," and, "in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily," Col. 2:3, 9. But we are overwhelmed in the presence of this great and mighty truth, that according to the

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THE STARS APPROACH

M. G. Holdeman

*In the East a star of splendor
Twinkled through its cloudy way,
Till it stood above the dwelling
Where God's Son incarnate lay.*

*Harbinger of still Another
Was this guiding star of old;
Heralding the Star from Jacob,
In the ages past foretold.*

*He has come to bring salvation,
Light and life, and hope and cheer,
And His love within us dwelling
Will dispel tormenting fear.*

*Now that Star again approaches
Toward the earth from up on high,
And His light is all a-quiver
In His setting in the sky.*

*Fix your eyes upon the setting,
Loving watchers, till the blue
Parts to give the bright and shining
Morning Star a welcome through.*

*Nearer, nearer He approaches;
Soon your faith will merge to sight;
May He come, oh, haste the morning,
Heated noon, or darkest night!*

—Gospel Herald.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



Amount Sent From Each State to the Fund for Sending Lighted Pathways to Men in Service

South Carolina	\$71.46
Pennsylvania	33.00
Missouri	25.00
Florida	21.00
Texas	19.00
North Carolina	10.85
Illinois	9.20
Georgia	9.00
Mississippi	9.00
California	8.78
Arkansas	7.00
Maine	7.00
West Virginia	5.00
Tennessee	4.50
Oklahoma	4.00
Ohio	4.00
Virginia	2.46
Washington, D. C.	2.10
Delaware	1.00
Iowa	1.00
Washington	1.00
Oregon	1.00
Kansas	1.00
Michigan	1.00
Indiana	1.00
North Dakota	1.00
New York	.50

\$260.85

October Prize Winner

E. G. Faulkner, Greenville, S. C., is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

October Honor Roll

Edwin M. Mortenson, Columbia, S. C.
Mattie Roberson, Valdese, N. C.
Mae Couch, Fort Mill, S. C.
Marie Calvert, Tucapau, S. C.
Irma Richards, Riverside, Ga.
Ralph Eugene Day, Eldorado, Ill.

Notice to Gideons

When it is necessary to make a change in your order or a change of name and address of Gideon, please let us have this information on or before the 10th of each month. If it is received later, the change will likely not be made until the following month.—*Editor.*

LIGHTED PATHWAY RATING

	Sold for Nov.	Total
Alabama	2,021	6,396
Arizona	174	420
Arkansas	700	1,626
California	679	1,797
Canada	206	575
Colorado	23	69
Connecticut	7	23
Delaware	22	358
Florida	3,309	9,027
Foreign	291	971
Georgia	5,419	15,511
Idaho	111	226
Illinois	2,298	6,398
Indiana	614	1,309
Iowa	81	291
Kansas	205	663
Kentucky	1,894	5,061
Louisiana	490	1,515
Maine	186	452
Massachusetts	42	128
Maryland	1,267	3,720
Michigan	1,476	3,458
Minnesota	46	146

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY PUBLICITY CLUB

WHY NOT START ONE AT YOUR CHURCH?

You will see from the letter from Brother John E. Douglas, which is given below, that such a club has already been organized; and the names are given of those who joined, proposing to furnish copies of the Lighted Pathway to U. S. O. centers, city and school libraries, hospitals, and prisons so that many thousands may have an opportunity to read this good literature and be blessed of God.

There seems to be no complication as to membership. As suggested by Brother Douglas, all you do is select the place where you wish to send the Lighted Pathway and give the amount you wish to contribute to this cause.

Have you not many times wished that you might be able to lead some soul to God? Had you considered how easy it might be for someone to be won by the printed message?

This certainly is a noble start for such a worthy cause, and I wonder how many more would be interested in this proposition. If you are, why not organize a group in your Y.P.E.? Just send the names and addresses of the places where you wish to have your copies sent, together with your money, to the editor of the Lighted Pathway, and thus become one of the number interested in the circulation of good, wholesome literature.—*J. H. Walker, General Overseer.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

You will find enclosed a check for one hundred and twenty-five dollars for the U. S. O. and library fund.

I have noticed the letters in the Lighted Pathway that were received from the boys in the armed services stating the good that had been done through the medium of these papers. I think that plan is very good, but after giving due consideration to both plans, I am inclined to believe that where that plan will reach some, the second plan will have the opportunity of reaching hundreds more.

I know this plan will cost thousands of dollars each year to keep it going, but I feel the publicity that the Church of God will receive from this will more than compensate for the amount of money that will be put into it.

Organize a Lighted Pathway Publicity Club and have people join this club by agreeing to supply a library, U.S.O., hospital, prison, or groups of such organization with subscriptions to the Lighted Pathway for as many years as they wish. Let them give the name of the library they wish to supply. If this library has been supplied, have it understood that their money can be used to supply another library, U.S.O., prison, or hospital.

I think it would be nice for us to make it our goal to put a Lighted Pathway in every library, U.S.O., prison or hospital in the United States. Give amount of libraries, etc., that are not supplied in each state and let each state work to supply each one in their state. I hate to see such a wonderful paper kept within a family of sixty thousand people and sincerely hope others will feel the same way.—*John E. Douglas, Jr., state overseer of California and Nevada.*

NOTE: Each state will receive full credit for the amount of money sent to the fund, no matter where the papers are sent. We have a list of twenty-six persons who have joined this Publicity Club from the states of Washington and Idaho.—*Editor.*

Mississippi	887	2,626	Washington, D. C.	149	263
Missouri	1,570	4,213	West Virginia	1,469	5,263
Montana	164	564	Wisconsin	48	8
Nebraska	50	96	Wyoming	41	243
New Jersey	208	587			
New Hampshire		6		53,184	151,455
New Mexico	183	456			
New York	131	364			
North Carolina	6,053	17,523			
North Dakota	207	655			
Ohio	2,471	5,539			
Oklahoma	550	1,224			
Oregon	156	571			
Pennsylvania	1,045	2,862			
Rhode Island		6			
South Carolina	9,135	26,912			
South Dakota	149	419			
Tennessee	3,310	9,178			
Texas	1,624	4,722			
Utah		20			
Virginia	1,733	5,570			
Washington	484	1,294			

CHRISTMASTIDE

Eula Buchanan Christian

Be ye blithe and be ye jolly,
But never be ye melancholy;
Pluck yourself a sprig of holly
And place it in your hair.
Be ye gentle and be ye kind
To all in sorrow whom ye find;
Be ye generous and be ye true
To all who put their trust in you.
Be ye pure and be ye good
As our Christ has said you should;
Be ye so, and for you will open wide
The happy door of Christmastide.



LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS IN SERVICE

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have been reading the Lighted Pathway for the past two years and I think it is such a fine magazine. Of course, I am not a subscriber, but it is sent to the chaplain's office and I read his copy.

The poem on the back of the September issue, "The Hardest Time of All," is such a fine poem, and I found it so useful in one of the meetings that I had charge of at a local church. I always enjoy reading the poems and articles. The Bible lessons are so helpful to me, in giving me new ideas. I am very thankful that I found such a good Christian magazine to read. I ever so often have others to read from our copy some poem or article.

I am also glad to say that there is a great victory in my soul today. I am happy knowing that God is with us all the time and will never let us fall if we will only call upon His name in prayer, and sing praises unto His holy name. When I say that I am happy I mean just that, for I have learned since being in the Army that we can be happy if we try, and when we try to be happy we can always make someone else happy. I am glad that I took the love of God into my soul many years ago, and now He is with me always.

Just this morning while I was having my little talk with God, He told me that all this world-wide conflict we are facing today is caused only by the stale minds of humanity. Once the minds, hearts, of humanity are set in a perfect order, there will be perfect peace and order in our lives through the Spirit of the living God.

If we find our life and affairs in a muddled condition, we need to gain a new consciousness of order. Paul recognized the need of order when he said, "Let all things be done decently and in order."—Sgt. Elias S. Bowman, West Palm Beach, Florida.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Thank you again for the roll of Lighted Pathways. We boys appreciate your interest in our spiritual welfare by giving us something that we really need—food for our soul. It is high time that the Church and Christian people wake up and see that right here in our own dear America is the greatest mission field in the world—our armed forces. The boys who may be soon facing death need to know Christ as their own personal Savior, and to do this they must have someone to bring the good news to them. So, Christian people, we are depending on you to stand behind us with your prayers and words of encouragement. Pray for all us boys in the armed forces.—Pvt. Talmadge McNeill, 41229500, Camp Stewart, Ga.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Thank you for sending me the Lighted Pathways to read and to put in our day rooms here for other boys to read. They are reading them and enjoying them. This is just what they need to feed their souls.

I went to church in Abilene last

Sunday. There were three hundred and nine soldiers there. I have a way of getting them to go to church. The Lord has been blessing me while in the armed forces and I covet your prayers.—Cpl. Algin Schoonover, Camp Barkeley, Texas.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I received your letter and enjoyed it very much. I enjoy the Lighted Pathway very much. It is food to my soul. Pray for me and all the other boys in service. I am still in Africa. Please write to me.—Sgt. Herbert Anderson.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I was certainly pleased to get the roll of Lighted Pathways and I think the papers will help all the boys who read them.

I have been in the army for seven months now and I have felt better since reading the Lighted Pathway than I had felt in all my time in the service. At the present I am a sinner. I would like to hear from Christian young people who can help me. Pray that I will have a home in heaven.—Pvt. Ted Holifield, 33432188, Fort Lawton, Wash.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I really enjoy the Lighted Pathway and it has proven a great blessing to me while overseas. The boys fight over who is going to read it next.

I have seen quite a bit of action since I have been over here but I am still unsaved. Do pray for me. I believe, if I would give up the few bad habits I have, the Lord would receive me again and give me the blessing I once had. All who care to, please write to me as I get very lonely over here.—Pvt. Vince Bari, Jr.

GOD'S SERVICE STAR

By Elysabeth M. Cooper

*In the windows of our nation
There are gleaming stars of blue,
Telling out the old, old story,
War has called young men anew.*

*Called them to the fields of battle
On the land and in the air,
They have left their homes and loved ones
While the mothers bow in prayer.*

*Many years ago in Judah
God hung out a service star,
Just to tell the world a Savior
Would be born to end all war.*

*May the stars in countless windows
In our hearts and homes enshrined,
Bring again this Christmas message,
"Peace on earth to all mankind."*

Notice Concerning Service Men's Addresses

It is against Army Post Office rules to give full addresses of men overseas. If you want to write to any of the boys overseas, it will be necessary to write the Lighted Pathway office for full address.—Ed.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I certainly do appreciate receiving the Lighted Pathway and the Evangel. My heart is made to rejoice many times while reading these two good religious papers. I read my Bible all I possibly can and find great comfort therein.

I am a lonely soldier boy in the hills of North Africa. I am a member and also a minister of the Church of God. My membership is at the South Cleveland, Tenn., church. I have been saved for over eight years and have been a licensed minister for one year and four months. I desire to get back to the battlefield for my Lord.

Yes, Sister Harrison, education is something that we all need. I am sorry that I didn't receive any more than I did, but I hope to have the privilege of attending Bible Training School and College when I return. Pray for me that I will stand true to the Lord.—Pvt. Meriel Akins.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am now in the army, but still enjoy the blessings of the Lord. God has blessed me so much since I've been in the army until I can never repay Him. I am thankful that I have a praying mother, loved ones and friends back home backing me up with their prayers.

I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway, for my dear sister at home sends it to me just as soon as she reads it.

My heart goes out to those who are unsaved. I pray they will give their hearts to God while they have the opportunity.—Pvt. Thos. J. Jenkins, Ft. George G. Meade, Md.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a reader of the Lighted Pathway and enjoy it very much. I have been in the army for fifteen months, but no matter where I go I find there is no place like home, and I thank God that some day we will win the victory we are fighting for.

I get pretty lonesome sometimes for the good church services I used to go to and I also miss the young people I used to play and sing with at the Church of God at Pikeville, Tennessee, but I know that some day, the Lord willing, I will be back with them and we can once again sing the songs we used to sing.

When I am in danger I often think of the fourth verse of the twenty-third Psalm, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Pray for me.—Cpl. Edgar E. Romans.

Dear Sister Harrison:

My girl friend, who is a member of the Church of God in Johnstown, Pa., sent the Lighted Pathway to me and
(Continued on page 16)

BIBLE LESSONS

Program Outline

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on someone to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but interperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make his opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR THE LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The subtopics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topics. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program, it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a Y.P.E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Jesus.

SPIRITUAL LABORERS

GLADYS DELK

Scripture: Matt. 9:37

Thoughts for the Leader

Our government today is sending out call after call for men who will help win this war. If you can't be in the armed forces, they want you to help in other ways—such as defense work, saving vital materials, buying bonds and stamps. All this is very necessary to win the war and I think we should do all possible in order to be a good citizen. But while doing this, we should not overlook the fact that there's another war on—a war between good and evil. We, as Christians, should put on battle array and go out on the front lines. If we cannot go to new fields, there is still plenty to do at home. Someone is needed to visit the sick, pray for sinners, encourage the discouraged, see after the financial needs of the church, and many other things. If you can not do as much as someone else, God in heaven sees and knows. You are to do your bit, for we all have our bit to do. Are you going to be a slacker just because you can't be the preacher? Why not labor together, each doing what he can do best?

THE NEED FOR SPIRITUAL LABORERS

John 4:35

Have you ever looked about you, and noticed the heathens we have in our land of knowledge today? We don't have to go to a foreign country to see people who are spiritually dying

for the Word of God. Someone is needed to explain and simplify God's Word. Oh, just think how this world would improve if there were more people like David—not afraid to go out and face the enemy with only a few stones. Though the battle raged and darts were hurled from every side, he stood secure and unafraid on God's promises. It is time to work, for the fields are white already unto harvest. Can't we each think of something more we can do for God each day?

THE REQUIREMENTS OF A SPIRITUAL LABORER

1. Ability—Be capable of doing what you attempt to do, but don't be afraid to try.

2. Prayer—Be able to call on God at any time and be sure you know Him well enough that you don't doubt your prayers will be answered.

3. Sacrifice of personal right and privileges—In order to become great in God's sight we must be the servant of others.

4. Cooperation—
"If we all pull together, together, together,
If we all pull together, how happy we'll be.
For your work is my work, and my work is God's work,
If we all pull together, how happy we'll be."

5. Faith and works—James 2:17, "Even so, faith if it hath not works, is dead, being alone."

6. Inspire coworkers—A compliment or a good word of cheer may sometime save a soul.

7. Personal work—To help someone you love to find Christ is such a wonderful feeling. There is someone you can help.

8. Be a willing worker—Don't think of serving God as a necessity or duty, but be willing to work. There's always plenty willing to let the others do the work.

9. Humility—"Humility in religion, as in the world, is the avenue to glory."

10. Carry work to completion—"A winner never quits, a quitter never wins."

11. Spiritual laborers are worthy of rewards—1 Cor. 9:25; 2 Tim. 4:8.

Paul here tells us of the Grecian contests, such as running, boxing, wrestling, leaping, and throwing the quoit and spear. The prize was a crown or garland of olive, bay, pine, or parsley. "Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible crown." We don't have to suffer any trials or temptation Jesus Himself hasn't already gone through. He even died a shameful death on the cross, and I'm sure none of us have had to do that yet.

Jesus was victorious, why can't we be? Why not look up toward the crown we'll have some day. And what a crown—incorruptible. Oh, to be able to wear a crown such as that will be worth anything we have to go through down here. So let's reconsecrate our-

selves and determine in our hearts that:

"We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
And we'll be gathered home."

FOLLOWING JESUS

EXELMA HOLLEY

Thoughts for the Leader

Today there are multitudes following Jesus, or shall we say they profess to be following Him. In this number are all classes—rich, poor, and common—all races. Some follow close to Christ, while others follow afar off, and still others follow Him only a short while. Then some just go along with the crowd, not having their eyes fixed on Him who leadeth the way. It will not profit to start and go back, for Christ said, "... he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved," Matt. 24:13. Many start following Christ in our revivals but only a few continue to follow on.

PEOPLE WHO ARE CONVINCED

St. John 6:2

This is the people who have seen the manifestation of the power of God, have heard the Word preached in its fullness, and have seen signs following believers. This class of people make a good start as in the days of old, yet we see the same people later refuse to go on. When Jesus allows trials, temptations and hardships to come their way to try them, and they haven't received a spiritual blessing in a few days, they cease from following Christ. If they can always have sunshine and be on the mountain top, all is well. When the test comes and they must walk by faith, it is more than they feel like they can bear.

PEOPLE WHO FOLLOW TO ALWAYS RECEIVE SOMETHING

St. John 6:26

We would be surprised to know how many are in this group, some who we haven't the slightest idea of. This class of people is merely following Jesus, not because they love Him, but for the advantages, the positions they hold, reputation, friends and blessings God bestows upon them. They are not ready to give, to serve, nor deny themselves. In fact, they are only seeking their own welfare. Of course, they, too, turn from following Christ when the tide turns, and everything doesn't go their way; when they are not looked up to, or lose their position. They have not the determination to go all the way.

PEOPLE WHO REFUSE TO WALK IN THE LIGHT

John 6:60-66

We find this class of people, when Jesus told them they would have to receive Him into their hearts and lives by faith, be partakers of His divine nature, rebelling. It was a hard saying to them; in fact, it was contrary to their wills and ways; so before they would obey and have everlasting life, they went back. The same class today, when they hear the truth preached, have been told what they



should do, such as making restitution, giving a tenth unto the Lord, forgiving others, etc., give up the fight, saying the way is too hard and too straight.

PEOPLE WHO PURPOSE TO GO ALL THE WAY

St. John 6:67-69

I'm glad God has a faithful few who intend to go all the way, even if their friends, acquaintances, or loved ones go back. These follow because they love Him and have a desire to serve Him and have a home in heaven. They have proven Him; they know as Peter did, there is no friend like Jesus, that only one straight way leads to heaven. Therefore, they deny themselves, give up their way, forsake all to follow Him who gave His life for them. This is the class of people who will reach the pearly gates. Christ did not promise these people all would be easy or roses; but gave one promise that is sufficient. Matt. 28:20b, "And lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." He turns none away. So let's follow where He leads and we will have nothing to regret. Pray until you feel determined to go all the way.

Songs: "Where He Leads Me I Will Follow," and "Keep Following On."

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

Scripture lesson, Luke 2:8-16; Matt. 2:1-11.

Thoughts for the Leader

Our scripture lesson gives us a picture of the first Christmas. The angels brought to us that first morning the song that is still ringing in the earth this Christmas morning, 1943. And those of us who love and worship the Savior, who was given to us on that morning, can feel this song, "Glory to God in the highest, Peace on earth, good will to men," ringing in our hearts just now. And we have shown by presenting our own bodies a living sacrifice, Rom. 12:1, that we appreciate this gift, but there are thousands of people in our country who are going on enjoying the good blessings that this first Christmas morning brought to them, who never think of Him or the price He paid for them. If there are any of this kind in your meeting, as you study this lesson, we hope and pray that you may surrender your life to Him who bought you with His own precious blood 1,943 years ago. This is the gift that Christ is asking you for at this Christmas time.

NO ROOM FOR CHRIST IN THE INN

Luke 2:7

We find by the study of the Word that the people in that day, when our Lord came the first time, were cold and heartless just as they are now. ~~There was no room for Him in the inn.~~ Had they known that in their midst was being born a great character like Jesus, their doors would have been opened and He would have been given a place. But they did not know. Why? Because they had not studied the scriptures, many of them, and some had studied, but because of their

hardness of heart had not been willing to accept God's humble way of sending His Son into the world. They thought He would come in some great way, perhaps as a great king in pomp and glory. We want you to notice especially that it was the church that turned its back on Jesus at first, and so it is in many cases today. Many of our churches today have little room for Jesus, and I doubt, if He should come, if He would feel at home. The old-time power is a thing of the past and those who do contend for the faith once delivered to the saints are not welcome in their midst.

THE WISE MEN AND THE SHEPHERDS

These men must have been true students of the Scriptures, and they must have been looking for the Messiah. The shepherds must have had their ears opened to the deep things of God, for if they had not, they would not have heard the songs of the angels. We have no account of any other shepherds hearing the song or going to Bethlehem to see the Child. Then the wise men must have been looking for Him or they would not have noticed the star. Perhaps there were thousands of astronomers who did not see the wonderful star, and who knew nothing of its meaning, if they did see it. But the attitude of the wise men and the shepherds was such that God could reveal the meaning of these wonderful happenings to them. God, help us to study the Word and keep in that attitude that will make it possible for Jesus to reveal His purpose and plan to us.

THE ANGELS

There was great rejoicing in heaven over the coming of the Lord to redeem mankind back to God. And the angels came to make the announcement of His coming, "Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Then they sang the most beautiful song that has ever reached the ears of man. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will to men." They announced His birth, where He was born, why He was born, for whom He was born, and that the results would be peace on earth and good will to men. There was nothing more to say if the people of the earth had been ready to hear and receive. It may seem to those who do not understand that the peace is not here yet, but those who have accepted our Savior have a peace the world knows nothing about.

SIMEON AND ANNA THE PROPHETESS

Here are two more characters who had been studying the scriptures and were looking for Him. Simeon was an old saint who looked for the promise ~~to be fulfilled.~~ He waited anxiously for His coming, and the Holy Ghost was upon him. And it was revealed unto him that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord Christ. Simeon went to see the Child and took Him in his arms and said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for

mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." This was the receptive attitude of Simeon.

Anna showed a similar faith to that of Simeon. She served God with fastings and prayers day and night. She gave thanks, proclaimed Him as Savior, Messiah, and Redeemer. It was an exceptional thing that a woman should be a prophetess, and here she was one of the first to speak about Christ. This ought to be good authority of women to share in giving the gospel to the world whether it be by preaching or testimony or by the printed page, even if they can not hold office in the Church. It was Eve who was first to transgress and so women should do their best to bring man back to God.

NOW WE SEE JESUS

SARAH BLANCH MCGUIRE

Scripture: Isa. 52:7, 8.

Thoughts for the Leader

Heb. 2:8, 10

Do we really see Jesus, or do we see Him as we want to see Him? There is a very great difference in seeing something as it really is, or to see a thing as we want to see it. Jesus meant for us to have the real bread, but sometimes we reach out and pick up a stone. Sometimes we will take a drink from the well that has in it stagnant water instead of the pure, clean, cold water that is just within our reach. But our Father meant for us to have the very best that He has to offer and since nothing false has in it any real satisfaction, let us find out within ourselves if we really see Jesus.

AS TEACHER

Luke 9:26, 27; John 8:28, 29; Luke 2:40-49.

As teacher He was our perfect example. He paved the pathway before us, teaching us the way of holiness. In our natural life we give reverence to our teachers. Willing to learn, we study hard by applying our minds so as to be perfect when the testing time comes. How is it we are so foolish as to feel we can be any less perfect in our spiritual life? for when the testing time comes we may find we have failed to make the grade. How much better to see Jesus as our teacher now and so make ourselves perfect for the time to come.

AS SACRIFICE FOR SIN

Luke 18:31-33; Heb. 9:20, 28

We see Jesus as the sacrifice for sin, to take sin out of our lives, not that we may go on in sin and thus bring a reproach upon the Master we profess to serve and love. Surely the blood of Jesus is able to wash us white.

~~But when we profess to put on Christ and are doing the things the world does, we proclaim to the world that His sacrifice was not sufficient for us. If we move upward in God we will find we will be satisfied with His will alone and the world will have none of us and we will want nothing from the world. Let us move forward~~



just a little that He may have His way.

AS ALTOGETHER LOVELY

Titus 2:12,15; John 1:14

As altogether lovely we see Him standing beside His Father in glory just waiting until the word is given that He may come to catch His waiting ones away with Him. How glad we will be that we have served Him as Master and King. How wonderful to hear Him say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of the Lord." As the tender Shepherd, we see Him with grief in His eyes for those sheep that have gone astray. As altogether lovely we see Him as He took the cross and bore it up the hill, to complete the sacrifice. So only if we accept the cross and follow Him will we see Him as He is altogether lovely.

MY TRIP TO THE TAMIL FIELD

(Continued from page 9)

sitting room and kitchen all in one, and the ants were my constant companions. My table was my kitchen utensil box, and my camp cot served as bed and chair combined. The tiffin basket had to be perched on a tin placed in the center of a basin of water, in order to save it from the ravages of the ant invaders! Although my palace was not very inviting, I had to pay about 10c for occupying it one day. The Lord supplied a very refreshing and cool breeze, for which I praised Him.

That night we had a meeting in the open air in front of the hospital dispensary. I must admit that I got up to speak with a very peculiar sensation within me, but as soon as I opened my mouth, I don't know where the flow of Malayalam words came from. I was dumbfounded because I found no desire to fall back on English. And my translator, Brother Thomas, translated into Tamil just perfectly. Oh, how good is the God we adore! Can we not trust Him more than we do at times? The faces of the congregation were in themselves a real inspiration. They belonged to believers who had come out from Hinduism and had walked from seven to ten miles in order to be present at the meeting that night. Even outsiders came and listened attentively. I was so encouraged and promised God that I would never doubt Him again.

The following morning early I made my way over rather rough and rugged roads to visit one of our villages, Ilanthakulam. This is the place where our Brother Thomas was so miraculously saved from being killed by some ruffians a short while ago because he proclaimed the gospel there. We have a number of lovely believers here and one of them is donating seven cents of land for a little church. This place is right near where Brother Thomas was molested, so the little church will ever stand as a memorial. Pray that it might shine as a lighthouse amongst the heathen in that village. If the Lord leads, we hope to have this building erected as soon as possible. Oh, if you could only see the happy faces of these people who have come out of raw heathenism. Oh, that more real laborers would come forth

to help work up these places. Can you say with Paul, "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision?" Maybe God has been speaking to you, but you are holding back. Give what you can to Him.

From Ilanthakulam I returned to Watrap, and then went on to Rajapalayam where I made my camp headquarters. That evening I went to Idayankulam, where we already have a nice but simple little church building. My visit to this village was the first made by a white person and car, so the villagers were naturally intensely curious. One youngster took up a stone and threw it at the car, just to see what would happen. Some of you folks in the States might be surprised to hear that some over here have not yet seen an automobile, but it's true! I had rather a hard time to give forth the message at this place, because we were visited by a number of drunken men and women who seemed to bring the imps of hell along with them. However, the Lord helped and we trust that this place will shine forth in a dark world.

The next evening, Saturday the 24th, I visited Nakkaneri, where we have a group of blessed believers, who by the grace of God are strong in the faith. The meeting was a great blessing to us all. The devil tried to put the gas lamp out, but God intervened. Hallelujah! I spoke for one and a half hours in Malayalam, my record in English having been only one and one-fourth hours! I say this only that Jesus might be glorified. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit saith the Lord." We have purchased a site here and plan to construct a building on it as soon as conditions permit.

The following day, Sunday, was reserved for Mangudi village, where we have a real good church building made of granite stones and with a tiled roof. Here we had a most blessed time in the Lord, and just to prove Himself to me, the Holy Spirit let me speak for one and three-fourths hours! I had been worried because it seemed that all my knowledge of Indian languages was just theory, but I know that He has something planned out for me and I covet your prayers that I may be kept humble and close to Him in these dark and terrible days. The following day I once again visited Nakkaneri and had a most enjoyable evening. Hallelujah! Tuesday morning, we packed up and made for home, after being away for full two weeks.

The visit to the Tamil field has shown me more and more the need for real consecrated workers there. Only those who are willing to surrender all can be successful in these parts, because the sacrifices to be made are numerous. Won't you pray that God will raise up workers with the zeal of God in them. His coming is so near and we must do all we can while it is day. Who knows how soon the door may be closed? I believe this is what Jesus meant when He said, "Work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." I now see why the devil was so anxious to cut everything up and spoil the trip. He knew too well that there was going to be victory. Our God is able.

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS IN SERVICE

(Continued from page 13)

I find it very interesting.

I have been a soldier of the Lord for one and one-half years and I surely want to follow on in His ways. I am not a member of the Church of God but I am a member of the Apostolic Gospel, which is almost the same.

I talk to many boys in my camp and tell them about the Lord. About two evenings a week two soldier boys and I meet in my room for prayer meeting. We invite other boys to join us.

The Lord certainly has been good to me. He has answered many of my prayers. He healed me when I was sick about a year ago. I never shall forget how He brought me out and gave me that great blessing He has in store for every one of us.

Many boys say, "You can't live a Christian life in the army. Well, all I can say is you can if you only trust in Him. It takes faith and prayer." "Therefore, I say unto you, what things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them," Mark 11:24. That is the scripture I think of when I pray. "Jesus said unto him, if thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." Let us hold to God's unchanging hand. — Pvt. James H. Ripple, Miami Beach, Fla.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I highly recommend the Lighted Pathway to young people. I know it has been a help to me. The Lighted Pathway and my Bible are my best friends. Every chance that I have I read one of the two. I will be glad to receive twenty or more copies of the paper each month to give to the boys in my camp. I am sure the boys will enjoy reading them. — Cpl. Edwin K. Herndon.

BLESSED ARE THE POOR

(Continued from page 4)

Several little faces turned red. The teacher did not see, but Bess did, and was glad she had stopped for Ruth today.

"Remember, children, we practice for the Christmas program Tuesday," said Miss Browne, as she left the class. Some of the little girls are thinking of the lesson: Jesus loved the poor, maybe we should love Ruth too. And some are whispering, "Well, she can't be in the program sure, because we have to have pretty dresses and white slippers."

"Ruth," asked Miss Browne the next Sunday, "would you like to take part in the program?" The big blue eyes shone with joy, but two or three of the girls spoke quickly, "Oh, she can't, Miss Browne. She couldn't have a nice dress and slippers. She's too poor."

This time Miss Browne saw. Two big tears rolled down the white cheeks. Going quickly to Ruth, she took her in her arms. "If God wants you in the program, dear, He'll see that you get a dress; so come with Bess next Tuesday."

So through the weeks Ruth practiced with the class, and though many times her little heart was hurt still she kept on, for she had a lovely secret, which only Mommy, Bess, and



Miss Browne knew about.

It is Christmas Eve and the little girls are gathering at the church. They are anxiously watching for Bess and Ruth. Would Ruth spoil their exercise by wearing the old white dress and brown shoes?

There is Bess now, but who is that with her? Shining golden curls topped by a big blue bow; dainty blue silk dress, which just matched the misty blue eyes; white slippers and all, she looks like a beautiful doll. Cries of "Oh, isn't she sweet," are hushed, as the two little girls draw near. Why, it looks like!—could it be? Surely not.

But it is, little Ruth. And not one of them is dressed finer. Not one is sweeter than the little girl they made fun of.

And now it is their turn to hang back, but Ruth is just her sweet little self, and soon they are all laughing together.

At the close of the program, each little girl stepped to the front and repeated her favorite Bible verse. Most of them chose, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," and many thought it strange when a little golden-haired, blue-clad figure stepped daintily to the front and gave her choice. But there was one sitting in a back seat, trying not to be noticed, who knew and understood why her little darling, with a clear, ringing voice, spoke these words, "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their is the kingdom of heaven."—*Gospel Herald*.

HYMN STORIES

(Continued from page 10)

*Stand fast for Christ thy Savior!
He once stood fast for thee,
And standeth still, and still shall stand
For all eternity;
Be faithful, O be faithful,
To live so true, so vast,
Stand fast for Christ thy Savior!
Stand faithful to the last.*

The author of the hymn, Rev. Walter J. Mathams, of London, writes, "This hymn was written by request for the World Convention of the Christian Endeavor Society at Bradford, Yorkshire, England, in 1913. The watchwords of the convention were: 'Stand Fast,' 'Press On,' and 'Look Up.' I wrote on each of these mottoes, but sent only the first two, as they were to sing my hymn, 'God Is With Us, God Is With Us,' which was the convention's usual 'Rally Call.'

"At the convention the hymn was sung to the tune 'Alford' and was a thrilling experience. It inspired fidelity to conscience and Christ, and since then is widely used for the call and consecration of youth."

In America, Dr. Matham's hymn is popular and appears in many Church School hymnals, in which it is associated, as in "The Church School Hymnal for Youth," hymn 218, with the tune "St. Paul," by Henry J. Storer. This is a fortunate musical setting, strong of beat, quick in movement, and closes with a refrain that well expresses the last two lines of each stanza.

THE ALL-INCLUSIVE GIFT

(Continued from page 11)

eternal purpose of God, we who by faith have received the "unspeakable gift" shall also receive of His fullness, "that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God," Eph. 3:19. Moreover, we shall, as we continue in the faith, be presented holy, unblameable and unrepensible in His sight (Col. 1:22). "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is," 1 John 3:2. Surely, the "unspeakable gifts" includes all the gifts and all the glory our loving God and heavenly Father can bestow upon them who will accept His Son, the greatest gift of His love.

*"Oh, love so tender and so sweet,
Thy Gift I cannot comprehend,
But this I know, from heav'n's dear
mercy seat,
It saves my soul and keeps me to
the end."*

CHRISTMAS ACTIVITIES

(Continued from page 7)

that I had been taught to memorize long passages of Scripture when a child. Just at the moment when I must speak, there came into my mind those beautiful words from Luke's Gospel, "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord." Reaching into my pocket, I produced a New Testament, which I held out to them. "My very dear friends," I said, "you have presented well your favorite theme upon the canvas, through melody and harmony, with beautiful words of poetry, and through the matchless art of storytelling. You have given evidence of genius as you have wrought untiringly to preserve for coming generations the Christmas message. I congratulate you. Indeed I count myself happy to have been called upon to judge in this most unusual contest. Here is the answer. The same spirit is in you all. This New Testament gave each of you the subject and the inspiration. Your work is but a commentary upon that of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Even the prophets of old, Isaiah and Malachi, have influenced you and furnished a background for your production. Keep right on. Consider yourselves peculiarly blessed that the Spirit of Christ may be shown forth through the works of your hands. Give God the glory. Spend no more time in idle controversy. You can never say which one is greater. Be glad that each one is great. Work together so long as time shall endure that the knowledge of this coming to earth on the part of the Son of God should be published to every nation.

'And thou shalt have joy and gladness and many shall rejoice at His birth.'"—*Home Department Magazine, Southern Baptist Convention*.

The Burden of Sorrow

(Continued from page 6)

neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."—*The Missionary Worker*.

RACHEL

(Continued from page 3)

and dogs. A crowd of little gamins in the gutter were delightedly intercepting the reviving stream.

Rachel by now was faint for food. She must eat somewhere—somehow. But how? She was absolutely penniless. She could get no credit. She could never beg—she would die first.

Her mind grew confused with the awful problem; and then she thought she saw a plan. She would sell her coat. For half an hour she tried diligently but without success. Nearly all the shops were closed on Sunday afternoon, and in the few that were open no one wanted to buy a coat on a sweltering afternoon of Indian Summer in New York.

Westward she still trudged on—sitting now and again upon a doorstep. She was beginning to feel so very ill. And the baby! Rachel noted with alarm his feverishness and lassitude.

She passed a row of substantial looking homes. In some the doors stood wide open and sounds of voices came through them, in tones that suggested happy family groups within. As Rachel stood and listened to them a lump rose in her throat. The tears rushed to her eyes. A sense of terrible loneliness engulfed her.

She knew what she would do! She would enter one of these homes and ask for work. That would not be begging. She would ask if she might wash the dishes for her dinner. That would give her the immediately needed strength. God would take care of supper when the time came. And the night? What of that? What of shelter for herself and Little Abie? Rachel shuddered. And the morrow? . . . And the days ahead? . . . And the long, long years? . . . A cry broke from her heart: "O God! O loving heavenly Father, I am so afraid! Take care of us, dear Lord! Take care of us for Jesus' sake!"

A house larger and more pretentious than the others stood on the corner. Through the open window came the sound of children's voices singing a hymn. Rachel listened to the words:

*"Jesus give the weary
Calm and sweet repose."*

Ah, this was a Christian home! They were singing about the Lord Jesus! And asking Him to give repose to the weary! Oh, how weary she was—and her poor Little Abie! Perhaps God had led them to find their calm and sweet repose right here in this Christian home. How beautiful! This was the very place then where she would ask for work—just enough to pay for her dinner—and then perhaps . . . Well, she would trust the heavenly



Father. He would take care of all the rest.

She climbed the steps and timidly rang the bell. As she did so the music ceased and she could see four beautifully-dressed children leave the room. A neat housemaid answered the ring and looked compassionately at the strange sight before her—a very lovely but bedraggled and weary little mother with a crying baby in her arms. Christina was Scotch and big-hearted. She opened the screen door invitingly.

"Coom in, lassie. What is it the noo? There, there . . . sit ye doon a wee. Ye look gey beat oot. What wull ye hae, dearie?"

Rachel sank exhausted and grateful into the chair Christina placed for her. Brokenly, shyly, she made her desire known.

"Er—please—I want—do you think I could get—er—some work? Is there anything here that I could do—any kind of work? I'll wash dishes or scrub floors or anything at all—but I must find work, please!"

The hot tears flushed to Christina's eyes. "Ye puir wee lamb," she cried tenderly. "Aye, it's hungry ye air, an' clean done oot! There, there, come into the livin' room an' rest a wee in this nice soft divan an' I'll gant upstairs an' tell my mistress."

Christina's voice and her sweet, sympathetic face had a soothing effect upon Rachel. And these soft, lovely cushions . . . and the cool comfort of the beautiful room . . . the electric fans . . . the flowers . . . the bowl of fruit upon the table . . .

Hope was dawning in her heart, and there is no restorer in the world like hope. Already Rachel felt refreshed and cheered.

Christina had entered Mrs. Pugsley's employ only the day before. She felt, therefore, just a trifle apprehensive as she mounted the broad Colonial stairway and knocked at her mistress' door.

Although the two women were out of view, Rachel could hear their voices clearly. Mrs. Pugsley's, thin and ungracious, rose shrilly:

"Christina, what do you mean by disturbing me? I told you expressly I was not to be called today till five o'clock. Now please understand distinctly, Christina—I told you yesterday—that every afternoon I have my nap from two till four, and I must never be disturbed under any circumstances. Between those hours I want the house kept absolutely quiet. Do not let the children play the piano as they have done today. And any callers whatsoever must wait till four o'clock. Always. And on Sunday until five. Between four and five on Sundays I invariably have my Bible study. That is my undeviating rule. So understand it clearly, Christina, in the future. Now, what do you want?"

Christina took the rebuke with Christian fortitude and meekness. "Please ma'am, I'm gey sorry but I couldna' help it. There's a wee thing doon stairs—a mither wi' her bairn—and she's a spierin' for work, ma'am."

"Work! What kind of work?"

Christina grew embarrassed. "Any kind she says she'll do, ma'am—dishes—floors—anything at a'. If ye could

juist gae her a wee bit something, ma'am—she looks gey . . ."

"Certainly not, Christina!" asserted Mrs. Pugsley emphatically. "I have quite all the help that I can afford at present. I am paying far more than I really should. In any case I would never engage a servant on the Sabbath. It is the Lord's Day, Christina. I am surprised at you that you could have imagined such a thing. I understood that you were a Christian."

"Yes, ma'am, I am," replied the chastened Christina, "but I hae my doots aboot the wee mither. She looks, ma'am, like a Jew."

"A Jew!" Mrs. Pugsley's voice rose in horror. "You admitted a Jew, Christina, to my house? Never do such a thing again! I have a most intense aversion toward the Jews. Dismiss this one at once. Now go, Christina, and do not disturb me again before five o'clock. I must complete my nap, then have my quiet study of God's Word. I must prepare for my missionary meeting at our church tomorrow."

Rachel, listening below with burning ears, heard poor Christina make one last feeble attempt:

"Please ma'am, would ye mind if I should gae the lassie juist a wee bite first to eat? She looks sae hungry like—an' the puir wee bairn . . ."

And then down the handsome ivory and mahogany stairway to Rachel's stricken heart came the reply of a Christian mistress of a Christian home:

"No, Christina, it is against my principles to give food to beggars at the door. It encourages pauperism. And certainly to Jewish beggars—never. We would be overrun with them . . . Stay, Christina . . . If the woman is a Jew, give her one of these tracts as she goes out: 'What Think Ye of the Christ?' And here is a Gospel of St. John. That is the best Gospel to use with Jewish people. It proves to them the deity of Jesus Christ . . . Here, take this whole package of Gospels with you and keep them in your pantry. Make a practice, Christina, of giving one to everybody who comes to the kitchen door. It is the Word of God and we must never lose an opportunity to send it forth. Now go, Christina, and let me finish my interrupted nap."

Rachel heard Mrs. Pugsley close her door. Then she saw Christina's face at the top of the stairway—angry and ashamed and sad. Heavily Christina started to come down upon her sorrowful errand of turning away from a Christian home of opulence, a homeless, starving mother and her child.

But Rachel spared poor Christina the pain of facing her. Quietly she slipped out through a side door and down the steps. Once more she found herself with her baby upon the hot and terrifying city streets. Her head was hotter than the streets, and her heart was lead. A Christian home! Yes, Max was right: "Jews aren't welcome in the homes of Christians." She would never try another one. But she must get work, somehow, somewhere—and very quickly—or they both would die.

Another hopeful plan suggested it-

self to her. She would try a restaurant. In one of them perhaps they would let her wash dishes for her dinner.

She walked two or three blocks more before she found one. It looked promising. It was clean and white and shining. In the window were tempting mounds of vegetables and slices of iced watermelon. A large sign hung in the doorway:

HELP WANTED

Rachel read it eagerly with renewed hope and courage. And then she read in smaller type the words beneath and her heart sank and grew sick. For the boycott stood out like scorpions to Rachel:

No Jews Need Apply

She grew confused, bewildered, dizzy. She was ill—very ill. Oh, what could she do? That awful sense of aloneness again. Would her heart always ache like this?

An unutterable longing for her mother—such as she had not felt in years—swept over her. If only she could go to her and her father's and her brother Ivan's graves. That would be a measure of solace. But Cypress Hills was far away—too far to walk certainly, and she could go no other way.

Then she thought longingly of her dear friends, the Saramofis, and of Violet Hamilton. Dear Violet Hamilton! She had never seen her since that fatal day. Nor the Saramofis either. If only she could see them once again. Where were they now, she wondered? Still in Rivington Street? If only she might get there. But Rivington Street, too, was quite too far to reach.

No, there was nothing else to do but just keep on—keep on. God would surely help her. Oh, He couldn't fail her now. But why didn't He do something?

She continued walking westward—one block—two blocks—three. More and more weary she became—more ill—and more heartbroken.

At length she came to one of New York's most fashionable thoroughfares and turned idly into it. In a moment she was caught in the current of the Sunday afternoon society parade. Throngs of richly-apparelled and bejewelled men and women, sauntering with carefree indolence, upon pleasure bent; merry, laughing children with their French or English nurses; brilliant motors; splendid dogs: all surged past the lonely little Jewish mother with her child pressed close against her frightened breast. An occasional cool stare was directed toward the hot, bedraggled, exhausted little figure by the passers-by; the wealthy Epicureans at the sumptuous tables of the fashionable hotel glanced unconcernedly at her through the plate-glass windows; but nothing more. Among the throng, not one eye was there to pity—not one voice to soothe—not one loving hand held out to aid. In the whole vast City of New York there was not one soul that cared.

But God cared surely! Oh, He must! He must! She had confessed His Son. It was all for His dear sake, this suffering. He surely never would forsake her now.

(To be continued)

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY



GLINTS OF KNOWLEDGE

Shall Christmas Be Merry?

The Puritans of England, in the reign of Charles I, enacted a law forbidding all observance of Christmas, either by merrymaking or by religious services. Their antipathy to the holiday was due in part to the riotous revels in which "lords of misrule" at every Christmas season led frivolous cavalier society. But it was more profoundly due—as the statute itself asserted—to the conviction that Christmas was a heathen celebration brought over from paganism to contaminate the religion of Christ.

About the borrowing of Christmas from paganism, the Puritans were substantially correct. Both in Rome and in England early Christianity found itself confronted with festivals of unbridled public gayety in the closing days of every year. In both places the origin of the custom was undoubtedly the same—a virtually instinctive outburst of common joy among primitive tribesmen at seeing the sun turn back from the south with the promise of summer to come again.

Out of such rejoicings gradually grew established annual carnivals—occasions of every sort of license and excess.—*The Continent*.

Fortune Tellers

According to "Saturday Evening Post" there are now some 80,000 full-time fortune tellers in the United States. This is a conservative estimate, based on the statement of John Mulholland, a professional magician who is said to be America's leading authority on soothsayers. According to estimates of the Better Business Bureau, Americans spend \$200,000,000 a year to know the future. — *Prophecy Monthly*.

A national magazine recently conducted a poll in this country with a public opinion questionnaire, which included the question, "How did you meet your husband?" The replies disclosed that twenty-nine per cent met through friends; twenty-one per cent at a party; sixteen per cent at work; eleven per cent at school; five per cent on vacation; four per cent as neighbors; four per cent by pickups; three per cent at church and seven per cent miscellaneous. The low figure for those who met their future husband or wife in church is surprising, and ought to give church leaders food for thought. However, we would be willing to warrant that those who met in church are more likely to remain permanently married to the same mate than those who met anywhere else, as a general rule. — *Herald of Holiness*.

Cooperation

Sir Wilfred Grenfell once told about amputating the infected leg of a Catholic neighbor in Labrador. Later, while speaking in a Congregational church in the United States, he asked if anyone there knew of an artificial leg that might be donated, since it was

dor. Following the service, a Methodist woman offered a leg which her Presbyterian husband had used until death. Grenfell concluded: "When I, an Episcopalian, took that Presbyterian leg given by a Methodist woman in a Congregational church back in Labrador, and fitted it on my Roman Catholic friend, it enabled her to walk perfectly."—*Christian Cynosure*.

"Five great intellectual professions, relating to daily necessities of life, have hitherto existed—three exist necessarily in every civilized nation:

"The soldier's profession is to defend it.

"The pastor's to teach it.

"The physician's to keep it in health.

"The lawyer's to enforce justice in it.

"The merchant's to provide for it.

"And the duty of all these men is, on due occasion, to die for it.

"On due occasion," namely:

"The soldier, rather than leave his post in battle.

"The physician, rather than leave his post in plague.

"The pastor, rather than teach falsehood.

"The lawyer, rather than countenance injustice.

"The merchant, what is his 'due occasion' of death?

"It is the main question for the merchant, as for all of us. For, truly, the man who does not know when to die does not know how to live."—*John Ruskin*.

Those Who Love His Appearing

There is a Holiness Church in Japan, indigenous and entirely self-supporting. Ninety-eight of its pastors, humble and unlearned men, were arrested for teaching the Second Advent of our Lord to establish in person His kingdom of love, and to judge the earth. They were asked, "Will Japan be in the kingdom?" To which they replied, "Yes." The next question was one to which the answer they might give would be high treason, and to their eternal honor, when it was put, "Will the emperor be judged?" they said, "Yes." So they are "under examination"—nearly a hundred of them. It is easy to imagine what that means!—*Sunday School Times*.

Style in Automobiles

The "Travelers Standard" relates how some automobiles of the 1907 model were by some means found in a storehouse and had never been sold. They were found in perfect condition, except the tires. They were priced at \$3,000 when new, and although in perfect running condition, had to be sold for \$25 each, because people do not want an out-of-date automobile. Thus we see how fashion determines even the sale of automobiles. — *Selected*.

Cost of Killing Men

The increased cost of killing men in war is astonishing. It is said that in the days of Julius Caesar the aver-

dier was 18 cents. Now it is estimated that it costs \$52,000 for every man killed in the present war. What a lot of people could be given the Gospel for what it costs to kill one man! This is a case where life costs less than death.—*The Gospel Minister*.

This Thing Called Freedom

Frank Gannett, a famous publisher of great American newspapers, made a startling statement to the laymen of the Genesee Conference when he said, "Of the 40,000,000,000 people who have lived on this planet since the birth of Christ, probably not more than one billion, or less than three per cent, have ever lived under a government where they might call their souls their own; where they were something more than human cattle, to be ordered about by the arbitrary will of someone in power. For them there was no freedom of any sort. And by far the greatest number of this very small percentage of people who have had any liberty, are those who have lived in our country under our Constitution, since its adoption in 1789."

It must never be forgotten that the instrument that guarantees this thing called freedom, and by which freedom is safeguarded, is the Constitution of the United States—the most nearly Christian charter of government the world has thus far seen. Defending it against the encroachments from within the United States is as patriotic as defending it from enemies without.—*Christian Advocate*.

Bibles Thirty-Nine Miles High

If the New Testaments which have been given by the Gideons to the men and women in service could be stacked, one atop the other, the pile would be thirty-nine miles high. Five million Testaments have been presented, officials announced at the international conference here.—*Protestant Voice*.

What the Figures Say

The way the American people spend their money says much about the national character. Compare these figures:

For churches and religious causes, \$575,000,000.

For motion picture entertainment, \$1,000,000,000.

For schools and educational purposes, \$3,177,000,000.

For beer and strong drink, \$4,000,000,000.

For the total cost of crime, \$15,000,000,000.

These figures are full of meaning. The American people spend almost twice as much for motion pictures as for their religious development, and about seven times more for strong drink than for the work of the Church of Christ. There are many more beer taverns than churches. And the total crime bill is fifteen billions dol-



The Inn-Keeper of Bethlehem

By EDNA MARGUERITE EATON

*In Bethlehem crowds were gathering,
For taxing time was here,
The edict of Caesar had sounded
And people came from far and near.
The prophet had only that morning
Foretold of a kingly Guest
So great that His coming would honor
The Inn, and the whole city be blest.*

*So I prepared Him my sunset chamber,
The finest room in the Inn;
The best that the house afforded
Was none too good for Him.
Much gold I expected in payment,
For one so royal as He
Must surely have gold in plenty,
And gold was a god to me.*

*All day I watched and waited
For the princely train to appear,
But still my room was empty,
And night was drawing near.
Then just as the twilight was falling,
There came with weary pace
A poor and lowly couple
Seeking a resting place.*

*But I had no room to give them,
For with gold they could not pay,
So I sent them to yonder stable
With no bed but the fragrant hay.
Again I took up my watching,
But in vain, for the royal guest
Came not to abide in my chamber,
And I sat with a heart distressed.*

*But strange things began to be stirring,
Strange travelers came through the
night,
And over yon hillside stable
Shone a wondrous, glowing light.
For there came that night to the stable
A fair little baby boy,
~~and~~ ~~Wisemen~~ ~~and~~ ~~Shepherds~~ were
kneeling
Before that baby with joy.*

*But I sat with my gold before me,
And naught but gold could I see;*

*I had thought it all sufficient
But it brought only sorrow to me.
For Joanna, my beautiful cousin,
Whose hand I hoped to win,
Had refused the gold I offered
Counting it nothing but sin.*

"I want not your gold," she had answered,

*"For gold cannot bring happiness;
You are not the Hamar I played with,
Whose love my life could bless.
You've forgotten the star-flowers on
the hillside,*

*You've forgotten that love is life,
You thought with your gold to buy me,
But it only brings misery and strife.*

*"Oh, Hamar! Come with me to the
baby,*

*For I've found the Heavenly King;
I have seen the glory around Him,
I have heard the angels sing.
I stood before Him with rapture,
My heart was filled with love;
I knelt in loving worship,
With that glowing star above."*

*Then I thought of the years of our
childhood,*

*The days long since gone by,
When I gathered star-flowers with
Joanna*

*'Neath Judeah's sunny sky.
But gold had dimmed my vision,
Peace from my heart had fled;
Greed and ambition beckoned
And I followed where they led.*

*Then I suffered her to lead me thither,
And I knelt at the Baby's feet,
My greed and sin fell from me,
To my heart came a peace so sweet.
~~Then the words that the prophet had~~
spoken*

*Were clear and plain to my mind;
The guest that I had awaited
Was the Savior of all mankind.*

The Inn-Keeper of Bethlehem

AN ADAPTATION BY JAMES H. MURPHY

In Bethlehem stands a new gathering,
For fasting time was here,
The spirit of Christ had descended
And people came from far and near,
The prophet had said that morning
Foretold of a kingly birth
So great that his coming would shake
The law, and the whole city of birth.

So I gathered them on winter nights,
The feast was in the inn;
The first that the house afforded
Was more than good for them.
Much gold I expected in payment,
For one in need of food,
Must surely have gold for payment,
And gold was a good to me.

All day I waited and waited
For the kingly feast to appear,
But still no sign was seen,
And night was drawing near.
Then just as the twilight was falling
There came with many feet
A poor and lonely couple
Seeking a resting place.

But I had no room to give them,
For with gold they could not pay,
So I sent them to another place,
With no bed but the hardest hay.
Again I took up my work,
But in vain, for the weary guest
Came not to sleep in my house,
And I sat with a heart distressed.

But strange things began to happen,
Strange wonders came through the
night,
And now the little inn
Shone a wonderful shining light,
For there came that night to the stable
A king with his train,
And the women and children
Laying
Before that baby with care.

But I sat with my gold before me,
And sought but gold could I see.

I had thought it all over,
But I thought only of gold to me,
For I thought my heart was set
On gold and I looked to see,
Had I not the gold I needed
Caring to wonder but not

"I want not your gold," she had said,
"The gold cannot bring happiness;
You are not the kingly I feared with,
Woman here my child bear,
I can't imagine the happiness on
the earth."

And so I gathered them on winter nights,
You thought with your gold to pay me,
But it only brings misery and strife.

"Oh, Master, come with me to the
stable,
For I've found the kingly things
I have seen the glory of the king,
I have found the kingly things,
I found before him with respect,
My heart was filled with joy,
I don't need any more,
That that kingly child bring."

Then I thought of the years of my
childhood,
The days long ago by,
When I gathered my friends with
them,
When I looked on my friends,
And gold had seemed my friend,
Now I see my friends and that
Gone and nothing but gold,
And I followed where they led.

Then I reflected on the fact that I had
And I thought on the fact that I had
My friends and my friends and
To my heart came a new to me,
I saw the women and the children
Laying
Where they were and that to my mind,
The fact that I had, and
Was the father of all men.

